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Franklin Square  
Song Collection.







*A. M. F. Davis*



Franklin Square  
Song Collection.

Songs and Hymns for Schools and Homes,  
Nursery and Fireside.

SELECTED BY J. P. McCASKEY.

The meaning of Song goes deep.—Carlyle.

NEW YORK  
HARPER & BROTHERS, FRANKLIN SQUARE

1881

Mus 510.5.5

✓

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"OF making many books"—The old saw is somewhat rusty, but true as it is trite. The only apology for this Song Collection which the Compiler presents is that he has wanted some such book, and, not finding it, has tried to make it! It claims little of merit in arrangement, Songs and Hymns being distributed throughout its pages almost at random. In no direction does it present anything very new or very original. It is not "the best," and we are content that it shall not claim rank as "rivaling the best." "Worth having" is the generous criticism of a friend. Let it be simply this—there will be room for it; and our effort shall be to render it still more worthy a place both at Home and in the Schools. "The meaning of song goes deep." Carlyle has thus expressed, in terse and striking phrase, a truth felt by most, and one to which the observation of all can bear testimony. None can tell how far the cradle hymn may go! Childhood songs especially are not readily forgotten, and alas! for the childhood barren of sweet influences like these, with no treasured wealth of songs and hymns that may come in after years, like the saving memory of a mother's love, to soften, to cheer, and to bless. Hundreds of thousands all about us in the schools—from the "little ones" in the alphabet to those older grown, who are passing through their last years of school-life—can be reached and influenced here to their lasting pleasure and profit.

Special acknowledgments are made to Publishers and others for copyright privileges and personal favors. The Collection is strong, however, in its proportion of old Songs and Hymns which the world would not willingly let die; while the large space occupied by reading matter, a distinctive feature, contains much that will be found both suggestive and interesting. Should the book, as it stands,—which is designed not so much for the professional musician as for the People at large, in their Homes and Schools,—commend itself to lovers of music into whose hands it may fall, we ask for it no more satisfactory endorsement.

J. P. McC.

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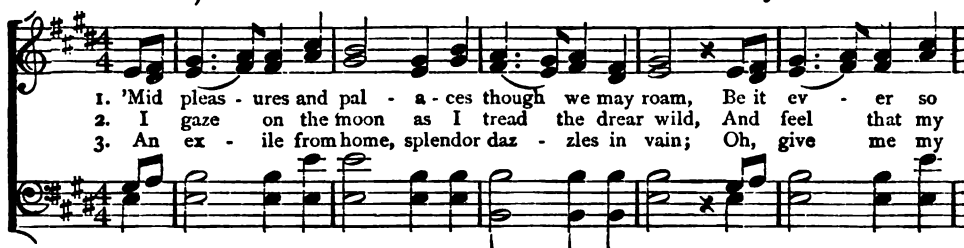
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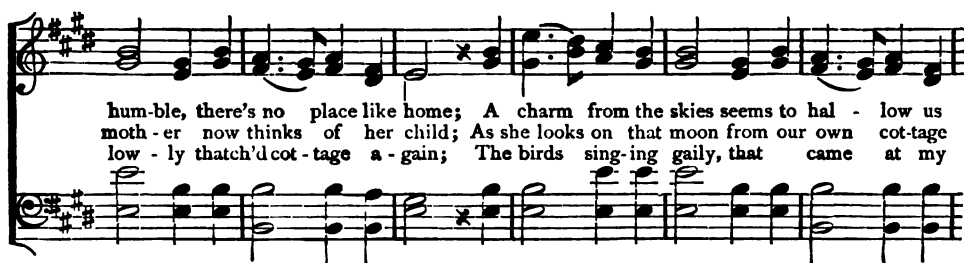
# THE SONG COLLECTION.

## HOME, SWEET HOME.

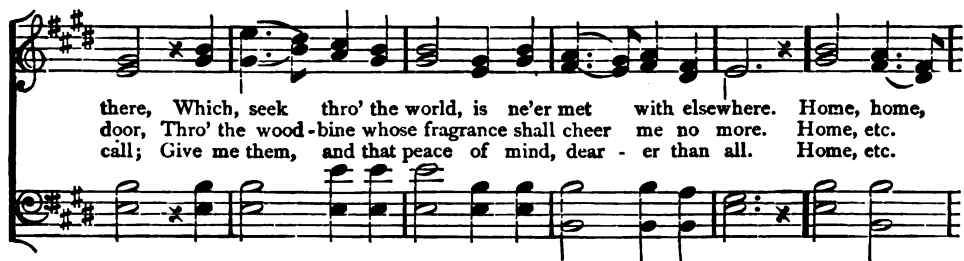
JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.



1. 'Mid pleas - ures and pal - a - ces though we may roam, Be it ev - er so  
2. I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild, And feel that my  
3. An ex - ile from home, splendor daz - zles in vain; Oh, give me my



hum-ble, there's no place like home; A charm from the skies seems to hal - low us  
moth - er now thinks of her child; As she looks on that moon from our own cot-tage  
low - ly thatch'd cot-tage a - gain; The birds sing-ing gaily, that came at my



there, Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere. Home, home,  
door, Thro' the wood-bine whose fragrance shall cheer me no more. Home, etc.  
call; Give me them, and that peace of mind, dear - er than all. Home, etc.



sweet, sweet home, There's no place like home, Oh, there's no place like home.

HERITAGE OF SONG.—God has made the whole earth vocal with sweet sounds. The untraveled forest echoes the notes of the wild bird, and the habitations of men are made glad by the warbling of caged singers. But above all, the human voice, which combines the highest charm of sweet sounds with the inspiration of thought, is given not alone for the ordinary purposes of human pleasure. Its whisper of affection, how grateful; its expression of religious devotion, how exalted; its solace in trouble, how dear; its participation

in joy, how unspeakable! Vocal music is the heritage of all classes. The palace may be furnished with instruments of superior tone and workmanship; but the cottage may vie with the palace in the rich tones of the voice and the extent of its compass. So while the difficult score of some elaborate piece may be executed with finished exactness by an inmate of a palatial mansion, the simple song of the peasant girl, as homeward she comes from the meadows, shall win the silent admiration of those who pause as they listen

## SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

W. B. BRADBURY. W. W. WALFORD.  
From "GOLDEN CHAIN," by per.

1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care,  
2. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear  
3. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! May I thy con - so - la - tion share,

And bids me at my Fa - ther's throne Make all my wants and wish - es known.  
To him whose truth and faith - ful - ness, En - gage the wait - ing soul to bless.  
Till from Mount Pis - gah's lof - ty height, I view my home, and take my flight.

In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief My soul has oft - en found re - lief;  
And since he bids me seek his face, Be - lieve his word, ac - cept his grace,  
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise To seize the ev - er - last - ing prize;

And oft es - caped the tempt - er's snare By thy re - turn, sweet hour of prayer.  
I'll cast on him my ev' - ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.  
And shout, while pass - ing through the air, Fare - well, fare - well, sweet hour of prayer.

to the voice that, with liquid notes, intoxicates the ear. The voice of song speaks the language of the heart.

THREE VERSES.—We insert the old song on first page as a sweet-voiced mother sang it, decades since, by fireside and cradle. It is not Home, Sweet Home to us without the familiar second verse which, as a friend says, "belongs there." The homeless author, John Howard Payne, left little else of merit, either song or poem. Nor is anything besides needed to

rescue his name from oblivion. Worthier fame to have written this little song than to have wielded the sceptre of the First Napoleon! An old book, published a half century since, lies before us, in which the song appears in five stanzas,—the first three of these are here given. It may originally have been so written, the author afterwards retaining but two of the favorite verses; at all events, our mothers sang it thus when "Home, Sweet Home" was new, some fifty years ago.

## THE BIRD LET LOOSE.

GERMAN AIR.

1. The bird let loose in east - ern skies, When hast' - ning fond - ly home, Ne'er  
 2. So grant me, Lord, from ev' - ry snare And stain of pas - sion free, A -

stoops to earth her wing, nor flies Where i - dle warblers roam. But high she shoots thro'  
 loft through faith's se - re - ner air To hold my course to Thee. No sin to cloud, no

air and light, A - bove all low de - lay, Where nothing earthly bounds her flight, Nor  
 lure to stay My soul, as home she springs Thy sunshine on her joy - ful way, Thy

shad - ow dims her way, Nor shad - ow dims her way.  
 free - dom in her wings, Thy free - dom in her wings.

## SOFTLY NOW THE LIGHT OF DAY.

G. W. DOANE, 1824.

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;  
 2. Thou, whose all - per - vad - ing eye Naught es - capes, with - out, with - in,  
 3. Soon, for me, the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way;

Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would com - mune with Thee.  
 Par - don each in - fir - mi - ty, O - pen fault and se - cret sin.  
 Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

**MUSIC AT HOME.**—We have great faith in the humanizing power of music, and especially of music in the house and the home. Even in a moral point of view it is thoroughly harmonizing in its influence. To see a family grouped round the piano-forte in an evening, blending their voices together in the strains of Haydn or Mozart, or in the better known and loved melodies of our native land, is a beautiful sight—a graceful and joyous picture of domestic happiness. The mother takes the piano-forte accompaniment, the

father leads with a violin or flute, or supports the melody with the bass, while the young group furnish the soprano and alto parts. What is more likely to make home attractive, or to cause children to grow up in love with domestic life, than such a practice as this? The young ought to be sedulously taught music, so that, when they grow up, no youth, no operative, no man, nor woman, may be without the solace of song. Let a taste for home music be cultivated in the rising generation, and we shall answer for the good effects.

## MELODIES OF MANY LANDS.

*Moderate Time.*

C. W. GLOVER.

1. The mel - o - dies of ma - ny lands Ere-while have charmed mine ear, Yet  
 2. Its words I well re - mem-ber now, Were fraught with precepts old, And  
 3. It told me in the hour of need To seek a sol - ace there, Where

there's but one a-mong them all Which still my heart holds dear; I heard it first from  
 ev - 'ry line a max - im held, Of far more worth than gold; A les - son 'twas, though  
 on - ly strick - en hearts could find Sweet answer to their prayer; Ah! much I owe that

lips I loved, My tears it then be - guiled, It was the song my moth-er sang When  
 simply taught, That can-not pass a - way; It is my guid - ing star by night, My  
 gentle voice, Whose words my tears beguiled, That song of songs my moth-er sang, When

I was but a child, It was the song my mother sang, When I was but a child.  
 comfort in the day; It is my guid-ing star by night, My comfort in the day.  
 I was but a child; That song of songs my mother sang When I was but a child.

"But I have no voice," says one; "I have no ear for music," says another. Could you read before you learned to do so? Could you write without traveling the crooked path of pot-hooks? You can speak, because you learned to do so. And you can sing, provided you learn how. But you can no more sing without learning than the Irishman could play the fiddle who had "never tried." Every human being possesses the faculty of music to a greater or less extent, but the gift must be cultivated, and not allowed to

"rust in us unused." It was doubtless conferred on man for a wise purpose; and, like all our other faculties, intended to be exercised for our pleasure and well-being. In our schemes of education, this divine gift of song has been almost entirely overlooked. Very rarely, indeed, does the school-master dream of the necessity for cultivating it, and so the gift lies waste. In Germany music and singing form a part of the school education of almost every child; hence the homes of Germany are musical and temperate.

## NEAR THE LAKE.

Geo. P. Morris.



1. Near the lake where droop'd the willow, Long time a - go! Where the rock threw  
 2. Rock, and tree, and flow - ing water, Long time a - go! Bird, and bee, and  
 3. Min-gled were our hearts for-ev-er, Long time a - go! Can I now for -

back the billow, Bright-er than snow! Dwelt a maid be - loved and cherished  
 blos - som taught her Love's spell to know. While to my fond words she lis-tened,  
 get her? nev-er! No, lost one, no! To her grave these tears are giv - en,

By high and low: But with autumn's leaf she perished, Long time a - go!  
 Mur - mur-ing low, Ten - der-ly her dove-eyes glistened, Long time a - go!  
 Ev - er to flow! She's the star I missed from heaven, Long time a - go!

## THE GOLDEN RULE.



The gold - en rule, the gold - en rule, Oh, that's the law for me; Were this the law for  
 Were this the rule, in har - mo - ny Our lives would pass a - way; And none would suf - fer,

all the world, How hap - py we should be. Cho. The gold - en rule, the gold - en rule,  
 none be poor, And none their trust be - tray. The gold - en rule, the gold - en rule,

Oh, that's the law for me; To do to oth - ers as I would That they should do to me.

**SPEECH AND SONG.**—All boys and girls can sing, if it suits them to do so in the way of play. You never saw little boys and girls "beg off," when they want to sing together. In Germany, it has long been considered certain that all children can sing. They do not admit of exceptions, except in the case of the dumb. They not only argue from the general frequency of singing among children at play, but from the laws of music, as manifested in human language. Speech itself is but a kind of chant, and the voice always moves in musical intervals. The raising of the

pitch a third, a fifth, an octave? that is, from *do* to *me*, from *do* to *sol*, and from lower *do* to upper *do*? is by no means confined to singing and recitation; it is what we always do under the influence of the slightest excitement, and when we ask questions. Our voices always go up and down, following the musical intervals. All can sing, therefore; that is, all who can talk, and who raise their voice and let it fall according to the usual laws of speech. And yet we, in this country, assume that many children cannot learn to sing, and they grow up without this great blessing.

## SPEED AWAY.

I. B. WOODBURY. From "NIGHTINGALE."  
Per. OLIVER DITSON & Co., Boston.

1. Speed a - way! speed a - way! on thine er - rand of light! There's a young heart a -  
2. And, oh! wilt thou tell her, blest bird on the wing, That her moth - er hath  
3. Go, bird of the sil - ver wing, fet - ter - less now, Stoop not thy bright

wait - ing thy com - ing to - night; She will fon - dle thee close, she will ask for the lov'd,  
ev - er a sad song to sing; That she standeth a - lone, in the still qui - et night,  
pin - ions on yon mountain's brow; But hie thee a - way, o'er rock, riv - er, and glen,

Who pine up - on earth since the "Day Star" has roved; She will ask if we miss her, so  
And her fond heart goes forth for the being of light, Who had slept in her bo - som, but  
And find our young "Day Star" ere night close again; Up! on - ward! let noth - ing thy

*Rit. e Dim.*

long is her stay: } Speed a - way! speed a - way! speed a - way!  
who would not stay?  
mis - sion de - lay: }

**WITHOUT A MASTER.**—Before leaving Europe we undertook to study the English language, and bought one of the famous self-instructors called, "English without a Master; or, English in twelve Lessons." We studied the twelve lessons, but found, on our arrival in this country, that our English was poorly calculated to stand the test of familiar conversation. To learn music is, in some respects, much more difficult than to master a language. Should any be tempted to seek help in a "Piano without Master," let us

advise them not to do so. They will fail, spending their time and money in vain. While you are alone, your attainments may be satisfactory to yourself, but when you come in contact with musicians you will find, to your mortification, that you know nothing of music, just as we knew nothing of English.—*Karl Merz.*

**SPEED AWAY.**—It was a beautiful fancy among the Seneca Indians that a white dove let loose, at her grave, by the mother of the lost maiden would seek and find her waiting 'Day-Star' in the far-off Spirit Land.

## THE BLUE BIRD.

DE BERTOT.



1. Sweet bird, thy ear - ly note is gay, In woodland or in glade; It tells of flowers that  
 2. Sweet bird, I hear thy welcome call, As on thy hal - cyon wing; Now joy-ous swell, now  
 3. Could I but live those youthful hours—That happy time once more, I'd laugh at care and

ne'er de-cay, Of joys that nev - er fade; Thy song, so sweet-ly it doth float O'er  
 gent - ly fall, Sweet warb-ler of the spring! How man - y hours I've sat and heard Thy  
 scat - ter flowers As gai - ly as of yore. 'Tis true, our fleet - ing days im - part Al -

leaf - y bank and dell, It seems some spirit's mocking note, From Echo's silver shell.  
 ten - der, lov - ing lay! Oh! thou didst seem some spirit bird From Eden lands a - way.  
 ternate hopes and fears; But many a joy lights up the heart, Along the flight of years.

## THE LAND OF MEMORY.

AULD LANG SYNE.



1. Full far away a cit - y stands, 'Mid three-fold walls of years: The soul sea washes  
 2. The brim-ming cup we then shall fill, No clink - ing an - swer lends; The jov - ial song we

on its strands, Its skies are smiles and tears; There dwell all those who've gone before, There  
 there shall sing, In si - lence 'gins and ends. But in that land will meet full oft, This

soon we all shall be; Yet they who there give hand to hand, That warm hand never see.  
 good - ly com - pa - ny; And each to each a health will pledge, That land of mem - o - ry.

HEBREW MUSIC.—Under the reign of Solomon came the luxury of orchestra and chorus. The king constructed a temple of the most imposing architecture which was one of the marvels of antiquity. In it he established a divine service, presiding over it in regal and oriental splendor. The number of singers and musicians at the inauguration of the sanctuary was fabulous, and, from that period, song and music were considered as a necessary accompaniment at the celebration of divine service. After the reign of Solomon to the time of Zedekiah, the last king of Judah, the Bible makes no mention of a musical feast; and Isaiah, who lived at this period, gives a sad account of the moral condition of the Jewish people, and laments that song and music have fallen from their high estate

and become the accompaniment of debauchery and an auxiliary at bacchanalian orgies, when he says: "Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink, and continue until night, till wine inflame them; and the harp and the viol, the tabret and pipe and wine are in their feasts." Six hundred years before the Christian era, Nebuchadnezzar destroyed Jerusalem and the temple, driving the greater part of the Jewish people into exile in Babylon, ruining completely the empire of Israel, and one can easily see that very little of their time could be occupied with music. The 137th psalm paints their condition in the most touching language. "By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down; yea, we wept when we remembered Zion." Still the love of music

## LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

DYKES. NEWMAN, 1833.

1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th'encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on; The night is  
 2. I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I lov'd to  
 2. So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and

dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on. Keep Thou my feet; I  
 choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on. I lov'd the gar - ish  
 fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those

do not ask to see The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.  
 day; and, spite of fears, Pride rul'd my will: remember not past years.  
 an - gel fac - es smile, Which I have lov'd long since, and lost a - while.

was by no means extinguished among the unfortunate captives, and after their deliverance by Cyrus, we are told by Esdras that they entered Palestine with two hundred male and female singers. The temple was rebuilt, and the ancient worship of King David shone anew in the city of Zion. It was, however, but for a brief season, as its royalty did not long survive, and from 444 to 174 B.C. the Jews were under the dominion of the Persians, the Greeks, the Egyptians, and Syrians. It was under the reign of the Syrians that they were subjected to the most terrible persecutions, even up to the moment of their deliverance by the Maccabees, when divine service and religious song were

re-established with all their pomp and ancient ceremony, and the Hebrews enjoyed for some time their sovereignty and independence; but this happy season was not to be of long continuance, as they fell under the subjugation of the Roman power, and seventy years after the Christian era, Titus annihilated the holy city and the sanctuary of Zion. From that time the people of Israel were scattered over the whole surface of the globe, and forming small communities, they fled for refuge to every land and clime. Firm in their religious faith they have preserved during long centuries of misfortune and oppression the laws, hereditary usages, and customs of their fathers.—Wetmore.

## WHEN SHALL WE MEET AGAIN?

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

1. When shall we meet a - gain, Meet ne'er to sev - er? When will peace  
 2. When shall love free - ly flow Pure as life's riv - er? When shall sweet  
 3. Up to that world of light Take us, dear Sav - iour; May we all  
 4. Soon shall we meet a - gain, Meet ne'er to sev - er; Soon shall peace

wreath her chain Round us for - ev - er? Our hearts will ne'er re - pose, Safe  
 friend-ship glow Change-less for - ev - er? Where joys ce - les - tial thrill, Where  
 there u - nite, Bless - ed for - ev - er; Where kin - dred spir - its dwell, There  
 wreath her chain Round us for - ev - er; Our hearts will then re - pose Se -

from each blast that blows, In this dark vale of woes, Nev - er—no, nev - er!  
 bliss each heart shall fill, And fears of part - ing chill Nev - er—no, nev - er!  
 may our mu - sic swell, And time our joys dis - pel Nev - er—no, nev - er!  
 'cure from world - ly woes; Our songs of praise shall close Nev - er—no, nev - er!

## JESUS, THE VERY THOUGHT OF THEE.

"MANOAH."  
BERNARD. ROSSINI.

1. Je - sus, the ve - ry thought of Thee With sweetness fills the breast;  
 2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the mem - ory find,  
 3. O Hope of ev - ry con - trite heart, O Joy of all the meek,

But sweet - er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres - ence rest.  
 A sweet - er sound than Je - sus' Name, The Sav - iour of man - kind.  
 To those who fall, how kind Thou art! How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah! this  
 Nor tongue nor pen can show;  
 The love of Jesus, what it is  
 None but His loved ones know.

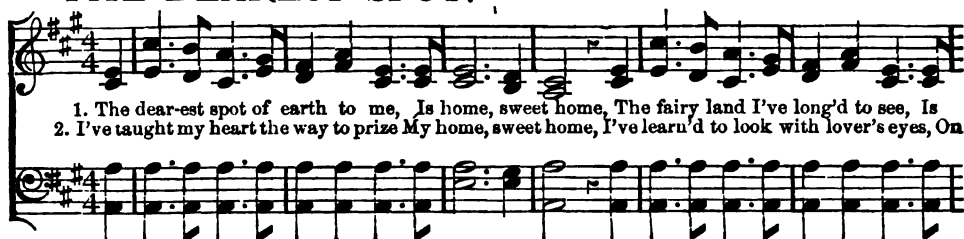
5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,  
 As Thou our prize wilt be;  
 In Thee be all our glory now,  
 And through eternity.

EVENINGS AT HOME.—There is nothing that contributes more to the pleasure of evenings at home than music in families. To cultivate a love of music among children, creates and fosters a refined sentiment that is not forgotten when they arrive at maturity. Music engenders and promotes good feeling. The blending of the voices of parents and children in song strengthens the ties that bind them together, and the love that centres about the home fireside. It renders home attractive, interesting, and beautiful; and in every home circle where it is tolerated and cultivated, there will be found a greater freedom

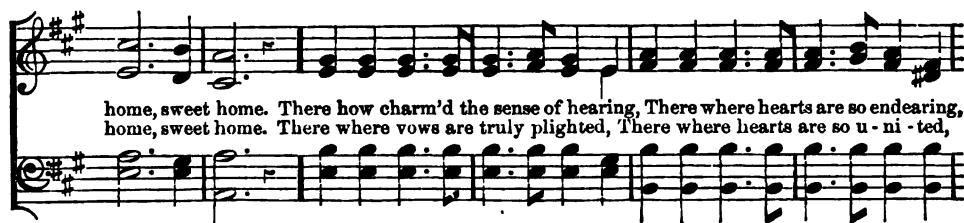
from all those discords and inharmonious contentions, that render so many parents miserable and their children anxious to find a more congenial atmosphere elsewhere. Music is not an unmanly or effeminate way of spending one's time, as many unrefined parents aver when they proscribe even the coveted fiddle their sons enjoy scraping in the attic. Every home should have a musical instrument in it that can be used as an accompaniment to the family voices. It will give employment and amusement to the children in their otherwise unoccupied hours. It will keep them at home, and very often out of bad influences elsewhere.

## THE DEAREST SPOT.

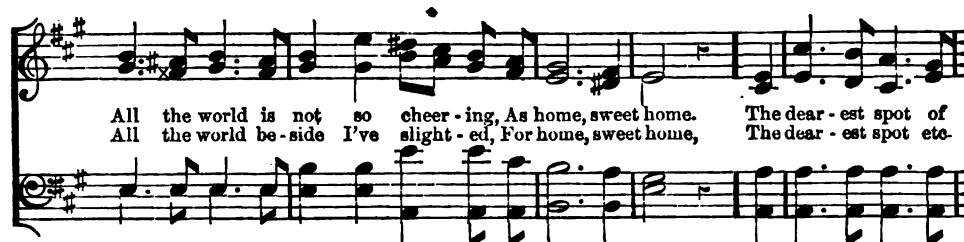
W. T. WRIGHTON.



1. The dear-est spot of earth to me, Is home, sweet home, The fairy land I've long'd to see, Is  
2. I've taught my heart the way to prize My home, sweet home, I've learn'd to look with lover's eyes, On



home, sweet home. There how charm'd the sense of hearing, There where hearts are so endearing,  
home, sweet home. There where vows are truly plighted, There where hearts are so u-ni-ted,



All the world is not so cheer-ing, As home, sweet home. The dear-est spot of  
All the world be-side I've slight-ed, For home, sweet home, The dear-est spot etc.



earth to me, Is home, sweet home; The fair-y land I've long'd to see, Is home, sweet home.

WHAT an auxiliary music is to the teacher, brightening up dull faces, inspiring cheerfulness that becomes an impetus to labor, softening and soothing nervous irritation often so difficult to contend against, which has been excited by the crowded school impatient under the restraint and monotony of position and occupation! Think, too, of each child frequently going home at night, like the honey-laden bee, with a gay little song to charm the work-wearied father's heart; a lullaby which, sung over the baby's cradle,

shall soothe the mother's spirit while it closes baby's eyes; holy hymns that shall make the very roof-tree a better shelter for the hearts beneath it. Thus the influence of the public school goes out blessing and blest; and we gather sheaves of joy to hold close to humble hearts, thankful that we may be permitted to aid in making the world happier and better, as well as wiser; that we, too, amid the silent, unseen influences, are serving our country and our God, and at the same time learning the useful lesson of how to labor and to wait.

## MUSIC ON THE WAVES.

*With Expression.*

CHAS. W. GLOVER.

*p*  
The winds soft - ly sigh in their mys - ti - cal caves, And the moon gilds the slum - ber - ing

seas, The sound of sweet mu - sic comes o - ver the waves Like . spir - it - voice borne on the

breeze. *pp* Faintly and low, soft - ly and slow, *mf* Heard o'er the waves as they  
Faintly and low, soft - ly and slow

*pp* ripple and flow; Faintly and low, soft - ly and slow, *mf* Heard o'er the waves as they ripple and flow.

SOPRANO SOLO.

Is it the song of the si - rens that keep Re - vel be - low in their home of the deep? Or from

D. C.

yon dis - tant ship, far, far o'er the foam, The voice of the ab - sent ones sing - ing of home?

ALTO SOLO.

No! 'tis but fan - cy that gives to the breeze The music that steals through the murmuring seas: The

D. C. to Soprano Solo.

sweet song that sounds when the stars shine above, When nature is mu - sic, and mu - sic is love.

**POWER VS. NOISE.**—It is a common fallacy, that *power* means *noise*. I do not think that true power is of a blatant character. Several years ago, I heard Signor Salvi, the most perfect model of a tenor singer that I ever heard, in the opera of "Masaniello." The seating capacity of the house was about three thousand: and on this evening it was filled, and my seat was far back. In the song which we have in English, 'Behold, how brightly breaks the morning!' he relates to the fishermen the particulars of the great conspiracy on foot; and this song Salvi took *pianissimo*. I have no doubt that it was actually *pianissimo* to

those near him, yet every sound, and every word, penetrated to all parts of the house, though soft, and without apparent effort. In 1859, I was so fortunate as to be at the great Handel Festival at Sydenham Palace, London. Among other solos sung were the great bass ones of the "Messiah," sung by Signor Belletti, a barytone singer of not heavy voice, as those will remember who heard him here with Jenny Lind. Every note came with the utmost distinctness to where I sat, in the opposite transept, a distance certainly as great as our late Boston Coliseum could afford. Speaking of the Coliseum brings the first

## I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY.

*Expression.*

GEO. KINGSLEY.  
WM. A. MUHLENBERG, 1826.

1. I would not live al - way, I ask not to stay Where storm af - ter  
 2. I would not live al - way, thus fet - tered by sin, Temp - ta - tion with -  
 3. I would not live al - way; no, wel - come the tomb; Since Je - sus hath

storm ris - es dark o'er the way; The few lur - id morn - ings that  
 out and cor - rup - tion with - in: E'en the rap - ture of par - don is  
 lain there, I dread not its gloom; There sweet be my rest till He

dawn on us here Are e - nough for life's woes, full e - nough for its cheer.  
 min - gled with fears, And the cup of thanks - giv - ing with pen - i - tent tears.  
 bid me a - rise To hail Him in tri - umph de - scend - ing the skies.

Who, who would live alway, away from his God!  
 Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode, [plains,  
 Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright  
 And the noontide of glory eternally reigns:

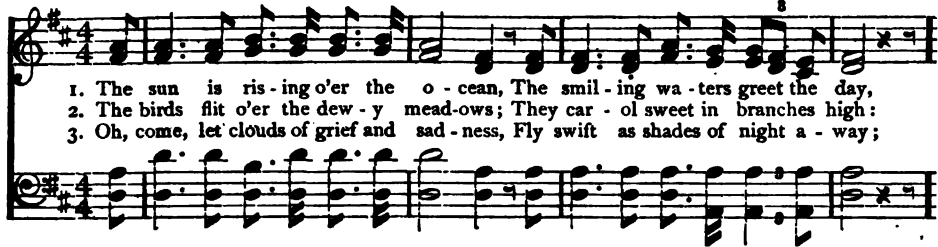
Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,  
 Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet,  
 While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,  
 And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

Peace Jubilee to mind. At that time Adelaide Phillips sang. It was said to her on the second day—she had sung at the first concert—"Did you not find great difficulty in filling the house?" "Oh, no!" she replied, "one needs only to place every tone with care, and sing easily." There was the artiste; she did place every tone with care, and sang very easily; and I never heard her sing better than on those great days of the first jubilee. This serves to show what power really is. None of these people shouted or forced their voices, yet they could be heard

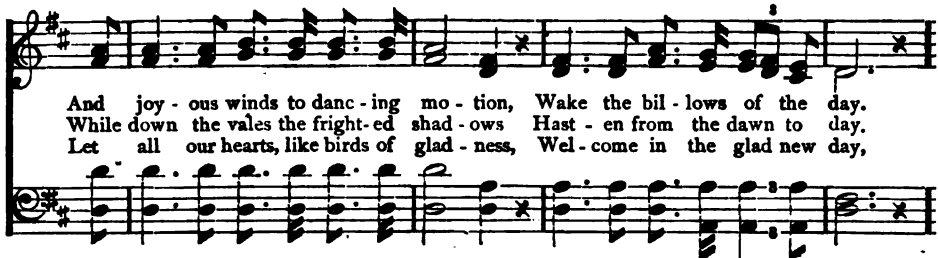
without difficulty under trying circumstances. Take this for your motto, "Purity is power!"—*Daniell*.

**THE WORDS.**—It is a common and often just complaint among people of all classes, that in singing they cannot hear the words. Musicians should sing so that the words can be understood. Some persons, however, say that unless they can hear the words, they would rather hear nothing. This shows a want of musical education. Is there nothing in the melody and the rich human voice to be admired, even if you do not understand the words?—*Musical Hints*.

## WELCOME TO MORNING.


M. B. C. SLADE. OFFENBACH.  
Per. OLIVER DITSON & Co., Boston.


1. The sun is ris-ing o'er the o - cean, The smil-ing wa-ters greet the day,  
2. The birds flit o'er the dew-y mead-ows; They car-ol sweet in branches high:  
3. Oh, come, let clouds of grief and sad-ness, Fly swift as shades of night a-way;

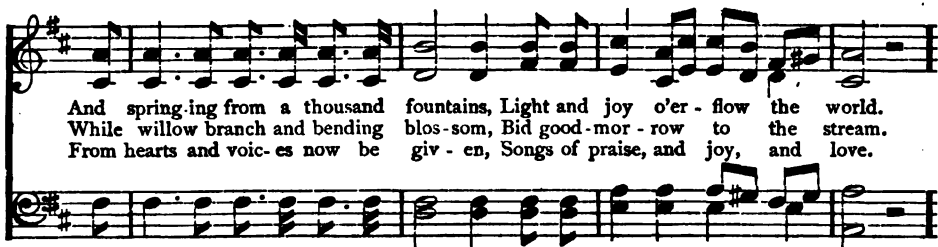


And joy-ous winds to danc-ing mo-tion, Wake the bil-lows of the day.  
While down the vales the fright-ed shad-ows Hast-en from the dawn to day.  
Let all our hearts, like birds of glad-ness, Wel-come in the glad new day,

*Trio.*

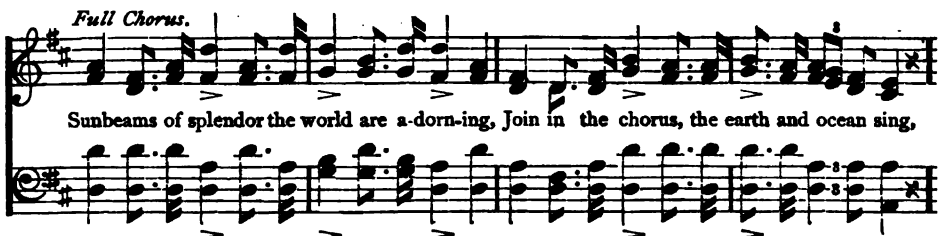


See, where the clouds roll up the moun-tains; Night has her mis-ty ban-ner furled;  
Rocked on the wa-ter's pla-cid bo-som, Pure-ly the wa-ter-lil-ies gleam,  
Bright flow'rs, and streams, and birds of heaven, In-cense and prais-es waft a-bove;

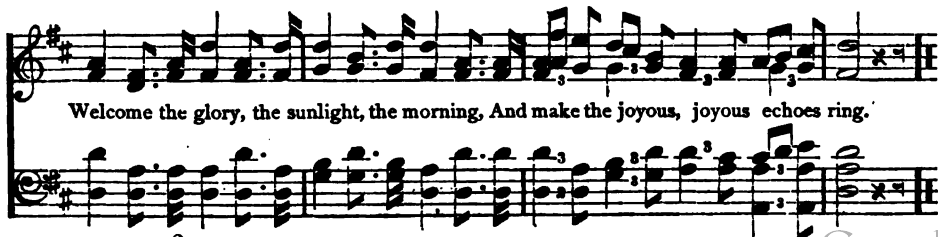


And spring-ing from a thousand fountains, Light and joy o'er-flow the world.  
While willow branch and bending blos-som, Bid good-mor-row to the stream.  
From hearts and voic-es now be giv-en, Songs of praise, and joy, and love.

*Full Chorus.*



Sunbeams of splendor the world are a-dorn-ing, Join in the chorus, the earth and ocean sing,



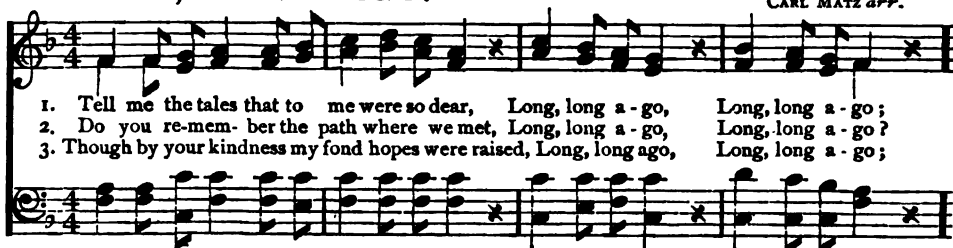
Welcome the glory, the sunlight, the morning, And make the joyous, joyous echoes ring.

THE LIFE OF EMOTION.—It is the life of emotion which music seizes upon and makes objective. We see the character of a nation's heart in its music as we see the character of its poetry. Italian music is sentimental and superficial; it often sacrifices simplicity to beautiful, to delicate, or to crashing effect: it is intense rather than passionate. French music is sensational and flippant. German music simple, direct, and earnest. We are of course dealing only with the type in every case; no such sweeping criticism can

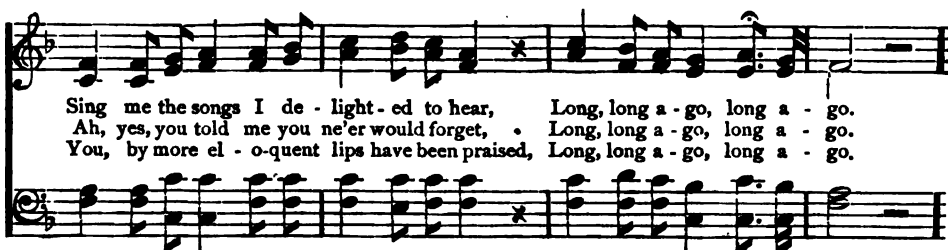
be of universal application. There is one class of music to which these remarks do not apply. In the words of the author of "Music and Morals," "The music of patriotic times and national anthems is always earnest and dignified. In the Marseillaise there is an almost sombre severity, wholly unlike the frivolous, superficial grace and sentimental pathos of the ordinary French school. The men who sing it are not playing at war like fools, nor are they mere children, delighted in its outward pomp and circum-

## LONG, LONG AGO.

CARL MATZ arr.




1. Tell me the tales that to me were so dear, Long, long a-go, Long, long a-go;  
 2. Do you re-mem-ber the path where we met, Long, long a-go, Long, long a-go?  
 3. Though by your kindness my fond hopes were raised, Long, long ago, Long, long a-go;



Sing me the songs I de-light-ed to hear, Long, long a-go, long a-go.  
 Ah, yes, you told me you ne'er would forget, Long, long a-go, long a-go.  
 You, by more el-o-quent lips have been praised, Long, long a-go, long a-go.



Now you are come, all my grief is removed, Let me for-get that so long you have roved,  
 Then, to all oth-ers my smile you preferr'd, Love, when you spoke, gave a charm to each word,  
 But by long absence your truth has been tried, Still to your ac-cents I lis-ten with pride,



Let me believe that you love as you loved, Long, long a-go, long a-go.  
 Still my heart treasures the prais-es I heard, Long, long a-go, long a-go.  
 Blest as I was when I sat by your side, Long, long a-go, long a-go.

stance. They trudge on, footsore and weary, knowing all the horror and the pain that is in store for them, and still willing to conquer and to die. That is the spirit of the Marseillaise, and in it, as in Garibaldi's Hymn, the seriousness of the crisis had called forth the finest qualities of both the French and Italian characters, and banished for a time what is languishing in the one and frivolous in the other." Poetry, painting, and sculpture reach the emotions indirectly through the

intellect. Music reaches them directly, and we should therefore rightly expect to find something in common between the two. We do, in fact, see in both those qualities which would make it possible for the one to be the expression of the other: elation and depression which can be expressed musically by a high or low pitch; intensity and variety, expressed by means of the touch and slight modifications of tune by the player, and change of key by the composer.—Mrs. Herrick.

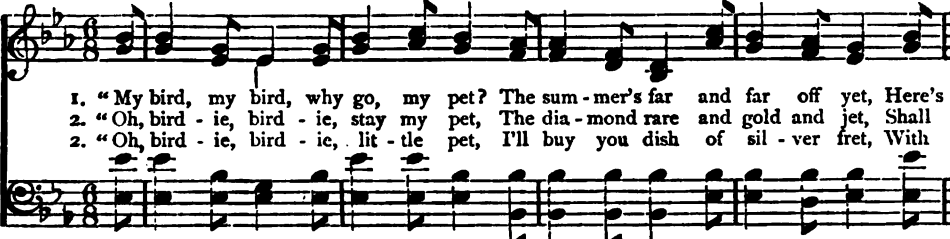
THERE are, certainly, no more difficulties to be encountered in the study of music than in the study of language. The majority of people possess by nature vocal powers sufficient to sing a song of ordinary difficulty and compass, just as they possess vocal powers to read a book. In either case the difficulty consists in this, that the mind is not able to catch at sight the significance of the characters employed by the author or composer to represent his thoughts. But musical characters are no more difficult to read than words; there are no more notes or tones within

the compass of the voice than letters in our alphabet. There are no more combinations of this musical alphabet than there are of the alphabet of language, representing thousands of words, pronounced according to numerous rules with many exceptions; the pauses are not more difficult than points of punctuation; poetry has its rhythm as well as music. In fact, while the art of reading written language is not in all respects such that it may be compared at all points with the reading of music, still a strong analogy will always be found to exist between them.

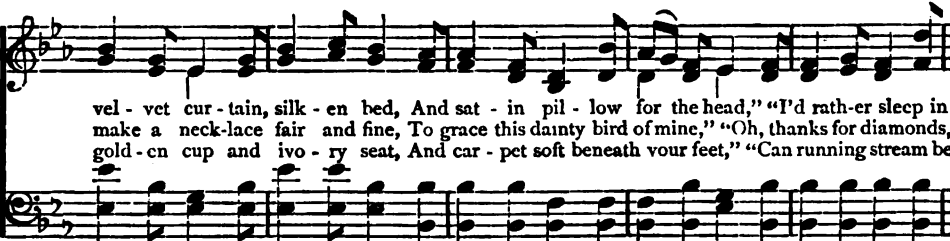
## THE BIRD SONG.

*Allegretto.*

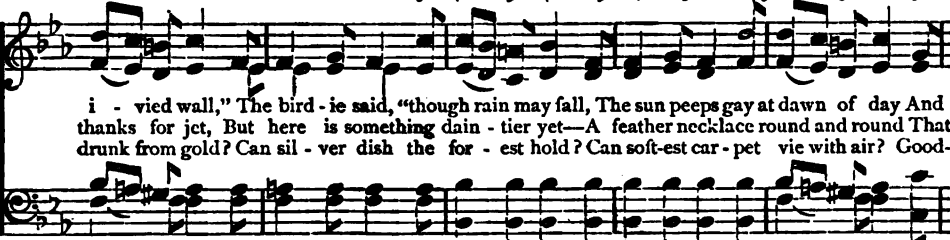
ALLINGHAM.



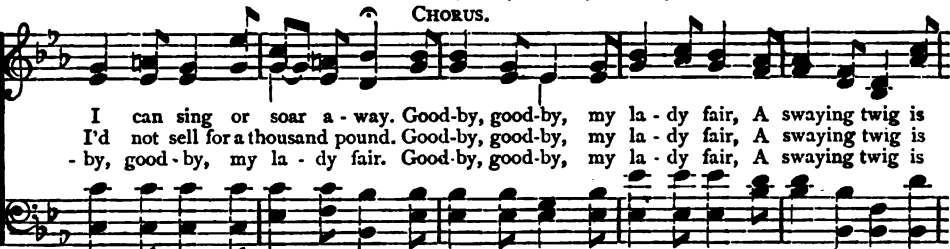
1. "My bird, my bird, why go, my pet? The sum-mer's far and far off yet, Here's  
2. "Oh, bird - ie, bird - ie, stay my pet, The dia-mond rare and gold and jet, Shall  
2. "Oh, bird - ie, bird - ie, lit-tle pet, I'll buy you dish of sil-ver fret, With



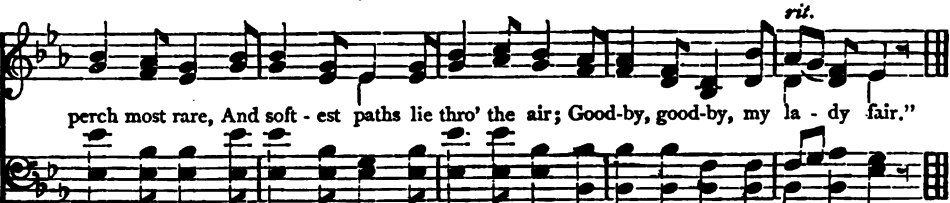
vel - vet cur-tain, silk - en bed, And sat - in pil - low for the head," "I'd rath-er sleep in  
make a neck-lace fair and fine, To grace this dainty bird of mine," "Oh, thanks for diamonds,  
gold - en cup and ivo - ry seat, And car - pet soft beneath your feet," "Can running stream be



i - vied wall," The bird - ie said, "though rain may fall, The sun peeps gay at dawn of day And  
thanks for jet, But here is something dain - tier yet—A feather necklace round and round That  
drunk from gold? Can sil - ver dish the for - est hold? Can soft-est car - pet vie with air? Good-



CHORUS.  
I can sing or soar a - way. Good-by, good-by, my la - dy fair, A swaying twig is  
I'd not sell for a thousand pound. Good-by, good-by, my la - dy fair, A swaying twig is  
- by, good-by, my la - dy fair. Good-by, good-by, my la - dy fair, A swaying twig is



perch most rare, And soft - est paths lie thro' the air; Good-by, good-by, my la - dy fair."

**HOME OF THE SOUL.**—"Now, I saw in my dream, that these two men went in at the gate; and, lo! as they entered, they were transfigured, and they had raiment put on that shone like gold. There was also that met them with harps and crowns, and gave them to them; the harps to praise withal, and the crowns in token of honour. Then I heard in my dream, that all the bells in the city rang again for joy, and that it was said unto them, 'Enter ye into the joy of your Lord.' I also heard the men themselves, that they sang with a loud voice, saying, 'Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sit-

teth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever.' Now, just as the gates were opened to let in the men, I looked in after them, and, behold, the city shone like the sun; the streets also were paved with gold; and in them walked many men, with crowns on their heads, palms in their hands, and golden harps to sing praises withal. There were also of them that had wings, and they answered one another without intermission, saying, 'Holy, holy, holy is the Lord!' And after these things they shut up the gates of the city; which, when I had seen, I wished myself among them."—*Pilgrim's Progress.*

## HOME OF THE SOUL.

From "SINGING PILGRIM."  
MRS. E. H. GATES. Per. PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. I will sing you a song of that beau - ti - ful land, The far a - way  
 2. Oh, that home of the soul, in my vis - ions and dreams, Its bright jasper  
 3. Oh, how sweet it will be in that beau - ti - ful land, So free from all  
 4. There the great trees of life in their beau - ty do grow, And the riv - er of

home of the soul, Where no storms ev - er beat on the glit - ter - ing strand, While the  
 walls I can see; Till I fan - cy but dim - ly the veil in - ter - venes Be -  
 sor - row and pain; With songs on our lips, and with harps in our hands, To  
 life floweth by; For no death ev - er en - ters that ci - ty, you know, And

years of e - ter - ni - ty roll, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll; Where no  
 tween that fair ci - ty and me, Be - tween that fair ci - ty and me, Till I  
 meet one an - oth - er a - gain, To meet one an - oth - er a - gain, With  
 noth - ing that maketh a lie, And nothing that mak - eth a lie, For no

storms ev - er beat on the glit - ter - ing strand, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll  
 fan - cy but dim - ly the veil in - ter - venes Be - tween that fair cit - y and me.  
 songs on our lips, and with harps in our hands, To meet one an - oth - er a - gain.  
 death ev - er en - ters that ci - ty, you know, And noth - ing that mak - eth a lie.

THE building of the wall of it was of jasper, and the city was pure gold like unto clear glass — God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away — And I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps, and they sang, as

it were a new song before the throne — He shewed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal. In the street of it, and on either side of the river was the tree of life, and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations — There shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie.—*Revelations.*

## THE OLD FAMILIAR PLACE.

*Moderato.*

C. W. GLOVER.

1. We may rove the wide world o'er, But we ne'er shall find a trace Of the home we loved of  
2. We may sail o'er ev-ery sea, But we still shall fail to find An-y spot so dear to

yore, Of the old fa-mil-iar place; Other scenes may be as bright, But we miss, 'neath alien  
be As the one we left be-hind; Words of comfort we may hear, But they can-not touch the

*rall.* *a tempo.*  
skies, Both the welcome and the light Of the old, kind, loving eyes. Home is home, of this be-  
heart, Like the tones to memory dear, Of the friends from whom we part. Home is home, the wanderer

*rall.*  
reft, Mem'ry loves a-gain to trace All the forms of those we left In the old fa-mil-iar place.  
longs All the scenes of youth to trace, And to hear the old home songs In the old fa-mil-iar place.

## AS A LITTLE CHILD,

*Moderato.*

"SEYMOUR." C. M. VON WEBER.

1. As a lit-tle child re-lies On a care be-yond its own,  
2. So let me, a child, re-ceive What to-day Thou shalt pro-vide,  
3. Qui-et, Lord, my fro-ward heart, Make me lov-ing, meek and mild;

Knows be-neath its fa-ther's eyes It is nev-er left a-lone,—  
Calm-ly to Thy wis-dom leave What to-mor-row may be-tide.  
Up-right, sim-ple, free from art, Make me as a lit-tle child,

LULLABIES.—A recent writer, says: The subject of lullabies, or "sleep songs," as my little ones are fond of calling them, is by no means a common one, and until my attention was called to it by an article entitled, "Wanted—A Lullaby." I imagined there could be no lack of them in the English language. Having a number of these "sleep" or dream songs in my collection in French and German, as well as in the English language, I have never been at a loss for one to soothe a restless child, or comfort a fretful babe. To me the perfection of a slumber song, or

lullaby, is the "Cradle Hymn," by good old Dr. Watts. The tune, as well as the words, has descended to me, being the same to which my weary eyes responded in baby sleep, and by which my fretful distress was soothed in restlessness or pain. I have ever used it with my children, and no matter what may be sung at the commencement of the sleepy-time concert, the last of all is sure to be, "Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber." When in my own early childhood, the last lines of the second verse were sung, the impression made upon my almost infant mind, as

## CRADLE HYMN.

"GREENVILLE."  
ROUSSEAU. DR. WATTS.

1. Hush, my babe, lie still and slumber, Ho - ly an - gels guard thy bed.  
2. Soft and ea - sy is thy cra - dle, Coarse and hard thy Sa - viour lay:  
3. Hush, my child, I did not chide thee, Though my song may seem so hard:

Heav'n - ly bless - ings with - out num - ber, Gent - ly fall - ing on thy head.  
When His birthplace was a sta - ble And his soft - est bed was hay.  
'Tis thy moth - er sits be - side thee, And her arms shall be thy guard,

How much bet - ter thou'rt at - tend - ed, Than the Son of God could be;  
Oh, to tell the won - drous sto - ry, How his foes a - bus - ed their King;  
May'st thou learn to know and fear Him, Love and serve Him all thy days;

When from heav - en He de - scend - ed, And be - came a child like thee.  
How they killed the Lord of glo - ry, Makes me an - gry while I sing.  
Then to dwell for - ev - er near Him, Tell his love and sing His praise.

I lay in my little trundle bed, was one that can never be effaced. Often I was so affected as to beg that they should be sung softly, and that the next verse should be more loud and clear, to dispel in a degree this feeling of sadness. The closing lines of the last verse have ever seemed a blessing descending on the youthful head. The air to which this "song of songs" to myself and children is wedded, is a soft and plaintive one, well adapted to the words. It has long been a favorite lullaby in English-speaking homes the wide

world over. Next to this, which is sacred to me from association, and the appropriateness of the words as the evening song of a Christian mother to her babe and younger children, is that gem of Gottschalk's "Slumber on, baby dear." In the German we have the "Schlummerlied" of Kucken, in which the lullaby, as a refrain, has a solemn, impressive sound which, combined with the beauty of the words in the original, makes it a favorite wherever heard. In the Italian and Spanish there are several of these cradle-songs.

## NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

L. MASON. S. F. ADAMS, 1848.  
By per. O. DITSON & Co., Boston.*Reverently.*

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en though a cross it be  
2. Though like a wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be o - ver me,

*D.S.* Near - er, my God, to Thee,*Fine.**D.S.*

That rais - eth me, Still all my song shall be, } Near - er, my God, to Thee,  
My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be }

Near - er to Thee!

3. There let the way appear  
Steps unto heaven;  
All that Thou sendest me,  
In mercy given;  
Angels to beckon me  
[: Nearer, my God, to Thee, :]  
Nearer to Thee!

4. Then with my waking thoughts  
Bright with Thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs  
Bethel I'll raise;  
So by my woes to be  
[: Nearer, my God, to Thee, :]  
Nearer to Thee!

5. Or if on joyful wing,  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
Upward I fly,  
Still all my song shall be,  
[: Nearer, my God, to Thee, :]  
Nearer to Thee.

## HOW GENTLE GOD'S COMMANDS.

H. G. NÄGELL—"DENNIS."

*Slow and Soft.*

1. How gen - tle God's com - mands! How kind His pre - cepts are!  
2. Be - neath His watch - ful eye, His saints se - cure - ly dwell:  
3. Why should this anx - ious load Press down your wea - ry mind?  
4. His good - ness stands ap - proved Through each suc - ceed - ing day;

Come, cast your bur - dens on the Lord, And trust His con - stant care.  
That hand which bears cre - a - tion up, Shall guard His chil - dren well.  
Haste to your Heavenly Fa - ther's throne, And sweet re - fresh - ment find.  
I'll drop my bur - den at His feet And bear a song a - way.

[Or this Hymn.]

1. Heirs of unending life,  
While yet we sojourn here,  
O let us our salvation work  
With trembling and with fear.

2. God will support our hearts  
With might before unknown;  
The work to be performed is ours,  
The strength is all His own.

3. 'Tis He that works to will,  
'Tis He that works to do;  
His is the power by which we act,  
His be the glory too.

Beddome, 1795.

"WILL IT GRIND?"—A young composer, radiant with new ideas, once called upon Rossini with his roll of new music. Would the master examine his work? Before looking at the sheets, he asked one question: "Young man, will it grind?" The great composer sees a redeeming feature in the hand-organ. "Will it grind?" Plainly, Rossini meant that, if the young man's music would not fit a hand-organ, it was worthless in one sense. Playful and trivial remarks often contain a deal of wisdom, and mean more than they seem. The idea of using a hand-organ as a test for music is certainly original. Brushing away technicalities, it means just this. A song that is simple and singable can be put to the mechanical stiffness of a mere music-machine, and can be performed by steam or hand-power in such a way as to be easily recognized. Home, Sweet Home and The Last Rose of Summer belong to this class. Their character is pro-

nounced, distinct, and mechanical—mechanical in a good sense. They conform to the laws of rhythm, metre, and numbers. Music and figures are intimately related. The barrel of the hand-organ turns round in a fixed space. A pin set in at a certain place, and another on the opposite side of the diameter, will sound notes on the organ in exactly the same relative time, whether the handle is turned fast or slow. If you can imagine four pins on the barrel, at equal distances, it must be plain that the musical tones will follow each other with mechanical precision, at whatever rate they may be produced. The sense of numbers and order in music is innate in all. Every one can beat time to a clearly-defined melody. It is the musically cultivated who go beyond, and enjoy music not having this marked mechanical feature. Of course, you will not think that Rossini, when he asked if the young man's music would grind,

## LIGHTLY ROW.

SPANISH MELODY.

1. Lightly row! Lightly row! O'er the glas - sy waves we go; Smoothly glide!  
 2. Far a - way! Far a - way! Ech - o in the rock at play, Callesth not,  
 3. Lightly row! Lightly row! O'er the glas - sy waves we go; Smoothly glide!

Smoothly glide! On the silent tide. Let the winds and waters be Mingled with our  
 Callesth not, To this lonely spot. On - ly with the sea-bird's note, Shall our dying  
 Smoothly glide! On the silent tide. Let the winds and waters be Mingled with our

mel - o - dy; Sing and float! Sing and float! In our lit - tle boat.  
 mu - sic float! Lightly row! Lightly row! Ech - o's voice is low.  
 mel - o - dy; Sing and float! Sing and float! In our lit - tle boat.

meant that all music must conform to this severe test. Far from it. He probably meant that, to be popular, to have a singing character, and to appeal to the great mass of men and women, it must be capable of being ground out on the organ. The opera of Martha is neither deep nor powerful, yet it is very popular. Every song in it can be ground on a machine. Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, the giant effort of a master mind, is utterly unfit for a hand-organ. The opera is simple, rhythmical, and melodious. The Symphony is involved, abounds in intricate rhythm, and displays a bewildering maze of beautiful and picturesquely irregular ideas. The crowds flock to the opera-house, but only the student and the lover of high art gather in the orchestral temple where the master speaks a

language not born of earth. Now, do not for a moment imagine, that the simple and mechanically-exact music is poor, or to be despised. Precision and clearness of outline are two of the great canons of all art. Beethoven is as exact as Flautow, but in a higher way. If his music cannot always be ground, it is the fault of the hand-organ and not of the music.—*Barnard.*

NONE.—A recent traveler says: "What has always impressed me more than anything else in Egypt and Palestine, was the entire absence of cheerful and invigorating music, especially from the children. You never hear them singing in the huts. I never heard a song that deserves the name in the streets or houses of the city of Jerusalem. One heavy burden of voiceless sadness seemed to rest upon this forsaken land."

## SAW YE NEVER IN THE TWILIGHT.

C. F. ALEXANDER.

1 Saw ye nev - er, in the twi - light, When the sun had left the skies,  
 2. Heard ye nev - er of the sto - ry, How they crossed the des - ert wild,  
 3. Know ye not that low - ly Ba - by Was the bright and Morning Star

Up in heaven the clear stars shining, Through the gloom, like lov - ing eyes?  
 Journeyed on by plain and mountain, Till they found the Ho - ly Child?  
 He who came to light the Gen - tiles, And the darkened isles a - far?

So of old the wise men, watching, Saw a blaz - ing stran - ger star,  
 How they o - pen'd all their treas - ure, Kneel - ing to that In - fant King,  
 And we too may seek His cra - dle, There our hearts' best treas - ures bring,

And they knew the King was giv - en, And they fol - lowed it from far,  
 Gave the gold and fra - grant in - cense, Gave the myrrh in of - fer - ing?  
 Love and faith and true de - vo - tion, For our Sa - viour, God, and King.

## WORK AND PLAY.

FRENCH AIR.

1. Here at school we gath - er dai - ly, And we learn the gold - en rule;  
 2. Les - sons o - ver, then each rov - er Laughs the hap - py hours a - way;  
 3. Work and play we min - gle dai - ly, Both we do with lov - ing zest;

Still as - pir - ing, nev - er tir - ing, That is what we learn at school!  
 Mer - ry play - mates, blithe and gay mates, That's the way we do at school!  
 Nev - er tir - ing, still as - pir - ing, Till the sun sinks in the west.

**THE BLACKBOARD.**—Lessons in music written on the blackboard the moment they are wanted are always more interesting to pupils than such as are contained in a book. The teacher should accustom himself to write with ease and rapidity, and should depend more upon the blackboard lessons than upon any others. The board should have the lines of the staff painted upon it, so as to save the time of the teacher. The staff, without clefs, should also be so cut into the slates of the pupils that it may always be ready for use when they are called upon to write what is sung, as well as to sing what is written. The time which is occupied in writing a lesson is not lost in a well-regulated school, for the pupils will watch the movements of the teacher with interest, and will examine each note and character as it is written. It may also at times be desirable for the teacher to have his pupils name the tones as he writes them. No

written lessons can possibly do away with the necessity for the blackboard. If all the teachers in the world should set themselves to writing lessons, and all the printers in the world should be employed to print them, and all the shops should be full of the books containing them, and all the pupils in the world should have all the money in the world with which to purchase all the books of printed lessons in the world, and every pupil should be furnished with a copy of every book that was ever printed, still the necessity for the blackboard would remain. It might indeed be superseded in part by a sufficiency of printed lessons, so far as practical vocal exercises are concerned; but yet for these it can never be given up by a good teacher; but even if it were given up for these, it would still be needed constantly for the illustration of such subjects as will be constantly coming up in teaching. The idea of giving up the black-

### CHIDE MILDLY THE ERRING.

W. B. BRADBURY. From "GOLDEN CHAIN."  
By per. BIGLOW & MAIN, New York.

1. Chide mildly the erring, Kind language endears, Grief follows the sinful, Add not to their tears;  
2. Chide mildly the err-ing, Jeer not at their fall, If strength be but human, How weak were we all!  
3. Chide mildly the erring, Entreat them with care, Their natures are mortal, They need not despair,

A-void with re-proach-es Fresh pain to be-stow, The heart which is stricken  
What mar-vel that foot-steps Should wan-der a-stray, When tempests so shadow  
We all have some frail-ty, We all are un-wise, The grace which redeems us

Needs never a blow; The heart which is stricken Needs never a blow.  
Life's wearisome way? When tempests so shadow Life's wearisome way.  
Must come from the skies; The grace which re-deems us Must come from the skies.

board is preposterous; and any one who entertains the thought of doing without one, proves almost conclusively that he cannot be a good practical teacher. Perhaps our language on this point may appear to be strong, but surely there is no subject on which we feel a greater degree of certainty than this. That the black-board is an indispensable requisite in every well-furnished school-room, whatever be the subject taught, is the concurrent testimony of all good teachers in all parts of the world, in all departments of school-teaching. It is needed, too, from the beginning to the end of a course; it is not to be used for a few of the first lessons, and then to be given up; its use is never to be wholly discontinued.—*T. F. Seward.*

**DON'T DRAG.**—How should the congregation sing? With animation and pleasure, as if they liked it. Let the tune be announced in a clear, emphatic, and perhaps lively manner, and let the people take it up boldly and quickly. "Push things." There is more danger of dying of dullness than galloping into an unseemly canter. In a plain choral the time may be quite rapid, if the last note of each line is held slightly. Most people cannot hold a long breath, and unless they sing fast cannot sing at all. Rather than drag the psalm out into the dreary funeral-procession pace commonly heard, we had better be a little too gay. It is the slow and heavy style of performance that has brought church music into certain disrepute that it does not deserve.

## COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

1. O come, all ye faith-ful, Joy-ful and tri-um-phant, O come ye, O come ye to  
 2. Sing al-le-lu-ia, All ye choirs of an-gels: O sing, all ye bliss-ful ones of  
 3. Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, Born this hap-py morn-ing; Je-sus, to Thee be the

A-des-te, fi-de-les, Læ-ti tri-um-phan-tes, Ve-ni-te, ve-ni-te in

Beth-le-hem. Come and be-hold Him, Mon-arch of An-gels! O come, let us a-  
 Heav'n a-bove. Glo-ry to God In the high-est, glo-ry! O come, let us a-  
 glo-ry giv'n; Word of the Fa-ther Now in flesh ap-pear-ing, O come, let us a-

Beth-le-hem. Na-tum vi-de-te, Regem an-ge-lo-rum, Ve-ni-te, a-do-

dore Him, O come, let us a-dore Him, O come, let us a-dore Him, Christ, the Lord.

re-mus, Ve-ni-te, a-do-re-mus, Ve-ni-te, a-do-re-mus Do-mi-num.

## THE FARMER.

KINDERGARTEN SONG.

1. Shall I show you how the farmer, Shall I show you how the farmer, shall I show you how the

farm-er sows his\* bar-ley and wheat? Look'tis so, so that the farm-er, look'tis

so, so that the farm-er, Look'tis so, so that the farmer sows his\* bar-ley and wheat.

(\* For 2d verse, sing—"mows his"; 3d, "brings in"; 4th, "threshes"—thus making four verses.)

**KEEPING TIME.**—An accurate observance of time-measurement is of great importance in music, and too much attention can hardly be given to the subject by the teacher. Let the movement of the hand in beating time be instantaneous and exact; the ends of the fingers should reach the point of rest, down or up, at the instant the sound of the word by which the motion is described, is uttered or is heard. In order to beat the time slowly and equally, or to mark the divisions accurately, let the pupils describe the motions by saying, "downward-beat, upward-beat;" this will help to prevent acceleration. Let the pupils in their first attempt to beat the time, describe the beats aloud, afterwards in a whisper, and finally let them beat in silence, thinking only of the words by

which the beats are described. Counting should not be discontinued; there is no better way, perhaps, of marking the divisions of time, or of bounding measures, than by counting; and pupils should be encouraged from the beginning to form the habit of counting mentally. Yet there is a great difference between beating time and keeping time, which is not always appreciated; and it is probably more common for singers to regulate their beating by their singing, than it is for them to regulate their singing by their beating. While we regard the ability to beat time accurately as important to the pupil, experience has taught us to rely more upon that intuitive rhythmic feeling which is possessed in a degree by all. Rousseau says: "The more time is beaten the less it is kept." This ap-

## WE LAY US CALMLY DOWN TO SLEEP.

Air, SCHUMANN'S "TRAUMEREI."

*Cres.*

1. We lay us calmly down to sleep, When friendly night is come, and leave To God the rest;  
 2. As sinks the sun in western skies, When day is done, and twilight dim Comes silent on;  
 3. Why vex our souls with wearing care? Why shun the grave, for aching head So cool and low?  
 4. Some other hand the task can take, If so it seem-eth best, the task By us begun;

*cres.*

Whether we wake to smile or weep, Or wake no more on Time's fair shore, He knoweth best,  
 So fades the world's most luring prize, On eyes that close in deep repose, Till wakes the dawn;  
 Have we found life so passing fair, So grand to be, so sweet that we Should dread to go?  
 No work for which we need to wake, In joy or grief, for life so brief, Beneath the sun,

*Chorus. cres. dim. Rit. e dim.*

He know-eth best.  
 Till wakes the dawn.  
 Should dread to go?  
 Be-neath the sun.

O Fa-ther, bless in love thy child! We lay us down to sleep.

pears to be too strongly expressed: for, in the training process of singing-classes, it seems to be necessary to accustom the pupils to indicate the time at first by an outward visible motion, afterwards by one that will be felt by themselves, though it may not be seen by others. Instead of requiring a whole class to beat while they sing, it may often be better to appoint one or more to stand and beat the time while the others sing, and especially for each member of the class to keep an eye constantly upon the beating of the teacher. In concert music, none but the conductor should make the slightest motion of the head, arm or body, and especially let every one carefully avoid stamping with his feet. In ordinary church-music,

no audible nor visible beating by the conductor, or by any one else, should be permitted. It is a sign of vulgarity, or certainly of a want of taste and cultivation, for one to be making ridiculous noddings of the head, or see-sawings of the body, while playing an instrument, or listening to music.—T. F. Seward.

"MIGHT I give counsel to any young hearer," says Thackeray, in his lecture on Prior, Gray and Pope, "I would say to him, 'Try to frequent the company of your betters. In books and life that is the most wholesome society. Learn to admire rightly; the great pleasure of life is that. Note what the good men admired; they admired good things; while narrow spirits always admire basely and worship meanly.'"

## THE ALPINE HORN.

RIMBAULT. MALIBRAN.

1. In the wild chamois track, At the breaking of morn, With the hunter's pride, O'er the mountain side,  
2. I have cross'd the proud Alps, I have sail'd down the Rhone, And there is no spot Like the simple cot,

We are led by the sound of the Al - pine horn, Tra la la la la la la la.  
And the hill and the val - ley I call my own, Tra la la la la la la la.

O that voice to me is a voice of glee, Where - ev - er my footsteps roam; And I  
There the skies are bright, and our hearts are light, Our bosoms without a fear; For our

long to bound, When I hear that sound, Again to my mountain home. In the wild chamois track, at the  
toil is play, And our sport, the fray With the mountain roe or deer.

breaking of morn, With a hunter's pride, O'er the mountain side, We are led by the sound of the

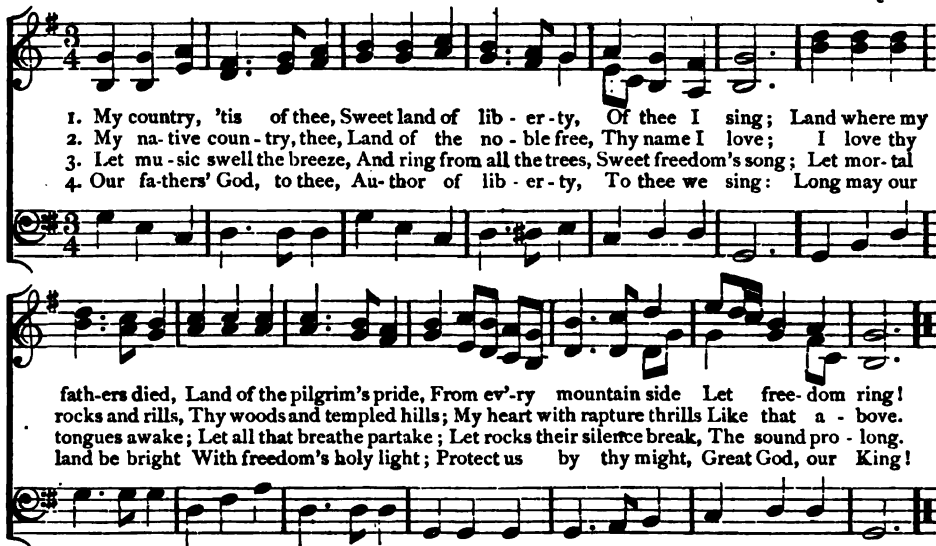
Al - pine horn; Tra la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la la la.

EVERYWHERE.—As the guardian angel is supposed to be constantly near us, leading and shielding us, so music follows man through all the various changes of life from the cradle, when the sweet "Lullaby" greets us, to the grave, when friends sing the last sad farewell. As children, our voices are ever ready to pour forth songs of happiness. A passing band of musicians, a street organ, will cause us to forget ourselves; we follow it where we otherwise could not be persuaded to go. The songs which we sang in our childhood, in the school-room, the songs which our mothers sang to us, who can wholly forget them? The gentle maiden, when for the first time she feels love's tender emotions, will give expression to them in sweet song, while the youth sits spell-bound, listening, not

knowing which is the mightier, love or music. Entering the sanctuary, we hear the deep tones of the organ, or the pious song of the choir or congregation, and on the tide of sacred song our souls are borne upward, until we almost catch the strains of distant music from the heavenly city. Let the soldier hear the stirring and yet sweet sounds of the bugle, and his heart beats quicker. Ask him, and he will tell you how that the bugle sounds security and terror alternately! Many a contest has been won by the power of music over the troops. How refreshing are the stirring sounds of a band on a march, when reaching the weary ear. How much elasticity do they impart to the soldier! But oh, how sad the sound of the same instruments, when we commit the body of a brave companion to the grave!

## NATIONAL HYMN.

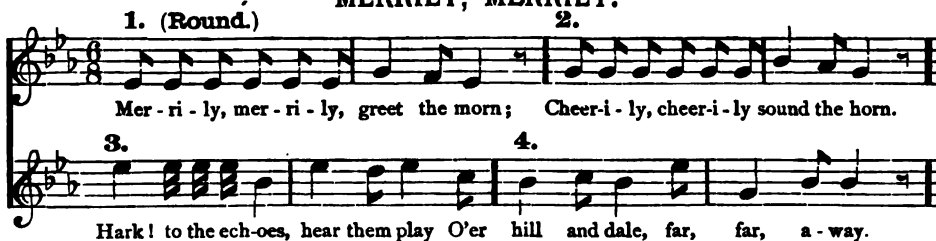
Rev. S. F. SMITH.  
"America!"—"God Save the Queen."



1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my  
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy  
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees, Sweet freedom's song; Let mor - tal  
4. Our fa - thers' God, to thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty, To thee we sing: Long may our

fath - ers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride, From ev - ry mountain side Let free - dom ring!  
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that a - bove.  
tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break, The sound pro - long.  
land be bright With freedom's holy light; Protect us by thy might, Great God, our King!

## MERRILY, MERRILY.



1. (Round.) 2.  
Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, greet the morn; Cheer - i - ly, cheer - i - ly sound the horn.

3. 4.  
Hark! to the ech - oes, hear them play O'er hill and dale, far, far, a - way.

We have lived through revolutions, and we have witnessed the mighty influence of music over an excited populace. Like a wave did the revolutionary hymn sweep over the hearts of the people. Even after the light of reason has gone out of the mind, music follows into this darkness, and many an intellect has been restored by the judicious use of this art. Who has not yielded to music, the queen of the arts? The stoutest heart, which has learned to command every emotion, will sometimes be overcome by a "Home, sweet home," or will be led by a tender strain of music back to the parental home, to the days "gone by." When gray hairs cover our temples, and when we are feeble from age, let one of our childhood's songs reach our

ear! Who can express our emotions, when music takes us from the brink of the grave and leads us back again, over the path we wandered, and shows us the places where we plucked the flowers of happiness, and enjoyed the sweets of life. The eye may refuse to shed tears, but the heart will thrill with deep feeling. Even in the hour of death will the Christian sing a song of faith, of thanksgiving, yea, even of triumph. May you and we, dear reader, be permitted at the hour of death, to raise our voices in praise of Him who alone can save us; may we die with a sweet song on our lips, and continue it when permitted to behold Him face to face who hath given us all good gifts, His precious love first, and sweet music next.—*Musical Hints.*

## OUR FATHERLAND.

FRANZ ABT.

*mf*

1. The sim-ple songs to thee we of - fer, Are gifts of pur - est lov And may the  
 2. May God be - stow His ho - ly bless-ing, O Fa - ther-land, on thee It will re-  
 3. To see thee crowned by stainless glo - ry Is what thy chil - dren ask, To live a

*mf*

*f* *mf*

ear - nest tones, as - cend - ing, Re - sound in Heaven a - bove. That song is fit, O  
 turn to heaven's own keep-ing Should thou un - wor - thy be. May Truth, and Faith, and  
 life of truth and hon - or Will be thy chil - dren's task. Oh, go thy way tri-

*f* *mf*

*sf* *cres.* *f*

coun - try, That heart - felt song, To show our deep de - vo - tion, So  
 Jus - tice, Each guide thy way In - to the gold - en splen - dors Of  
 um - phant, So grand and free That we shall glo - ry ev - er Thy

*sf* *cres.* *f*

*f* *sf*

true and strong, That song is fit, O coun - try, That heart felt  
 end - less day; May Truth, and Faith, and Jus - tice, Each guide thy  
 sons to be; Oh, go thy way tri - um - phant, So grand and

*f* *sf*

*f* *cres.* *f*

song, To show our deep de - vo - tion, So true and strong.  
 way In - to the gold - en splen - dors Of end less day.  
 free, That we shall glo - ry ev - er Thy sons to be.

*cres.* *f*

WORDS AND MUSIC.—In the teaching of music, great attention should be given not only to the reading of exercises at sight, but also to the manner and method of singing songs. It should never be forgotten that music is a mighty power for good or evil, and for that reason the character of the music, as well as the words, is a matter of the highest importance. Profanity, sometimes blasphemy, is encouraged by the setting of sacred words to music that is most frivolous. What Herder, the great German philosopher, has said, in speaking of the influence of poetry upon the mind of a child is equally applicable here: "How dry and sterile some men imagine the human mind, the child's mind, to be! And what a great, excellent ideal world it would be to me, if


I ever should attempt to write songs for it! To fill the whole youthful, child-like soul; to put songs into it, which will generally remain in it through life and give it its tone; which will be to it lasting voices, encouraging to generous deeds and noble fame, to virtue and consolation, like the heroic ballads and stirring war songs of the ancient nations; what a great aim, what a glorious work would this be!"

THE DOXOLOGY.—Wherever the English language is spoken, the stanza most frequently on the lips of Christian congregations, is the long-metre doxology. It was written by Thomas Ken, a celebrated English prelate, born in 1637. He was a man of devoted piety, broad and generous benevolence, and great firmness and loftiness of character, united with ten-

## ALL TOGETHER.

*Moderato.*


G. F. ROOT. From "SILVER LUTE."  
Per. J. E. CHURCH & Co., Cincinnati.



1. { All to-geth-er, all to-geth-er, Once, once a-gain; Hearts and voic-es  
Friend-ship's link is still un-broken, Bright is its chain; Where the part-ing

2. { While the ab-sent we are greeting, Let us for-get, In this hour of  
Since the present, full of gladness, Bids us be gay, Ban-ish ev'-ry


3. { When the warn-ing—we must sever— Comes once a-gain, Yet in feel-ing  
Oft shall mem'ry breathing o'er us, Sweet friend-ship's strain, Bring this hap-py




CHORUS. 2d time *pp*



{ light as ev-er, Glad-ly join the welcome strain. O could we ev-er  
word was spoken, Now in smiles we meet a-gain.  
so-cial meeting, Ev'-ry thought of past re-gret. O could we ev-cr, etc.  
cloud of sadness, And be hap-py while we may.  
true as ev-er, Shall our faithful hearts re-main. O could we ev-cr, etc.  
time be-fore us, Till we all shall meet a-gain.

Dwell in so-cial pleasure here, No more to sev-er From the friends we love so dear!



derness of spirit. He was one of the seven Bishops committed to the Tower for disobedience by James II., but proved his loyalty by refusing to take the oaths to William and Mary, and was consequently deprived of his bishopric. He was regarded with the highest esteem even by his enemies, and Queen Anne, upon her accession to the throne, granted him a pension. He was the author of several volumes of elaborate sermons, and of many poetical productions of a religious character. His morning and evening hymns are still repeated in thousands of English families. The doxology is the closing stanza of a morning hymn beginning with the familiar line,

"Awake, my soul, and with the sun."

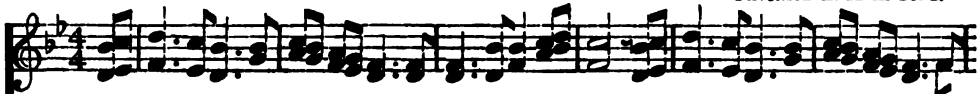
We owe a debt of gratitude to any man who has put the thought and aspirations of humanity into words that linger in our memories or voice themselves in the popular heart, and we cannot but feel that we are rearing a monument of song in honor to the author of our peerless doxology every time we join in the grand and solemn hymn of praise,

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise him all creatures here below,  
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,  
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

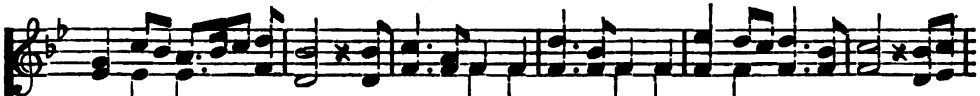
THE effect of good music is not caused by its novelty. On the contrary, it strikes us all the more forcibly the more familiar we are with it.—Goethe.

## ROSE OF ALLANDALE.

FAVORITE ENGLISH SONG.



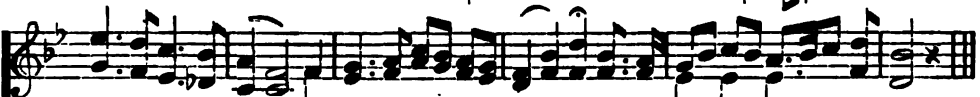
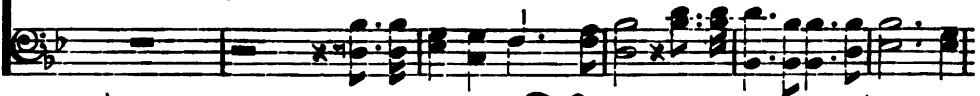
1. The morn was fair, the skies were clear, No breath came o'er the sea, When Mary left her highland cot, And  
 2. Where'er I wander'd, east or west, Tho' fate began to lower, A solace still was she to me, In  
 3. And when my fever'd lips were parch'd On burning Afric's sand, She whisper'd notes of happiness, And



wander'd forth with me. The flowers deck'd the mountain side, And fragrance fill'd the vale, By  
 sor-row's lone - ly hour: When tempests lash'd our gallant bark, And rent her shivering sail, One  
 tales of dis - tant land: My life had been a wilderness, Un - blest by for - tune's gale, Had



far the sweetest flow - er there, Was the rose of Al - lan - dale, Was the rose of Al - landale, the  
 maiden form with-stood the storm, 'Twas the rose of Al - lan - dale, 'Twas the rose of Al - landale, the  
 fate not link'd my lot to hers, The rose of Al - lan - dale, The rose of Al - landale, the

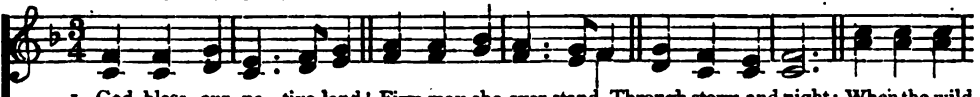


rose of Al - lan - dale. By far the sweetest flow'r there, Was the rose of Al - lan - dale.

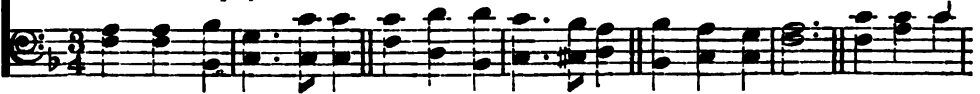


## AMERICA.

T. DWIGHT.



1. God bless our na - tive land! Firm may she ever stand, Through storm and night; When the wild  
 2. For her our pray'rs shall rise To God a - bove the skies, On him we wait; Thou who art



tempests rave, Rul - er of wind and wave, Do Thou our coun - try save By Thy great might!  
 ev - er nigh, Guarding with watchful eye, To Thee a - loud we cry, God save the State!



**SUNDAY-SCHOOL MUSIC.**—The power and influence of music all human beings are willing to acknowledge. It is one of the fairest and most blessed of all the gifts of God. Its power to fix in the memory the sentiment with which it may be connected, and to foster the same in the heart, has been understood in all Ages of the world.

Nothing contributes more largely to the present interest in the Sunday-school work than the delightful, soul-inspiring Sunday-school songs that have appeared

during the past few years. Poets, musicians and publishers have vied with each other to furnish songs for our Sunday-schools. It is true that a large part of what has been published is worthless and unfit for the worship of the Sunday-school, but it is gratifying to know that it is undergoing a revision, which will give us better sentiment, while the life and inspiration will be retained.

Every hymn should possess the merit of being true poetry, smooth, easy and graceful in versification,

## SINGING IN THE RAIN.

REV. S. B. GOULD.  
ART. FROM HAYDN, BY REV. J. B. DYKES.

1. Where the elm-tree branch - es By the rain are stirred, Careless of the show - er,  
2. From their heavy frin - ges Pour their drops a - main; Still the bird is sing - ing,  
3. Cheerful summer pro - phet! List'ning to thy song, How my fainting spir - it

Swings a lit - tle bird: Clouds may frown and dark - en; Drops may fall in vain;  
Singing in the rain. O thou hopeful sing - er, Whom my faith per - ceives  
Groweth glad and strong. Let the black clouds gath - er, Let the sunshine wane,

Little heeds the war - bler Singing in the rain. Dimmer fall the shadows,  
To a dove trans - fig - ured, Bringing ol - ive leaves; Ol - ive leaves of promise,  
If I may but join thee, Singing in the rain. Let the black clouds gather,

Mist - ier grows the air, Still the thick clouds gath - er, Dark'ning here and there.  
Types of joy to be; How in doubt and tri - al Learn my heart of thee,  
Let the sunshine wane, If I may but join thee, Singing in the rain.

affording pleasure in reading as well as in singing.

The tunes should be adapted to the sentiment of the hymns. The cheerful hymn needs a melody of like spirit, as also does the more plaintive and solemn. Adaptation of tunes to words should always be sought. At the same time the song should be of lively movement for children, with a sound moral and religious tone all the way through. A good chorister is necessary. If the superintendent can be chorister, it is generally preferable. But if he can-

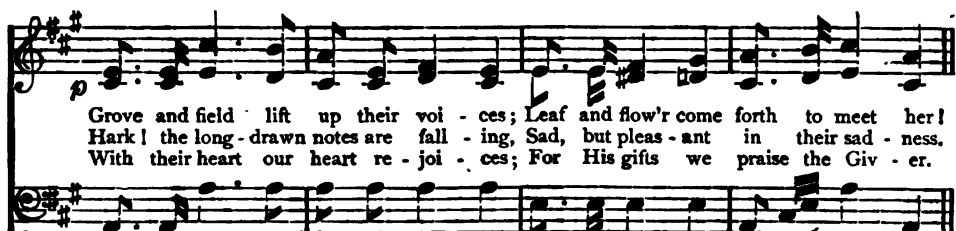
not conduct the music, some one should have especial charge of it—one who will devote time and careful attention to it. He should not only lead the singing, but give some time to teaching the school new music. A time should be set apart for instruction and practice, when teachers, scholars and parents can be brought together to rehearse. Nothing will have greater influence in awakening enthusiasm throughout the neighborhood in behalf of the school, and the work it is doing.—*Sunday-School Worker.*

## POLISH MAY SONG.

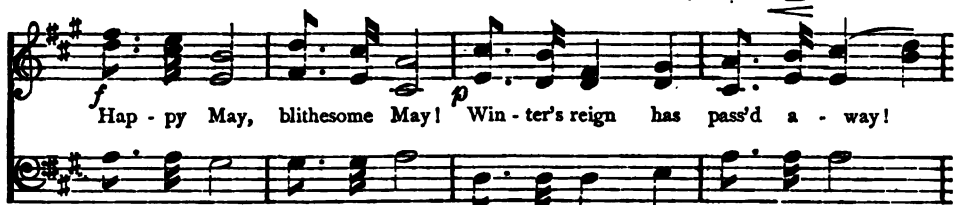
POLISH AIR.



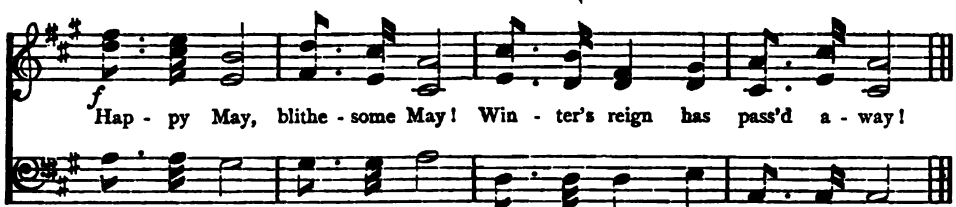
May is here, the world re - joi - ces; Earth puts on her smiles to greet her:  
Birds through ev - 'ry thick - et call - ing, Wake the woods to sounds of glad - ness:  
Earth to heav'n lifts up her voi - ces; Sky, and field, and wood, and riv - er:



Grove and field lift up their voi - ces; Leaf and flow'r come forth to meet her!  
Hark! the long - drawn notes are fall - ing, Sad, but pleas - ant in their sad - ness.  
With their heart our heart re - joi - ces; For His gifts we praise the Giv - er.



Hap - py May, blithesome May! Win - ter's reign has pass'd a - way!



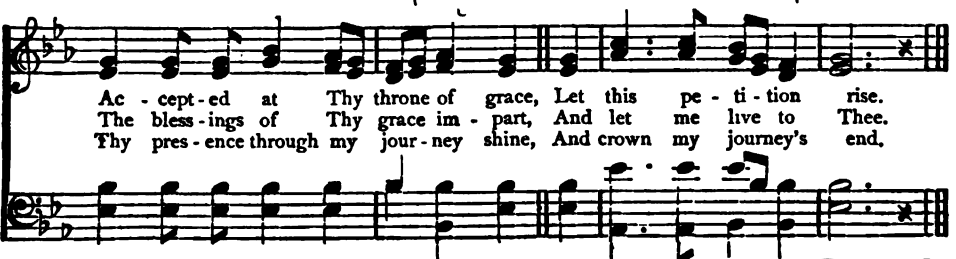
Hap - py May, blithe - some May! Win - ter's reign has pass'd a - way!

## FATHER, WHATE'ER OF EARTHLY BLISS.

"NAOMI." MASON.



1. Fa - ther, whate'er of earth - ly bliss Thy sov' - reign will de - nies,  
2. Give me a calm and thankful heart, From ev - 'ry mur - mur free;  
3. Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine My life and death at - tend,



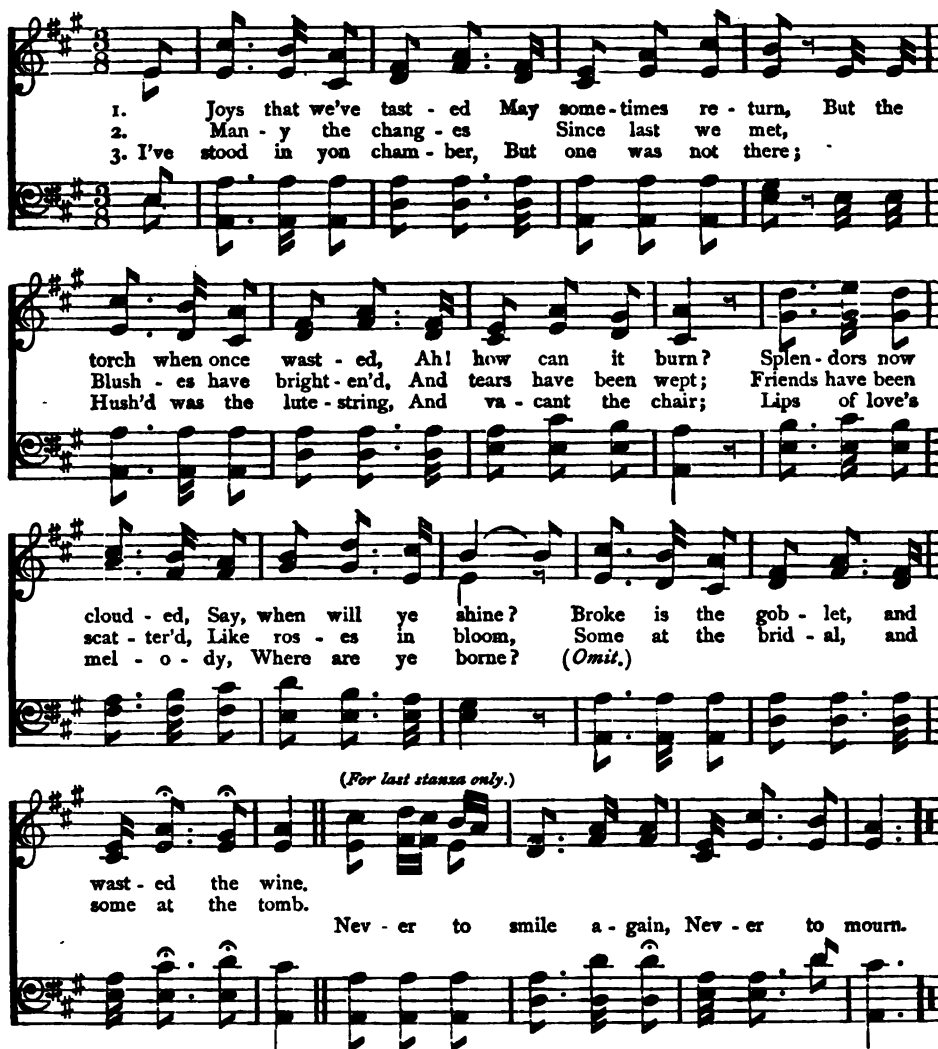
Ac - cept - ed at Thy throne of grace, Let this pe - ti - tion rise.  
The bless - ings of Thy grace im - part, And let me live to Thee.  
Thy pres - ence through my jour - ney shine, And crown my journey's end,

OF INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.—Unless you have some talent it is an insurmountable task to learn to perform brilliantly. If you have the time and the money, I suppose you can learn. But then, such a performance, while it may impress an audience with an idea that you are accomplished, or even afford them the same sort of entertainment that a music-bore does, cannot furnish you much enjoyment; and after all, the benefit of æsthetics lies in the elevation of your own spirit, and in fitting you for a spiritual peace and happiness

hereafter that "passeth all understanding." My idea is that you should learn music, if you love it and have the time to devote to it. Though now a very indifferent performer, I have sat entranced at the piano for hours at a time learning a new piece. The harmony of the richest chords, the sad minor notes, the exquisite trills have filled my soul with delight; and, though all those difficult pieces were forgotten long ago, I do not doubt that I am the better and purer for once having studied and enjoyed them, when I had nothing else

## JOYS THAT WE'VE TASTED.

W. B. HALL arr.



1. Joys that we've tast - ed May some-times re - turn, But the  
 2. Man - y the chang - es Since last we met,  
 3. I've stood in you cham - ber, But one was not there;

torch when once wast - ed, Ah! how can it burn? Splen - dors now  
 Blush - es have bright - en'd, And tears have been wept; Friends have been  
 Hush'd was the lute - string, And va - cant the chair; Lips of love's

cloud - ed, Say, when will ye shine? Broke is the gob - let, and  
 scat - ter'd, Like ros - es in bloom, Some at the brid - al, and  
 mel - o - dy, Where are ye borne? (*Omit.*)

(For last stanza only.)

wast - ed the wine,  
 some at the tomb. Nev - er to smile a - gain, Nev - er to mourn.

of more importance to employ my time. Keep up your jolly tunes, if you can afford a piano, after you are married, and play for your children to dance, play for them to sing, mingle your own voice with theirs, teach them their Sunday-school songs at the piano, bring a bright smile to the face of the dear one come home from work, and if in the joy you create you do not find recompense for the tedium of "practice," your soul has not been elevated by your music as it might have been and should have been.—*M. B. Anderson.*

STAND near a piano and produce a musical tone with the voice, and you will find that a certain wire selects that pulse of sound and responds to it. Change the pitch, and the first string ceases, while another replies. These are known as sympathetic vibrations. If a hundred tuning-forks of different tones be made to sound at the foot of an organ-pipe, it will choose the one to which it is able to reply, and respond to that one alone. Two clocks set on one shelf or even against the same wall, affect each other.

## BESIDE THE MILL.

GLUCK.

1. Be - side the mill, down yon - der, I sat me down to dream; I  
 2. Then I be - held, half dream - ing, The saws, so sharp and bright, Cleave  
 3. And now a - live the tree seemed, Its fi - bres shrank with dread: With

saw the great wheels turn ing. The spar - kle of the stream, I  
 through a no - ble fir - tree With won - drous fa - tal might, Cleave  
 low and mourn - ful ca - dence, These words to me it said, With

saw the great wheels turn - ing, The spar - kle of the stream.  
 through a no - ble fir - tree With won - drous fa - tal might.  
 low and mourn - ful ca - dence These words to me it said:

"Thou, wand'rer, well hast chosen  
 Thy time to come to me!  
 For thee alone I suffer,  
 And I must die for thee! :|

"For thee a cell so narrow,  
 Shall from my heart be made,  
 And thy sad heart, and weary,  
 Within at rest be laid." :|

Four planks I then heard falling;  
 My heart with fear was filled:  
 But when I fain would question,  
 The noisy wheels were stilled. :|

## SING, THOU MERRY BIRD.

Lively.

KINDERGARTEN.

1. Sing, O sing, thou mer - ry bird, As you fly so light - ly; Sing your song of  
 2. Hum, O hum, thou bus - y bee, In the fragrant bow - ers, Gath'ring in your  
 3. Gai - ly roam, O but - ter - fly, O'er the hedges go - ing, Rest - ing in this

joy and love, While the sun shines bright - ly: Gai - ly swing - ing on the bough,  
 hon - ey - store From the sum - mer flowers; Hum a - way, my bus - y bee,  
 sum - mer mead, Bright with dai - sies growing; Safe - ly roam, O but - ter - fly.

Of no sor - row think - ing, Sing un - til the bright, red sun In the west is sink - ing.  
 Happy lit - le rov - er, Through the gardens bright and gay, Through the fields of clover.  
 I will nev - er harm thee; Fly a - way where bird and bee, Sing their songs to charm thee.

**MENTAL INFLUENCE.**—Two easily distinguishable mental influences seem to belong to music, according as it is heard by those who really appreciate it, or by others who are unable to do so. To the former it opens a book of poetry which they follow, word for word, after the performer, as if he read it to them; thinking the thoughts of the composer in succession with scarcely greater uncertainty or vagueness than if they were expressed in verbal language of a slightly mystical description. To the latter the book is closed; but though the listener's own thoughts unroll themselves uninterrupted by the composer's ideas, they are

very considerably colored thereby. "I delight in music," said once a great man of science; "I am always able to think out my work better while it is going on." As a matter of fact, he resumed at the moment a disquisition concerning the date of the glacial period at the precise point at which it had been interrupted by the performance of a symphony of Beethoven, having evidently mastered in the interval an intricate astronomical knot. To ordinary mortals, with similar deficiency of musical sense, harmonious sound seems to spread a halo like that of light, causing every subject of contemplation to

## LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD.

From "THE CANTARA." MOORE.  
Arranged by BALFE.

*f* Animated.

1. Let E - rin remember the days of old, Ere her faithless sons be - tray'd her; When  
2. On Lough Neagh's bank as the fisherman strays, When the clear cold eve's declin - ing, He

Ma - lachi wore the col - lar of gold, Which he won from the proud in - va - der; When her  
sees the round towers of oth - er days, In the wave be - neath him shin - ing, Thus shall

kings, with standard of green unfurl'd, Led the Red-Branch Knights to dan - ger; Ere the  
mem'ry oft - en, in dreams sublime, Catch a glimpse of the days that are o - ver; Thus,

*rit.*  
em'rald gem of the west - ern world Was set in the brow of a stran - ger.  
sighing, look thro' the waves of time, For the long-faded glo - ries they cov - er.

seem glorified, as a landscape appears in a dewy sunrise. Old memories rise to the mind and seem infinitely more affecting than at other times; still living affections grow doubly tender; new beauties appear in the picture or the landscape before our eyes, and passages of remembered prose or poetry float through our brain in majestic cadence. In a word, the sense of the beautiful, the tender, the sublime, is vividly aroused, and the atmosphere of familiarity and commonplace, wherewith the real beauty and sweetness of life are too often veiled, is lifted for the hour. As in a camera-obscura, or mirror, the very

trees and grass which we had looked on a thousand times are seen to possess unexpected loveliness. But all this can only happen to the non-musical soul when the harmony to which it listens is really harmonious, and when it comes at an appropriate time, when the surrounding conditions permit and incline the man to surrender himself to its influences; in a word, when nothing else demands his attention.

AN excellent mother, writing to her son on the birth of his eldest child, says: "Give him an education, that his life may be useful; teach him religion, that his death may be happy."

**THE TEACHER.**—The teacher, while giving instruction in vocal music, should avoid singing too much with his pupils. When they sing he should usually listen, and when he sings they should listen; this will enable them to imitate his example, and him the better to observe their faults. His example is of the utmost importance in singing, as in all other things, and good taste or good style can here be communicated in no other way. When he wishes to correct a fault, let him give an illustration of it, or contrast a bad example with a better one. The bad

example may perhaps be caricatured, to render the contrast stronger, in which case it may safely be left to the pupils to choose which of the two examples they should imitate. It is the duty of the teacher to correct faults from the beginning. In speaking to his pupils he should be careful to distinguish between the tones themselves, the names of the tones, the syllables that are applied to tones, and the notes representing the tones. Also, between singing by syllables, by words, by rote, and by note. We sing by rote when we catch the tune by ear; we sing by

## THE MINSTREL BOY.

FROM "THE CANTARA." MOORE.  
Arranged by BALFE.

*Lively.*

1. The min - strel boy to the war is gone, In the ranks of death you'll  
2. The min - strel fell, but the foe - man's chain Could not bring that proud soul

find him; His fa - ther's sword he hath gird - ed on, And his wild harp slung be -  
un - der; The harp he loved ne'er spoke a - gain, For he tore its chords a -

hind him. "Land of song!" said the war - rior bard, "Tho' all the world be -  
sun - der, And said, "No chain shall sul - ly thee, Thou soul of love and

trays thee, One sword at least thy rights shall guard, One faithful harp shall praise thee."  
bra - very! Thy songs were made for the pure and free, They shall never sound in sla - very."

note when we interpret the notes, or sing from the written characters. Taste, style, and appropriate expression, both as relates to tones and words, should always receive careful attention. Never introduce into a children's class, or any other class, low, doggerel verse. Let the words selected be mainly of a cheerful character, always such as will interest, and often such as must elevate the tone of the pupil's thought. Shut out entirely from the school all that partakes of buffoonery, waggery, and low, vulgar merriment.

ONE Sunday, after the choir at Oberlin College had sung without distinctly pronouncing the words, President Finney, in his prayer, alluded to the choir as follows: "O Lord, we have sung an anthem to Thy praise. Thou knowest the words, but we do not. We do pray Thee that those that lead us may open their mouths, that we may know what they say, that we may join in Thy praise. May they not sing to be heard of men; nor mock Thee, and offend Thy people or the house of God, by displaying themselves."

**PURITY OF TONE.**—To acquire purity of tone, the pupil should stand in an erect, but easy position, the shoulders thrown back, with chest expanded, yet without any stiffness or constraint. A good quality of tone is much dependent upon the opening or formation of the mouth; and to aid in the acquisition of this, let the pupils be much exercised to a free use of the open vowel "a" as in "la" the most natural and easy of all sounds. The word *Scala* (Latin for scale) has long been in use for this purpose; sometimes the first syllable only being used, or *Sca*; but whatever word or syllable may be used, it is most important that the true Italian *a* (ah) should be employed. A pure tone

must always have an unabstracted passage, passing through the mouth freely; to open this passage well, the frequent practice of vocalizing upon this vowel is most useful. The principal organs of voice are the lungs, the wind-pipe, the mouth, the tongue, the teeth the lips, and the nose. Each of these has its proper work to do, and, where they are all in normal condition and act well together, the voice will be in a pure and natural state. The voice should not be forced; this is a remark of much importance, for too great forcing is a common fault, alike injurious to the healthful condition of the vocal organs, purity and good quality of tones, and good taste. The pupil should be encour-

## GO, FORGET ME.

MOZART.



1. Go, for-get me, why should sor-row O'er that brow a shad-ow fling?  
 2. Like the sun, thy pres-ence glow-ing Clothes the mean-est thing in light;  
 3. Go, thou vis-ion wild-ly gleam-ing, Soft-ly on my soul that fell;

Go, for-get me, and to-mor-row Bright-ly smile, and sweet-ly-sing.  
 So when thou, like him, art go-ing, Loveliest ob-jects fade in night;  
 Go, for me no lon-ger beam-ing Hope and beau-ty, fare-thee-well!

Smile, tho' I may not be near thee, Smile, tho' I may nev-er see thee;  
 All things looked so bright a-bout thee, That they noth-ing seem with-out thee;  
 Go, and all that once de-light-ed, Take, and leave me all be-night-ed;

May thy soul with pleas-ure shine, Last-ing as the gloom of mine.  
 By that pure and lu-cid mind, Earth-ly vis-ions are re-fined.  
 Glo-ry's burn-ing, gen'-rous swell, Fan-cy, and the po-et's shell.

aged to bring out the voice fully and freely; but it should never be urged beyond its proper and easy capacity, as it regards length, pitch, or force of its tones. An attempt to continue the tone for too long a time, or as long as possible with a single breath (which is always too long), should not be indulged, for it may endanger the breathing power; an attempt to extend the compass beyond its natural limits, by pressing it to a pitch very high or very low may result in injury to its middle and more important or valuable tones; and singing too loudly will degrade tone to noise, as the forced squealing or bellowing of a mere animal.

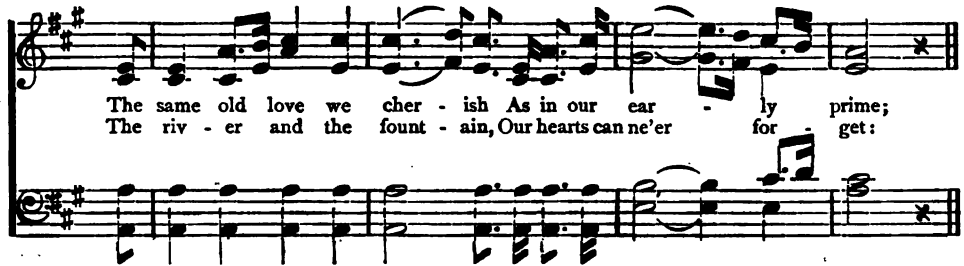
It should be a leading object to equalize the middle tones. The weak ones should be strengthened, and the strong ones tempered to moderation and gentleness; and this work is to be accomplished not so much by employing a larger or smaller volume of breath, as by an appropriate application of it, and the proper use of the vocal muscles. When the voice has attained a sufficient degree of maturity, its compass in pitch and force may be gradually increased; indeed, such a growth, rewarding judicious culture, will be the natural result of a proper attention to its most available tones.—*Music Teacher.*

## OH! GLADLY NOW WE HAIL THEE.

BELLINI.



1. Oh! glad - ly now we hail thee, Dear friends of ear - ly time! met,  
2. The trees a - round our dwell - ing, Where ear - ly friendships



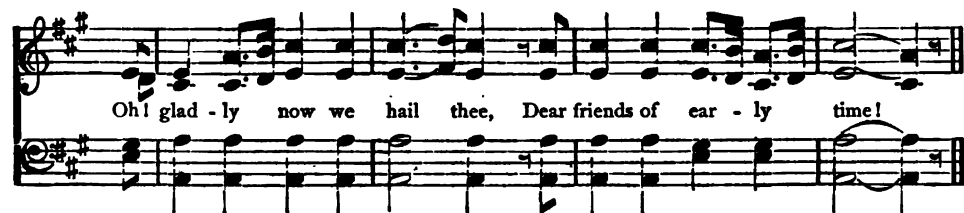
The same old love we cher - ish As in our ear - ly prime;  
The riv - er and the fount - ain, Our hearts can ne'er for get:



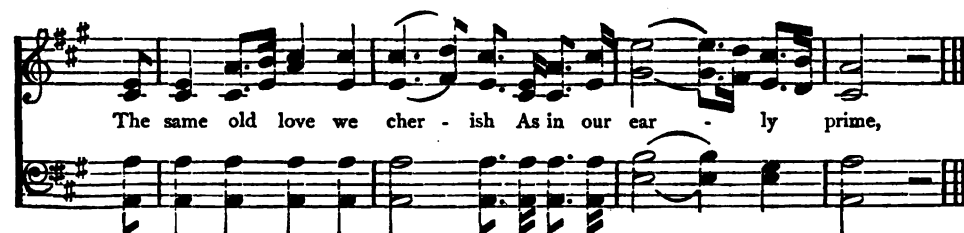
As na - ture nev - er chang - es Our hearts are still the same,  
There hearts and homes were lov - ing, And round the hearth at even,



Aid still on friend-ship's al - tar As bright - ly burns love's flame.  
Our hum - ble prayers as - cend - ed On wings of love to heaven.



Oh! glad - ly now we hail thee, Dear friends of ear - ly time!



The same old love we cher - ish As in our ear - ly prime,

MALIBRAN, Maria Felicia, was the eldest daughter of Manuel Garcia. She was born in Paris in the year 1808. Both her parents being Spaniards, she naturally acquired a knowledge of their native language. At the age of eight years she was taken to England. Circumstances enabled her to attain considerable proficiency in German as well as Italian. Her memory seemed marvelous. To the question of one who had heard her conversing with equal idiomatic propriety and freedom in several languages, expressing at the same time his admiration of her great facility, she replied: "I was born at Paris, in the parish of St. Pierre; my father, as you know, was a Spaniard: therefore French and Spanish I learned as every child learns a language; early I went to England, and after residing there some years, where I studied the language closely, I went to the United States; the Italian Opera House has been the cradle

in which I was nursed; and German I have acquired that I might grasp and enjoy its musical wealth. That I may speak it with facility, and every day, my servant is a German." She was for some twelve years the foremost singer of her time in concert and opera, appearing in all the leading cities of the civilized world, and everywhere received with the most marked expression of favor. Her success in America was extraordinary. In 1829, she and Madame Sonntag, rival queens of song, appeared together for the first time. In 1835, at Milan, her engagement for one hundred and eighty-five performances was at the rate of about two thousand dollars per night. It is sufficient for her fame that from the time she showed great talent, she secured the undivided preference of all the most eminent members of her profession, and to the day of her death she maintained this place in their esteem against all competitors. A contempo-

## THE HARP THAT ONCE THRO' TARA'S HALLS.

*With Feeling.*

MOORE'S MELODIES.

1. The harp that once thro' Ta-ra's halls The soul of mu - sic shed; Now hangs as mute on  
2. No more to chiefs and ladies bright The harp of Ta-ra swells; The chord a - lone that

Ta - ra's walls As tho' that soul were fled. So sleeps the pride of former days, So  
breaks at night Its tale of ru - in tells. Thus Free-dom now so seldom wakes; The

glo-ry's thrill is o'er, And hearts that once beat high for praise Now feel that pulse no more.  
on - ly throb she gives Is when some heart, in-dignant, breaks, To show that still she lives.

rary critic says of her: "To great flexibility of voice she adds a delicacy of expression seldom equaled, and her lower tones are as soft and melodious as her upper notes; nor is there any apparent effort or strain in producing that articulation by which every one of them is distinctly heard. When to these perfections we add great feeling, we have said enough." Of her as a woman, Lablache says, "She had a little body with a mighty heart." Both must have given way much earlier had she not possessed the valuable faculty of being able suddenly to unbend and apply her mind to the most cheerful and even childlike amusements. She was an intrepid horse-woman, an elegant dancer, a pleasant caricaturist, humorous in charades and riddles, and, upon the slightest indication, she would put aside the trifle which appeared to absorb her whole attention, and

engage with enthusiasm in discussing the genius of Dante or Shakespeare, Raphael or Michael Angelo. No really great singer was ever indifferent to the charms of poetry and fine art. At the close of the season of 1836 she withdrew to her estate near Brussels, and in September returned to conclude her engagement at the Manchester and Liverpool festivals. She died at Manchester, England, September 23, 1836, at the early age of twenty-eight years.—*Moore.*

SOME scrap of a childish song hath often been a truer alms than all that the benevolent societies could give. This is the best missionary, knowing when she may knock at the fast-closed door of the most curmudgeonly hearts, without being turned away unheard. For poetry is love's chosen apostle, and the very almoner of God. She is the home of the outcast, and the wealth of the needy.—*Lowell.*

## THE MOURNER.

*Moderato.*Arr. by C. MATZ.  
GERMAN FOLK-SONG.

1. My Moth-er loves me not; None oth-er cares for me; Come, Death, and  
2. Yes-ter-day all the folk Danced at the vil-lage fair; But I am

take me hence, Take me to thee, My Moth-er loves me not; None oth-er  
sick and sad; None saw me there, Yes-ter-day all the folk Danced at the

cares for me; Come, Death, and take me hence; Take me to thee.  
vil-lage fair; But I am sick and sad; None saw me there.

3. Where the black cross doth stand,  
Let the red roses grow;  
Know ye the maiden who  
Slumbers below? :

4. Go there and humbly kneel;  
Weep by the roses red!  
Pray the good Lord to bless  
Her who is dead! :

## WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?

Old Song.

1. Oh, dear! what can the mat-ter be? Dear, dear! what can the mat-ter be! Oh, dear!  
2. Oh, dear! what can the mat-ter be? Dear, dear! what can the mat-ter be! Oh, dear!

what can the mat-ter be? Johnny's so long at the fair. He promised to buy me a  
what can the mat-ter be? Johnny's so long at the fair. He promised to bring me a

trink-et to please me, And then for a smile, Oh, he vowed he would tease me. He  
bas-ket of po-sies, A gar-land of lil-ies, a gift of red ros-es, A

promised to bring me a bunch of blue ribbons To tie up my bon-nie brown hair.  
lit-tle straw hat to set off the blue ribbons That tie up my bon-nie brown hair.

"CHOPPED" MUSIC.—"I've heard your chopped music," said the old master. "It was a young woman, with as many white muslin flounces as the planet Saturn has rings, that made it. She gave the music-stool a whirl or two, and fluffed down on it like a whirl of soap-suds in a hand-basin. Then she pushed up her cuffs as if she was going to fight for the championship belt. Then she worked her wrists and hands, to limber 'em I supposed, and spread out her fingers till they looked as though they would pretty much cover the key-board, from the growling end to the little

squeaky one. Then those two hands of hers made a jump at the keys as though they were a couple of tigers coming down on a flock of black and white sheep, and the piano gave a great howl as if its tail had been trod on. Dead stop—so still that you could hear your hair growing! Then another jump and another howl, as if the piano had two tails and you had trod on 'em both at once, and then a grand clatter and scramble and string of jumps, up and down, back and forward, one hand over the other, more like a stampede of rats and mice than anything I call music. I like to

## OUR FLAG IS THERE.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is primarily in the treble clef, while the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The score includes two verses of lyrics, a chorus, and a double bar line (D.C.) indicating a repeat. The lyrics are: 1. Our flag is there, our flag is there! We'll greet it with three loud huzzas, Our flag is there, our flag is there! Be - hold the glo - rious stripes and stars! 2. That flag withstood the battle's roar, With foemen stout, with foemen brave; Strong hands have sought that flag to lower, And found a speed - y, wa - t'ry grave. The chorus lyrics are: Stout hearts have fought for that bright flag, Strong hands sustain'd it mast-head high, And, That flag is known on ev - ry shore: The standard of a gal-lant band, A- oh, to see how proud it waves, Brings tears of joy to ev - ry eye. like unstain'd in peace or war, It floats o'er free-dom's hap - py land.

1. Our flag is there, our flag is there! We'll greet it with three loud huzzas, Our  
2. That flag withstood the battle's roar, With foemen stout, with foemen brave; Strong

flag is there, our flag is there! Be - hold the glo - rious stripes and stars!  
hands have sought that flag to lower, And found a speed - y, wa - t'ry grave.

*Full Chorus.*  
Stout hearts have fought for that bright flag, Strong hands sustain'd it mast-head high, And,  
That flag is known on ev - ry shore: The standard of a gal-lant band, A-

*D.C.*  
oh, to see how proud it waves, Brings tears of joy to ev - ry eye.  
like unstain'd in peace or war, It floats o'er free-dom's hap - py land.

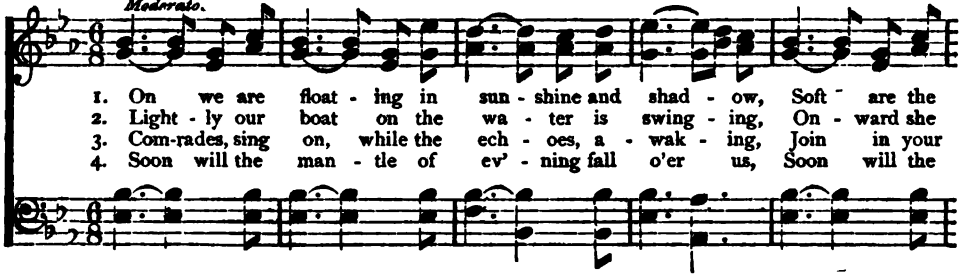
hear a woman sing, and I like to hear a fiddle sing; but these noises they hammer out of their wood and ivory anvils—don't talk to me! I know the difference between a bull-frog and a wood-thrush."—*Dr. Holmes.*

CHILDREN have a certain instinct in the matter of musical memory which older people have not. It is something like the memory of the carrier-pigeon and the dog. A class of young children can be trained to remember the pitch of certain fixed tones, such as C, F sharp, B flat, A, and indeed all that we know in music, so that you may say to them, "Sing

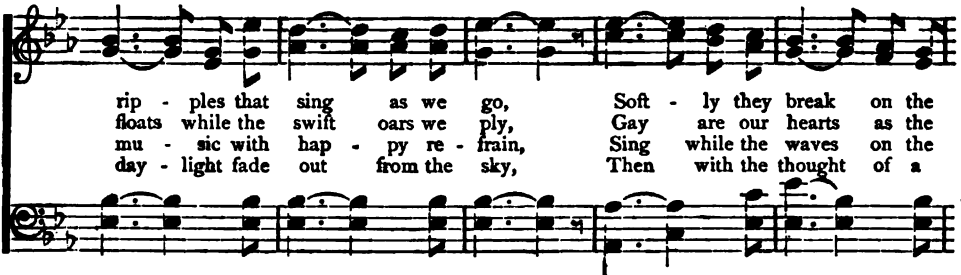
G," A sharp, C, D flat, F, or any other tone, and they will sing it as promptly and correctly as they will answer questions on the multiplication table. This is of transcending interest and importance. Only children can learn to do this. And yet with such capabilities we have been content to let them grow up, and then we try to teach a handful to sing, organize a quartette here, train a solo there, and all the while let the children go losing those best years of their lives when nature makes them all singers, and gives them this wonderful memory of musical tones.

## THE BOAT SONG.

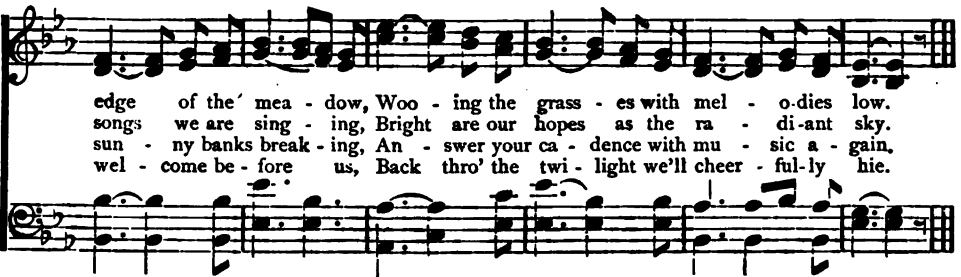
VON WEBER.

*Moderato.*


1. On we are float - ing in sun - shine and shad - ow, Soft - are the  
 2. Light - ly our boat on the wa - ter is swing - ing, On - ward she  
 3. Com - rades, sing on, while the ech - oes, a - wak - ing, Join in your  
 4. Soon will the man - tle of ev' - ning fall o'er us, Soon will the



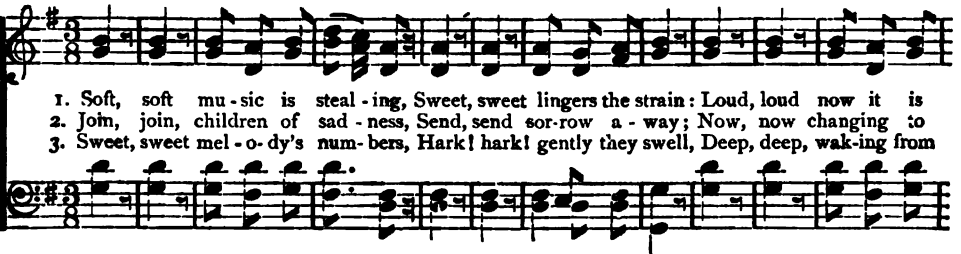
rip - ples that sing as we go, Soft - ly they break on the  
 floats while the swift oars we ply, Gay are our hearts as the  
 mu - sic with hap - py re - frain, Sing while the waves on the  
 day - light fade out from the sky, Then with the thought of a



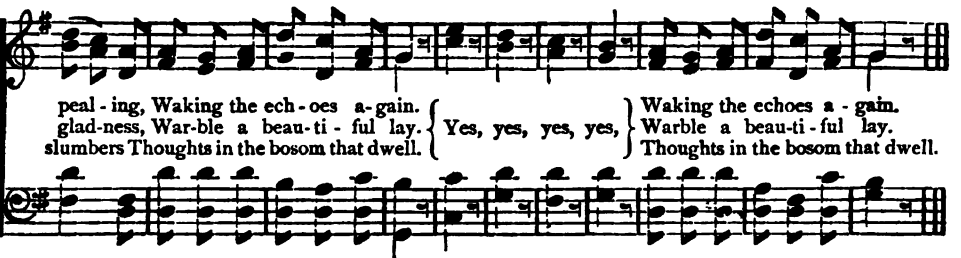
edge of the mea - dow, Woo - ing the grass - es with mel - o - dies low.  
 songs we are sing - ing, Bright are our hopes as the ra - di - ant sky.  
 sun - ny banks break - ing, An - swer your ca - dence with mu - sic a - gain,  
 wel - come be - fore us, Back thro' the twi - light we'll cheer - ful - ly hie.

## SOFT, SOFT MUSIC IS STEALING.

GERMAN MELODY.

*Andante.*


1. Soft, soft mu - sic is steal - ing, Sweet, sweet lingers the strain: Loud, loud now it is  
 2. Join, join, children of sad - ness, Send, send sor - row a - way: Now, now changing to  
 3. Sweet, sweet mel - o - dy's num - bers, Hark! hark! gently they swell, Deep, deep, wak - ing from



peal - ing, Waking the ech - oes a - gain. { Yes, yes, yes, yes, } Waking the echoes a - gain.  
 glad - ness, War - ble a beau - ti - ful lay. { Warble a beau - ti - ful lay.  
 slumbers Thoughts in the bosom that dwell. } Thoughts in the bosom that dwell.

**THE BOY ORGANIST.**—Mozart's first experience of a large organ was in a monastery of a little town on the Danube. He was then only six years old, and in company with his father had left his home in Salzburg, and had started on a long course of travel. All day long they had been sailing down that majestic river, past crumbling ruins, frowning castles, cloisters hidden away among the crags, towering cliffs, quiet villages nestled in sunny valleys, and here and there a deep gorge that opened back from the gliding river, its far hollow distance blue with fathomless shadow, and like some dim and vast cathedral. The little company of monks with whom they had been traveling that day were at supper in the refectory of the cloister, when Father Mozart took Wolfgang into the chapel to see the organ. And now, as the boy gazed with something of awe upon the great instru-

ment looming up in the shadows of the empty church, his face lit up with serene satisfaction, and every motion and attitude of the little figure expressed a wondering reverence. What inspiring tones must even now be slumbering in those mighty pipes! Tones which, if once awakened, could give utterance to all that voiceless beauty which the day's scenes had shown him—life and death, present and past; the peaceful river and the deserted ruin; the sunshine unfailing and the unfailing shadow at its side. "Father," said the boy, "explain to me those pedals at the organ's feet, and let me play." Well pleased, the father complied. The boy pushed aside the stool, and when Father Mozart had filled the great bellows, the elin organist stood upon the pedals, and trod them as though he had never needed to have their management explained. How the deep tones woke

## THE INGLE SIDE.

WESSETHAL. HEW AINSLIE.



1. It's rare to see the morning bleeze, Like a bonfire frae the sea; It's fair to see the  
 2. Glens may be gilt wi' gowans rare, The birds may fill the tree, And meadows hae the

bur - nie kiss The lip o' the flow'ry lea; An' fine it is on green hillside, Where,  
 scented ware That sim - mer growth can gie; But the canty hearth where cronies meet, An' th'

hums the bonnie bee, But rarer, fairer, fin - er far Is the In - gle side for me.  
 dar - ling o' our e'e, That makes to us a warl' complete, O, the In - gle side for me.

the sombre stillness of the old church! The organ seemed some great, uncouth creature, roaring for very joy at the carresses of the marvelous child. The monks, eating their supper in the refectory, heard the tones and dropped knife and fork in astonishment. The organist of the brotherhood was among them; but never had he played with such power and freedom. They listened; some grew pale, others crossed themselves; till they all rose up, and hastened into the chapel. "It is Satan himself," cried one of the monks. But when he reached the organ front, he paused petrified with amazement. There stood the tiny figure treading from pedal to pedal, and at the same time clutching the keys above with his little hands, gathering handfuls of those wonderful chords as if they were violets, and flinging them out into the

solemn gloom behind him. He heard nothing, saw nothing besides; his eyes beamed like stars, and his whole face lightened with impassioned joy. Louder and fuller rose the harmonies, streaming forth in swelling billows, till at last they seemed to reach a sunny shore, on which they broke; then a whispering ripple of faintest melody lingered in the air, like the last murmur of the wind-harp, and all was still.

**TRUE.**—A recent writer, advocating a more general and thorough musical education, says: The frequently adopted plan of waiting to see whether children "have any taste" or "show any love" for music, is a wrong one. No child would prefer practicing scales to playing ball; and few boys, if the cultivation of their tastes depended upon the whims of their ever-flying fancies, would become educated men.

## FAREWELL, O JOYOUS, SUNNY GROVE.

H. ESSER.

1. Fare - well, O joy - ous, sun - ny grove, Fare - well, fare - well! Too  
 2. Fare - well, O for - est great and grand, Fare - well, fare - well! Fare -  
 3. If such pure joys are lost for aye, Fare - well, fare - well! And

soon I hear the part - ing knell, Fare - well, fare - well! Up -  
 well, O flow'rs, a ra - diant band, Fare - well, fare - well! And  
 I a last fare - well must say, Fare - well, fare - well! Yet

on the a - zure of the sky My spir - it's sad - ness seems to lie Fare -  
 may your perfume, strangely sweet, Some oth - er wea - ry wand' - rer greet, Fare -  
 shall this mem'ry, ev - er be A source of end - less joy to me: Fare -

well, fare - well, fare - well, fare - well, fare - well, fare - well,  
 well, fare - well, fare - well, fare - well, fare - well, fare - well,  
 well, fare - well, fare - well, fare - well, fare - well, fare - well.

## THE CUCKOO.

GERMAN.

1. Cuck-oo, cuck-oo, wel-come thy song! Cuck-oo, cuck-oo, welcome thy song;  
 2. Cuck-oo, cuck-oo, war - ble a - way, Cuck-oo, cuck-oo, war-ble a - way;  
 3. Cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cease not thy song, Cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cease not thy song;

Win - ter is go - ing, Soft breezes blow - ing, Spring-time, spring-time, soon will be here.  
 Bring the sweet flowers, Sunshine and show - ers, Spring-time, spring-time, do not de - lay.  
 When thou art roaming, Bright days are coming, Spring-time, spring-time, hasten a - long.

**HARMONY.**—The variety of voices which obtains in congregations is worthy of consideration. Many persons can sing easily upon a low key who find it impossible to raise the voice to a high pitch. These voices, when applied to the tenor or soprano, are harsh and unmanageable, but they are in many cases admirably adapted to the bass. Other voices approaching almost to a falsetto, and utterly incapable of deep bass tones, may do good service upon the melody. Hence, singing in parts, when it is properly done, so far from discouraging the masses from uniting in the service, gives a refreshing variety to the exercise, imparting force and vivacity to old as well as to new tunes, and gracefully accommodating itself to the peculiarities of all. A writer on this subject has said: "To banish

harmony from our congregational worship, would be to stifle a large and valuable portion of the human voice. Many a deep, rich, mellow voice, that rolls its majestic swell through our churches and chapels, on which the upper strains float, and with which they mingle like the ripples and spray of the ocean when its bosom is animated with a sunny breeze, must be coerced into silence and rest; or if bass voices must sing the air in unison, it will add only *noise* instead of music. Surely our Creator, in making the human organs capable of such a variety and compass of intonation, of arousing the wide range of emotions, could not but intend them to be used for His praise and the delight of His creatures; but this cannot be done, save on the essential principle of harmony."—*Service of Song*.

## O JESU, THOU ART STANDING.

REV. W. W. HOW, 1864.

1. O Je - su,\* Thou art standing Outside the fast - clos'd door, In low - ly patience  
 2. O Je - su, Thou art knocking, And lo! that hand is scarr'd, And thorns thy brow en-  
 3. O Je - su, Thou art pleading In ac - cents meek and low, "I died for you, my

wait - ing To pass the threshold o'er; We bear the name of Christians, His  
 cir - cle, And tears thy face have marr'd, O love that pass - eth knowledge, So  
 chil - dren, And will ye treat me so?" O Lord, with shame and sor - row, We

name and sign we bear; O shame, thrice shame up-on us, To keep him standing there.  
 pa - tient-ly to wait! O sin that hath no e - qual, So fast to bar the gate!  
 o - pen now the door; Dear Sa-viour, en - ter, en - ter, And leave us nev - er - more.

D. S.

**AN ANALOGY.**—Indeed, there is a fine analogy to Christ's words in music. It is the least definable of all the arts; it appeals to emotion, not to reason. Neither you nor I can say of that air of Mozart's that it means this or that. It means one thing to me, another thing to you. It leaves, however, an indefinite but similar impression upon us both—a sense of exquisite melody which soothes life, a love of a life in harmony with the impression made, and an affection for the man who gave so delicate an emotion. So it is with the words of Christ. The understanding cannot define them; the spirit receives them, and each man receives them in accordance with the state of his spirit. To one

\*Je - soo—beautiful use of Latin vocative for English nominative.

these words, "Blessed are the pure in spirit, for they shall see God," are solemn with warning, to another they are soothing with comfort; to one they mean battle, to another calmest peace. Could you define the meaning of Mozart's symphony, so that it should be the same to all, how much had been lost! Could you do the same by Christ's words, what a misfortune! To limit them to one meaning, however grand or comprehensive, would be to destroy their life.—*Brooke*.


Before which of us has not childhood been a thousand times called up by music? and to which of us has she not spoken and asked, "Are the rose-buds which I gave thee not yet blown?" Alas! blown indeed they are,—but they were pale white roses.—*Richter*.

OUR REAL LIFE.—Sculpture, painting, and poetry are in the main the vehicles of ideas. Each draws into its service all of the sensuous and æsthetic which it can use to enrich and beautify its representations. Each makes the scope of its work as wide as may be, but essentially the communication of thought from mind to mind is that which it really makes its aim. Music, on the contrary, is the language of emotion. If we will for a moment cast aside conventionalities of thought and feeling which obscure the sensational processes of our own existence from us, and direct close attention to the depths of our inner lives, we must see how ever-varying is the current of our emo-


tional life. Elation and depression of feeling, variation in kind and intensity, follow each other without intermission. We do not regard our emotions with the same care and attention with which we note the processes of thought or the volitions of will; and yet just in them is the seat of our inner lives. It is only as thought is translated into feeling that it touches the springs of our happiness or misery. Our emotional lives form the birth-place of motives, and from them spring the deeds which stamp us for time and for eternity. This is our real life. Our thoughts, in the bosom of emotion as in an atmosphere, are tinged, though not absolutely determined, by its influence.

## MORNING RED.


GERMAN AIR. Arr. by ZUNDEL.  
Words by R. W. RAYMOND. By per.



1. Morning red, Morn-ing red, Now the shad - ows, all are fled,  
2. All a - round, All a - round, Solemn si - lence reign'd profound,  
3. Forth He came, Forth He came, Robed in white, ce - les - tial flame!



Now the Sabbath's cloudless glo - ry, Tells a-new the wondrous sto - ry: Christ is  
When, with blaze and sudden thun - der, An - gels burst the tomb a - sun - der, And the  
Ma - ry, at His emp - ty pris - on, Knew not her Redeemer, ris - en, Till He



ris - en from the dead. Now the Sabbath's cloudless glo - ry,  
Sa - viour was un - bound. When, with blaze and sudden thun - der,  
called her by her name. Ma - ry, at His emp - ty pri - son,



Tells a-new the wondrous sto - ry: Christ is ris - en from the dead.  
An - gels burst the tomb a - sun - der, And the Sa - viour was un - bound.  
Knew not her Redeem - er ris - en, Till He called her by her name.

4. Morning red, Morning red,  
Christ is risen from the dead!  
Still He walketh in the garden,  
Speaking words of love and pardon,  
Though the crown is on His head.

5. Morning red, Morning red,  
Thou dost light His crowned head,  
Brightest jewel of His glory,  
Ever shines that wondrous story,  
Christ is risen from the dead.

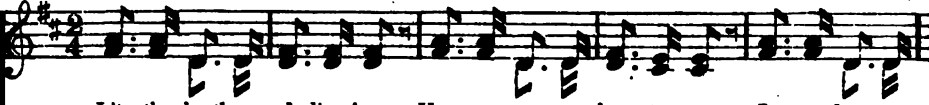
**INFLUENCE ON ANIMALS.**—The most common exhibition of the influence of music on animals is, perhaps, that witnessed in circuses and other equestrian entertainments, where the horse is affected in a lively and exhilarating manner by the performances of the band—often waltzing and prancing, and keeping perfect time with the music. Dogs are also affected, but it is difficult to determine whether agreeably or otherwise. Many naturalists believe it to be disagreeable to them. Other quadrupeds, and also owls, have been known to die from its effects. Cats sometimes mew loudly on hearing the sound of instruments, but are more seldom and less painfully affected than dogs.

On the other hand, it is well known that many kinds of birds are affected in a very agreeable manner, often approaching as near as possible to the instruments or persons, and remaining as long as the music continues, and then flapping their wings, as we should clap our hands, in approbation of the performance. Many of the wild animals are said to be fond of and even charmed by music; the hunters in the Tyrol and some parts of Germany often entice stags by singing, and the female deer by playing the flute. Beavers and rats have been taught to dance the rope, keeping time to the measure. Among reptiles, the lizard shows, perhaps, the most remarkable susceptibility to musi-

## LITTLE BROTHER.

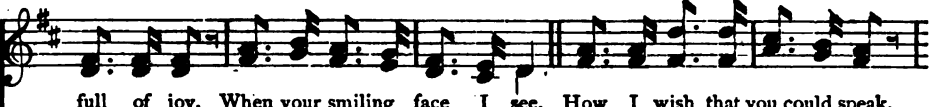
*Very Stirring.*

FAVORITE MELODY.



1. Lit - tle brother, darling boy, You are ver - y dear to me; I am hap - py,  
 2. Lit - tle brother, darling boy, You are ver - y dear to me; I am hap - py,  
 3. Lit - tle brother, darling boy, You are ver - y dear to me; I am hap - py,  
 4. Lit - tle brother, darling boy, You are ver - y dear to me; I am hap - py,

*D.C.* Shake your rat - tle, here it is, Lis - ten to its mer - ry noise; And when you are




full of joy, When your smiling face I see. How I wish that you could speak,  
 full of joy, When your smiling face I see. All a - bout the hon - ey - bees,  
 full of joy, When your smiling face I see. I'll be ver - y kind to you,  
 full of joy, When your smiling face I see. *D.C.*

*Fine.*



tired of this, I will bring you oth - er toys.



And could know the words I say; Pret - ty stories I would seek, To amuse you ev'ry day.  
 Fly - ing past us in the sun; Birds that sing among the trees; Lambs that in the meadow run.  
 Nev - er slap or make you cry, As some naughty children do, Quite forgetting God is nigh.

cal influences. He appears to be very refined in his taste, soft voices and plaintive airs being his favorites, while hoarse singing and noisy music disgust him. Among the insects, spiders are frequently found to be very fond of music. Prisoners sometimes tame them by singing or whistling, and make companions of them. But perhaps the most remarkable instance of the influence of music on animals occurred at a menagerie in Paris a few years ago, when a concert was given, and two elephants were among the auditors. The orchestra being placed out of their sight, they could not perceive whence the harmony came. The first

sensation was that of surprise; at one moment they gazed eagerly at the spectators; the next they ran at their keeper to caress him, and seemed to inquire what these strange sounds meant; but, at length, perceiving that nothing was amiss, they gave themselves up to the impression which the music communicated. Each new tune seemed to produce a change of feeling, causing their gestures and cries to assume an expression in accordance with it. But it was still more remarkable that after a piece had produced an agreeable effect upon them, if it was incorrectly played they would remain cold and wholly unmoved.

WHEN American educators visited Europe, some forty years ago, for the purpose of studying school systems, they found that instruction in vocal music was almost universal in the schools of Germany, and some other continental countries. Prior to that time juvenile class instruction in singing was comparatively unknown in this country. It now has its recognized place in the list of studies in the public schools of almost every city in the land. The time approaches when instruction in the elements of vocal music will become very general in our schools. Already school officers are asking candidates for positions as teachers,

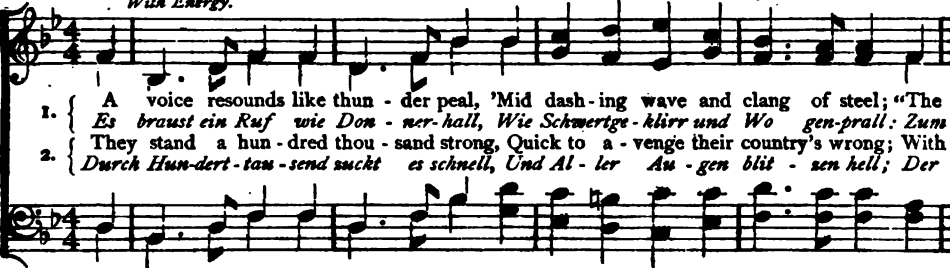
Can you give instruction in singing? and other qualifications being equal, those who can teach children to sing are preferred to those who cannot.—*Tillinghast.*

It is told of Daniel Webster that he cultivated the eye in reading to such an extent that he would look through a whole printed page while reading aloud one-half of it, and then pronounce the remaining half with the book shut. This habit of *looking ahead* is quite as necessary in the reading of music and should be cultivated in children from the beginning. It is best acquired by reading from printed music those exercises and songs which are familiar.—*L. W. Mason.*

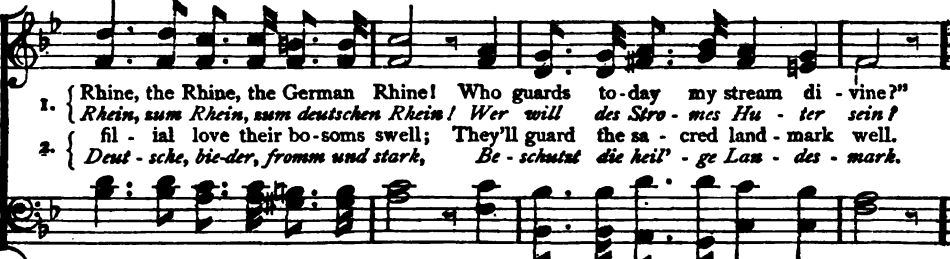
## THE WATCH ON THE RHINE.

*With Energy.*


Words by MAX SCHWICKENBURGER.  
Music by CARL WILHELM.



1. { A voice resounds like thun - der peal, 'Mid dash - ing wave and clang of steel; "The  
Es braust ein Ruf wie Don - ner-hall, Wie Schwerge - klirr und Wo gen-prall: Zum  
2. { They stand a hun - dred thou - sand strong, Quick to a - venge their country's wrong; With  
Durch Hun - dert - tau - send sucht es schnell, Und Al - ler Au - gen blit - zen hell; Der



1. { Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine! Who guards to-day my stream di - vine?"  
Rhein, zum Rhein, zum deutschen Rhein! Wer will des Stro - mes Hu - ter sein?  
2. { fil - ial love their bo - soms swell; They'll guard the sa - cred land - mark well.  
Deut - sche, bie - der, fromm und stark, Be - schutzt die heil' - ge Lan - des - mark.



**Chorus.**  
Dear Fa - therland! no dan - ger thine, Dear Father - land! no dan - ger thine; Firm stand thy  
Lieb Va - derland, magst ru - hig sein, Lieb Va - derland, magst ru - hig sein; Fest steht und



sons to watch, to watch the Rhine, Firm stand thy sons to watch, to watch the Rhine.  
treu die Wacht, die Wacht am Rhine! Fest steht und treu die Wacht, die Wacht am Rhine!

3. While flows one drop of German blood,  
Or sword remains to guard thy flood,  
While rifle rests in patriot's hand,  
No foe shall tread thy sacred strand!—*Cho.*

3. So lang' ein Tropfen Blut noch glüht,  
Noch eine Faust den Degen sieht,  
Und noch ein Arm die Büchse spannt,  
Betrifft kein Feind hier deinen Strand.—*Cho.*

4. Our oath resounds, the river flows,  
In golden light our banner glows,  
Our hearts will guard thy stream divine,  
The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine!—*Cho.*

4. Der Schwur erschallt, die Woge rinnt,  
Die Fahnen flattern hoch im Wind:  
Am Rhein, am Rhein, am deutschen Rhein,  
Wir alle wollen Huter sein!—*Cho.*

NONE of the astonishing qualities of Margaret Fuller were more marked than her power of speaking truth. Perfectly transparent herself, she detected every deceit in others, and reproved it with serene severity. She did not need the stimulus of indignation or passion to give her courage, but spoke calmly, without heat, as upon any ordinary matter. While she was in Europe, in Paris, a most egotistic, selfish, untruthful man was the object of her condemnation. Her friends and others in the room de-

scribed it as tremendous. "They all sat breathless; he was struck dumb, his eyes fixed on her with wonder and amazement, yet gazing, too, with an attention which seemed like fascination. When she had done, he still looked to see if she had more to say; and when he found that she had really finished, he arose, took his hat, said faintly, 'I thank you,' and left the room. He afterward said, 'I never shall speak ill of her; she has done me good.'" On one occasion at the Boston Academy of Music, a party had gone

## THE ROSE.

CARL ECKERT.

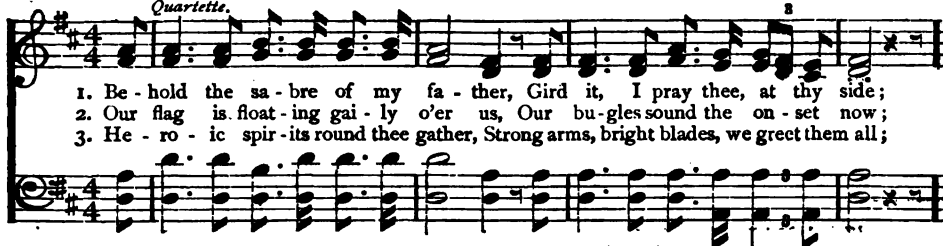
1. A wild rose in the for-est, Grew by a sun-ny brook, A hid-den, fra-grant  
2. The sky a-bove her whispered, "O wild rose, why complain? Am I not ev-er  
3. A hun-ter, sing-ing gai-ly, Passed by the love-ly spot; He saw the rose, and  
blos-som Be-side a moss-y nook, But in the sparkling wa-ter  
pres-ent, In sun-shine and in rain?" The wild rose cried in sor-row,  
whis-per'd, "Come, rose, and share my lot!" The wild rose nod-ded gen-tly,  
Gaz-ing, she thus did moan: "What help to me my beau-ty If I must bloom a-  
"Ev-en with sun and rain, With bright stars and with moon-light, I yet a-lone re-  
"Yes, I will go with thee, For where thou art I nev-er A-gain shall lone-ly  
lone? What help to me my beau-ty If I must bloom a-lone?"  
main! With bright stars and with moon-light, I yet a-lone re-main."  
be, For where thou art I nev-er A-gain shall lone-ly be."

rather early and taken an excellent place to hear one of Beethoven's symphonies. Just behind them were soon seated a young lady and two gentlemen, who made an incessant buzzing, in spite of indignant looks from all around. After the concert was over, Margaret leaned across one seat, and catching the eye of this girl, who was pretty and well-dressed, said, in her blindest, gentlest voice, "May I speak with you one moment?" "Certainly," said the young

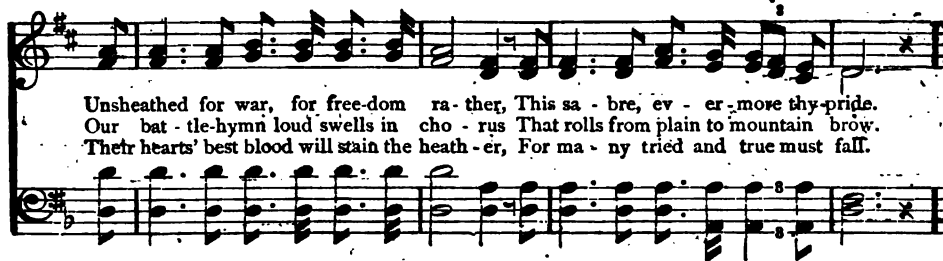
lady, with a flattered, pleased look, bending forward. "I only wish to say," said Margaret, "that I trust that in the whole course of your life you will not suffer so great a degree of annoyance as you have inflicted on a large party of lovers of music this evening." This was said with the serenest air, as if to a little child, and it was as good as a play to see the change of countenance which the young lady exhibited, who had no word of reply to so Christian a blessing.

## THE SABRE SONG.

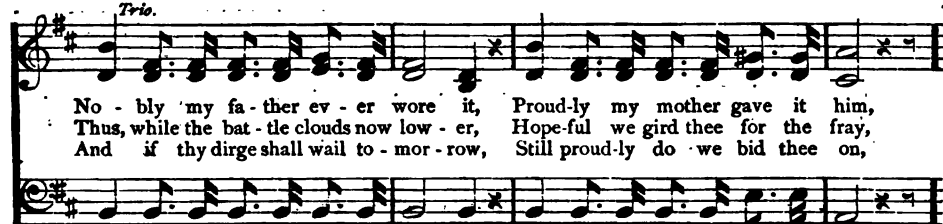
Arr. from "LA GRANDE DUCHESSE."

*Quartet.*


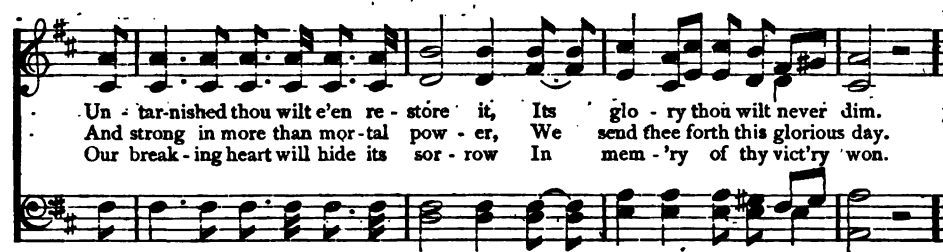
1. Be - hold the sa - bre of my fa - ther, Gird it, I pray thee, at thy side;  
2. Our flag is float - ing gai - ly o'er us, Our bu - gles sound the on - set now;  
3. He - ro - ic spir - its round thee gather, Strong arms, bright blades, we greet them all;



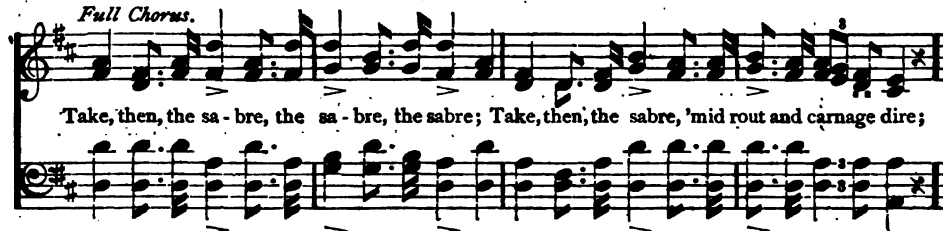
Unsheathed for war, for free - dom ra - ther, This sa - bre, ev - er - move thy pride.  
Our bat - tle - hymn loud swells in cho - rus That rolls from plain to mountain brow.  
Their hearts' best blood will stain the heath - er, For ma - ny tried and true must fall.

*Trio.*


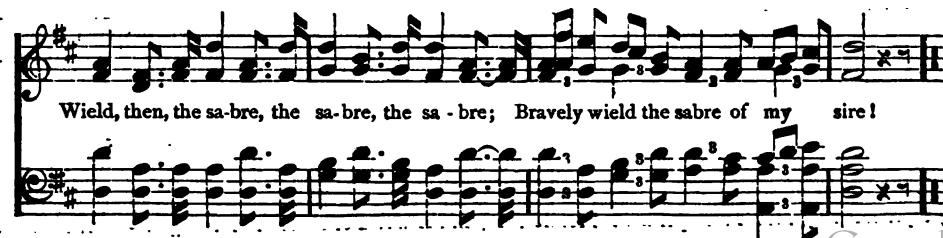
No - bly my fa - ther ev - er wore it, Proud - ly my mother gave it him,  
Thus, while the bat - tle clouds now low - er, Hope - ful we gird thee for the fray,  
And if thy dirge shall wail to - mor - row, Still proud - ly do we bid thee on,



Un - tar - nished thou wilt e'en re - store it, Its glo - ry thou wilt never dim.  
And strong in more than mor - tal pow - er, We send thee forth this glorious day.  
Our break - ing heart will hide its sor - row In mem - ry of thy vict'ry won.

*Full Chorus.*


Take, then, the sa - bre, the sa - bre, the sabre; Take, then, the sabre, 'mid rout and carnage dire;



Wield, then, the sa - bre, the sa - bre, the sa - bre; Bravely wield the sabre of my sire!

MUSIC stands alone among the arts as the creation of man's intellect. It is the sole aim of the painter and of the sculptor to reproduce in idealized forms what he sees around him, and of the poet to give form and color to what he sees within as well as without him. In each case the artist seeks to express by means of his art that which already existed for him. The painter gazes out upon a world of color and form; he sees before him all that his art would reproduce. It is only as he sees nature truly and reproduces her conscientiously that he is great. It is impossible to see truly without imagination, or to produce faithfully

without technical skill, and it is necessary, in order to be a worthy interpreter of God, that a man should be honest, earnest, and reverent. If he seek to imitate even nature servilely, he must fail. In purely human creations it is only the man who catches the fire, essence, and beauty of another man's thought who can truly translate his work. A mere rendering of word for word is not translation. In just the same way the spirit of that beauty which has been spread so lavishly over the world must be taken into the artist's soul; it must be assimilated and made part of his very being, and then given out again as a living

## THE FAITHFUL LITTLE BIRD.

From "SONGS OF OUR YOUTH."  
MISS MULOCH. CARL MATZ arr.

*Moderately Fast.*

1. I had a bird, a little bird, My garden groves a-mong; It sang, but scarce its  
2. But autumn came, the roses passed, The happy time was gone; Yet still, amid the

*rall.* *a tempo.* *p*

note I heard, It had been there so long. I never listened to its lay, A-mid my  
win-try blast, The lit-tle bird sang on. And when I droop'd with grief oppressed, The lit-tle

*f* *p*

bow'r of ros-es gay, Yet all day long, be-side my door, The lit-tle bird sang ev-er-  
bird flew in my breast; Now all day long, be-side my door, The lit-tle bird sings ev-er-

*f* *ad lib.* *D.S. Softly.*

more; All sum-mer long, be-side my door, The lit-tle bird sang ev-er-more.  
more; All win-ter long, be-side my door, The lit-tle bird sings ev-er-more.

work, re-created by the love which has given form to the thought in its first inception, and developed under the brooding meditation and patient study by which every thought worth the having is perfected. But even here the work is not creative. We see the painter reaching forth by his genius, taking the evanescent beauty which is lying around him, and making it permanent, bringing this far-away loveliness down to our household and every-day uses. The sculptor, too, crystallizes by his art into permanent forms the

fleeting beauty around him. Poetry which is more nearly akin to music than any other of the arts, and which undoubtedly stands higher in the scale, differs from it widely in this respect. The world of imagination from which the poet draws must be present to him in order that he may reproduce it, or he will be a versifier, not a poet. But music stands apart from these; it seems a distinct creation, for it really reproduces nothing which previously existed either in the world of sense or of thought. —Mrs. Herrick.

**LATEST BORN.**—Music is the latest born of all the arts. It is probably, in its rudest form, the earliest art practiced by savage nations. All the other arts require implements; but the most perfect of musical instruments, the human voice, was as completely at the command of the most ignorant savage as of the happiest child of our higher civilization in his untutored state; and yet the art is the latest-born in that it is the latest in receiving its full development. Sculpture and architecture found their most glorious expression in the palmiest days of Grecian civilization. The warm, sensuous, æsthetic Greek nature, strangely

enough, has most perfectly expressed itself in cold marble and rigid stone. The sculpture of mediæval and modern times has never approached the old Greek art. Painting was the art of a still later period. We find no painters of our modern school who can stand beside the masters of the sixteenth century. Each age must have its own appropriate art, and the art *par excellence* of modern times is music. The works of Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, and other masters of musical composition, have all been given to the world since the middle of the eighteenth century, and the most effective orchestras are of an era still more recent.

## MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

*Not too Fast.*

ROBERT BURNS.

1. My heart's in the high-lands, my heart is not here, My heart's in the  
2. My heart's in the high-lands, my heart is not here, My heart's in the

high-lands, a chas-ing the deer, A chas-ing the wild deer and foll'wing the  
high-lands, a chas-ing the deer, A chas-ing the wild deer and foll'wing the

roe, My heart's in the highlands wher-ev-er I go. Fare-well to the highlands, fare-  
roe, My heart's in the highlands wher-ev-er I go. Fare-well to the mountains high,

well to the north, The birthplace of val-or, the country of worth; Wherev-er I  
cov-er'd with snow, Fare-well to the straths and green valleys be-low, Farewell to the

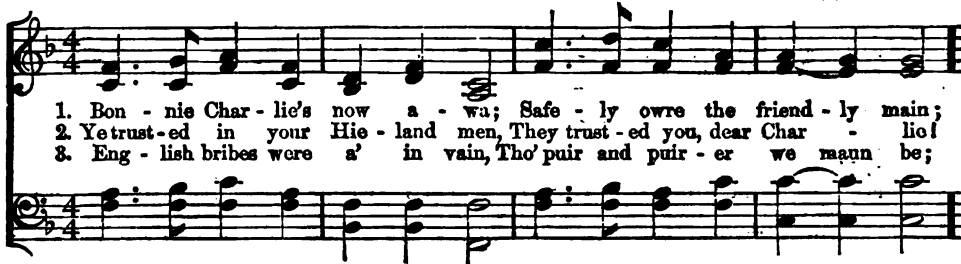
wan-der, wher-ev-er I rove, The hills and the highlands for ev-er I'll love.  
for-ests and wild hanging woods, Fare-well to the waters and wild-pouring floods.

IN SCOTLAND.—A correspondent of the *Edinburg Review* makes a plea for good singing, as follows: If the visit to this country of certain Americans interested in the introduction and improvement of church music, were to have no other result, it would still do great good by directing attention to that which should be an integral and important part of the service, the only part of worship in many of our churches in which the people take an audible share. As the old woman excused

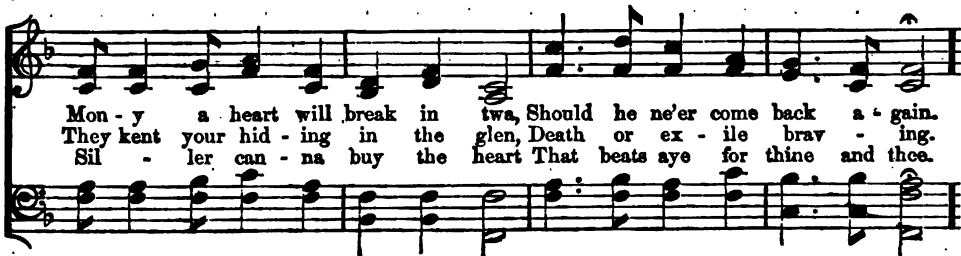
herself for hearing 'Dr. Chalmers reading a discourse by saying, "Ay, but it was fell readin' that," so we may say of this, it's "fell" singing. Mr. Sankey has a magnificent voice—clear, sweet and melodious; and his feeling of the truth and beauty and solemnity of what he is singing communicates an indescribable pathos and tenderness to his utterance. Then he has learned what is so carefully attended to in some American schools and so little regarded here, distinct utterance.

## BONNIE CHARLIE.

FINLEY DOWN. W. B. HALL, arr.

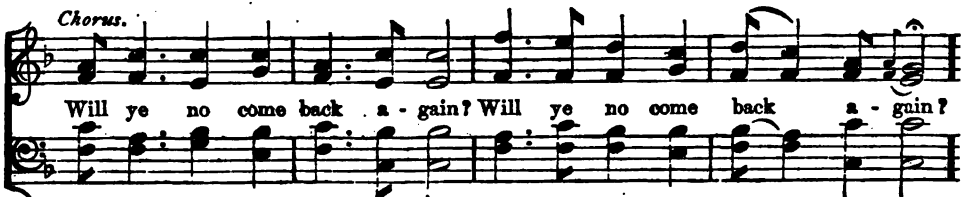


1. Bon - nie Char - lie's now a - wa; Safe - ly owre the friend - ly main;  
 2. Yet trust - ed in your Hie - land men, They trust - ed you, dear Char - lie!  
 3. Eng - lish bribes were a' in vain, Tho' puir and puir - er we maun be;

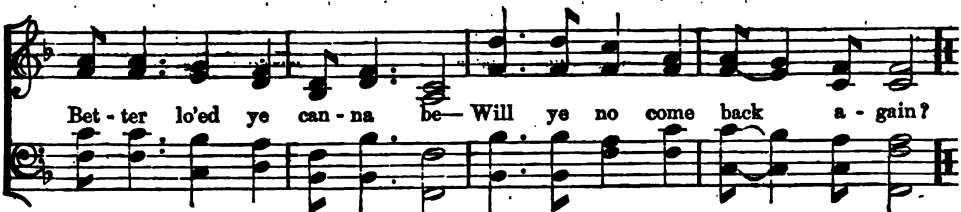


Mon - y a heart will break in twa, Should he ne'er come back a - gain.  
 They kent your hid - ing in the glen, Death or ex - ile brav - ing.  
 Sil - ler can - na buy the heart That beats aye for thine and thee.

*Chorus.*



Will ye no come back a - gain? Will ye no come back a - gain?



Bet - ter lo'ed ye can - na be— Will ye no come back a - gain?

We watched thee in the gloaming hour,  
 We watched thee in the morning gray,  
 Tho' thirty thousand pounds they gi'e,  
 Oh' there's nane that wad betray.—*Cho.*

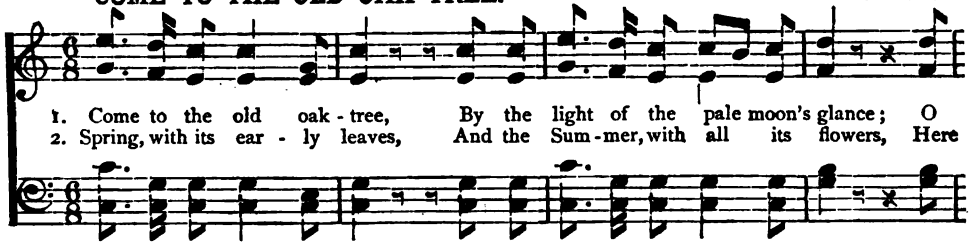
Sweet's the laverock's note and lang,  
 Liltin' wildly up the glen;  
 But aye to me he sings a sang,  
 Will ye no come back again?—*Cho.*

Any prejudice against "singing the gospel" fades away under the spell of his magic voice. Why should there be any prejudice? For generations most of the Highland ministers—and some of the Lowland ministers, as well—have sung the gospel, sung their sermons, ay, sung their prayers also. The difference is that they sing very badly and he sings very well. He accompanies himself on the organ, it is true, and some of us who belong to the old school can't swallow

the kist of whistles yet. But then the American organ "is only a little one." When a deputation from the session waited on Ralph Erskine to remonstrate with him on the enormity of fiddling, he gave them a tune on the violoncello, and they were so charmed that they returned to their constituents with the report that it was all right—"it wasna' ony wee sinful fiddle" that their minister was thus in the habit of operating upon, but a grand instrument, full of grave, sweet melody.

## COME TO THE OLD OAK-TREE.

ENGLISH.

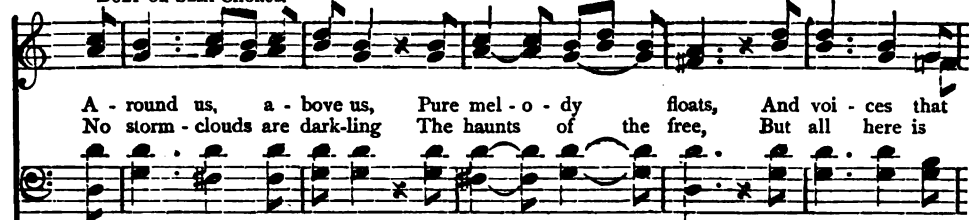


1. Come to the old oak-tree, By the light of the pale moon's glance; O  
2. Spring, with its ear-ly leaves, And the Sum-mer, with all its flowers, Here



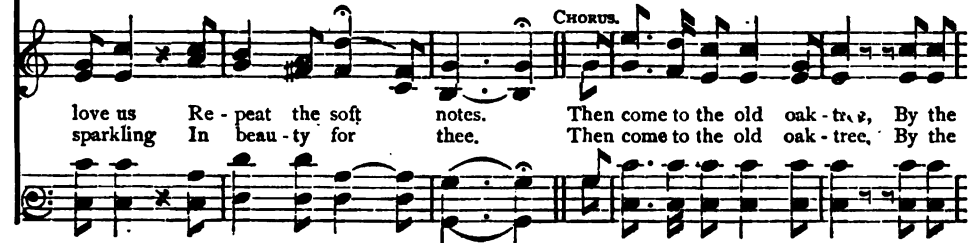
come with a foot-step free,— And join in the gyp-sies' dance.  
Art in her beau-ty weaves— Bright wreaths in fair Na-ture's bowers.

DUET OR SEMI-CHORUS.



A-round us, a-bove us, Pure mel-o-dy floats, And voi-ces that  
No storm-clouds are dark-ling The haunts of the free, But all here is

CHORUS.



love us Re-peat the soft notes. Then come to the old oak-tree, By the  
sparkling In beau-ty for thee. Then come to the old oak-tree, By the



light of the pale moon's glance, Oh, come with a foot-step free, And join in the gyp-sies'




dance; Then dance, then dance where the light-est of light feet dance!

**EARLY IMPRESSIONS.**—Much stress should be laid upon the fact that the youthful memory being exceedingly tenacious, impressions made upon the child are likely to be indelible. The great incidents in the history of the Israelites were woven into song, and these eucharistic epics were required to be diligently taught to their children. So, in the present day, the simple doctrines and thrilling events of Christianity should be wrought into verse and impressed upon the mind of the teacher by the power of music. Truths thus inculcated will cling to the soul forever. We all know that cherished memories


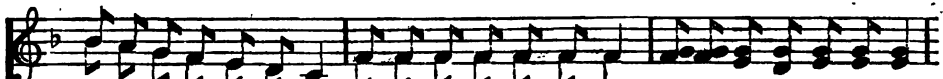
of home and friends are ours with such enduring vividness that the record can never be effaced. But in all the reminiscences of days gone by there is nothing that so haunts the spirit as the songs to which we were accustomed in childhood. The sweet tones of a mother's voice will live and speak in the heart long after the voice has been hushed to silence. The recollection of the hymns which were first heard amid the throng of worshippers in the city, or in the embowered country church, may remain in morning freshness long after the sanctuary has mouldered into ruins. We may cross oceans, and wander in foreign

## FOLLOW ME, FULL OF GLEE.


MOVEMENT SONG.



1. Chil-dren go, to and fro, In a mer-ry, pret-ty row: Footsteps light, fa-cies bright,  
2. Birds are free, so are we, And we live as hap-pi-ly; Work we do, stud y too,  
3. Work is done, play's be-gun, Now we have our laugh and fun: Hap-py days, pret-ty plays,

'Tis a hap-py, hap-py sight; Swiftly turn-ing round and round, Do not look up-on the ground;  
Learning dai-ly something new; Then we laugh, and dance, and sing, Gay as birds or an-y-thing;  
And no naughty, naughty ways. Holding fast each oth-er's hand, We're a hap-py, cheerful band;



Chorus.



Fol-low me, full of glee, Sing-ing mer-ri-ly. } Sing-ing mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly,  
Fol-low me, full of glee, Sing-ing mer-ri-ly. }  
Fol-low me, full of glee, Sing-ing mer-ri-ly. }




Sing-ing mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly. Follow me, full of glee, Sing-ing mer-ri-ly.



climes; the erect frame may be bowed with the weight of years, and raven ringlets may be changed to locks of snowy whiteness; but the old home-songs heard in the distance in the still morning, or sung by ourselves in some calm hour of reflection, or by the home-circle on a winter's evening, will bring around us the friends and the scenes of other days and of far-off lands; and while the dim eye of age sparkles with unwonted brilliancy, the heart will beat with the buoyancy of early youth. It is not at all improbable that the songs learned in the nur-

sery, or around the fireside, will be used by the Holy Spirit in after years as the means of conversion to a better life, it may be, to our final salvation from endless ruin. On the contrary, bacchanalian or ribald songs, which are apt to be learned and used by those who are unaccustomed to religious melodies, are, in the hands of the Destroyer, a potent means of ruin. Shall we quietly allow this tremendous power to pass into the hands of the enemy, or shall we not eagerly seize upon it as our lawful right, and wield it for the good of our race and the glory of our God?—*Service of Song.*

**GOOD TEACHERS.**—Not every one who is a good player is for that reason a good teacher. The best player may be the poorest teacher. To be a good musician is one thing, to be a good teacher is another. There are many who possess a great amount of information, but who can impart little or nothing. There are others who attempt to be guides, but who do not know the road. There are not a few who attempt to teach, who were never properly taught. Teachers are not made, they are born. It is difficult to judge of a good teacher. Inquire before you engage one. The fact that parents have no full ap-

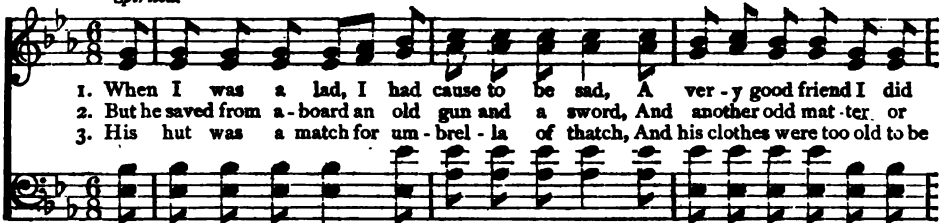
preciation of the importance of a child's education, accounts for the indifference which they show in the selection of teachers. Many parents engage poor teachers for beginners. A sadder mistake was never made in the process of education. As well may you lay a foundation of soft brick, consoling yourself with the idea that you will finish the house with grey stone. The first teacher is very likely the one who will make or mar the musical future of your child.—*Mers.*

Music is the only one of the fine arts in which both man and all other animals have a common property—mice and elephants, spiders and birds.—*Richter.*

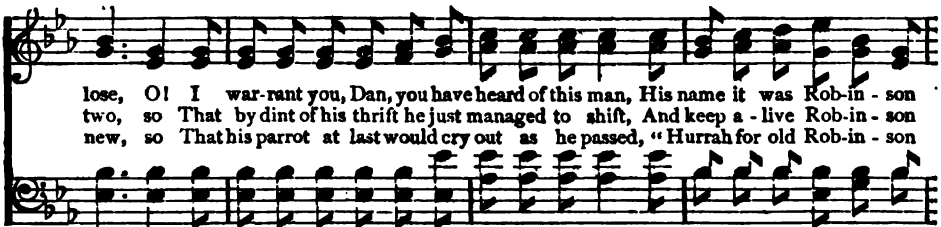
## ROBINSON CRUSOE.

*Spirited.*

Air—"ROGUE'S MARCH."



1. When I was a lad, I had cause to be sad, A ver-y good friend I did  
2. But he saved from a-board an old gun and a sword, And another odd mat-ter or  
3. His hut was a match for um-brel-la of thatch, And his clothes were too old to be

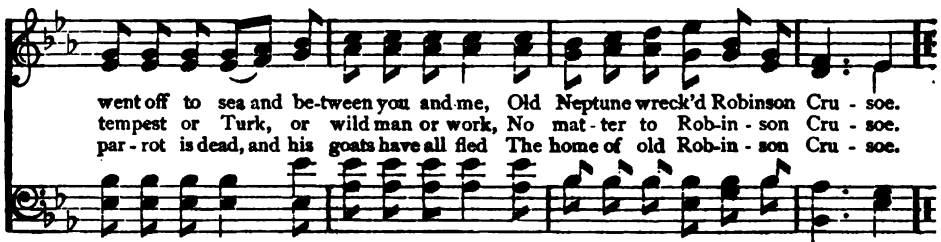


lose, O! I war-rant you, Dan, you have heard of this man, His name it was Rob-in-son  
two, so That by dint of his thrift he just managed to shift, And keep a-live Rob-in-son  
new, so That his parrot at last would cry out as he passed, "Hurrah for old Rob-in-son

*Chorus.*



Cru-soe. Oh, Rob-in-son Cru-soe! Oh, poor Robin-son Cru-soe! He  
Cru-soe. Oh, Rob-in-son Cru-soe! Oh, poor Robin-son Cru-soe! Whether  
Cru-soe. Oh, Rob-in-son Cru-soe! Oh, poor Robin-son Cru-soe! His



went off to sea and be-tween you and me, Old Neptune wreck'd Robinson Cru-soe.  
tempest or Turk, or wild man or work, No mat-ter to Rob-in-son Cru-soe.  
par-rot is dead, and his goats have all fled The home of old Rob-in-son Cru-soe.

4. The cannibals came to his island one day,  
To feast, for all cannibals do so,  
But Friday, their man, jumped out of the pan,  
And ran off to Robinson Crusoe.  
Oh, Robinson Crusoe! Oh, poor Robinson Crusoe!  
He fired off his gun, and then there was fun  
For lonely old Robinson Crusoe.

5. But he never lost hope, and he never would mope,  
And he always had faith, as should you, so  
That come as it might, it always was right  
With honest old Robinson Crusoe.  
Oh, Robinson Crusoe! Good old Robinson Crusoe!  
Where can school-boy be found to stop at a round  
"Hurrah for old Robinson Crusoe!"

**THE HYMN AND ITS AUTHOR.**—The noble hymn, "I would not live away," has long been a favorite with the whole Christian Church. It breathes a spirit of sweet comfort, perfect trust, glad anticipation. It has been sung by millions scattered all over the world, and will be sung no less hopefully by untold millions yet unborn. The original first appeared in the *Episcopal Recorder*, in Philadelphia, in 1824, in six verses, of eight lines each. In 1826, a committee was appointed to prepare a fuller collection of hymns to be used in the Episcopal service. Dr. H. Onderdonk, of Brooklyn, a member of the committee, abridged the poem to a hymn of suitable length for divine worship, and submitted it to its author, Dr. Wm. A. Muhlen-

berg, for revision. There were no changes from the sentiment of the original composition. The general committee did not meet until 1829. The report of the sub-committee was presented, and each of the hymns passed upon separately. When this hymn came up one of the members said it was very good but rather sentimental, upon which it was rejected. Dr. Muhlenberg, who was not suspected as its author, also voting against it. This he supposed was the end of it, for the committee agreed upon their report that night and adjourned. But the next morning Dr. Onderdonk, who had not attended on the previous evening, called on Dr. Muhlenberg to inquire what had been done. Upon being told that among the rejected

## ABIDE WITH ME.

*Reverently.*

W. H. MONK. J. F. LYTR.

1. A - bide with me, fast falls the ev - en - tide; The dark-ness  
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow  
 3. I need Thy pres - ence ev' - ry pass - ing hour; What but Thy  
 4. Hold thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine through the

deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide; When oth - er help - ers  
 dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in  
 grace can foil the tempt - er's power? Who, like Thy self, my  
 gloom, and point me to the skies; Heav'n's morn - ing breaks, and

fail, and com - forts flee, Help of the help - less, oh, a - bide with me.  
 all a - round I see; Oh, Thou who chang - est not, a - bide with me.  
 guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sun - shine, Lord, a - bide with me.  
 earth's vain shad - ows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me.

hymns was the one representing their joint labors, he said, "That will never do;" and went about among the members of the committee, soliciting them to restore the hymn in their report, which accordingly they did; so that to him is due the credit of giving it to the Church at that time. Dr. Muhlenberg died in New York, at the advanced age of over eighty years. The following brief sketch of the author of "I would not live away," will not prove uninteresting to those with whom the hymn is a favorite. He was born in Philadelphia, in 1796, and was a great-grandson of the Rev. Melchior Muhlenberg, the founder of the German Lutheran Church in America. He was grandson of General Peter Muhlenberg, the patriot clergyman

who served as colonel in the war of the Revolution, and formed a regiment among his parishoners. From this grandsire down Dr. Muhlenberg inherited the remarkable energy that made his life so eminently useful. He was ordained a clergyman of the Episcopal Church about 1820. He preached for some time in Lancaster, Pa., from which place he removed to Long Island, and thence to New York, as rector of the Church of the Holy Communion, a memorial church built by his sister. But his greatest work is St. Luke's Hospital, which he projected and built, increasing a fund of \$30 in 1846, to over \$200,000 in 1857. After its completion, he presided over it as the superintendent and chaplain, revered alike by its officers and patients.

**HALLEL.**—The psalms composing the great Hallel or chant which the Jews used at the close of the passover, were from the one hundred and thirteenth to the one hundred and eighteenth, inclusive. This Hallel was not all sung at once, but in parts, the last of which was sung at the close of the passover. It is probable that the hymn sung by Christ and His disciples on the eve of their departure for Mount Olivet embraced the one hundred and eighteenth, which evidently refers to the Messiah. The words are exceedingly appropriate to the occasion, especially if we consider the Lord and His eleven faithful followers as turning away from their present griefs to contemplate the goodness of God in redemption, the triumphant resurrection of the Crucified, and the blessings conferred upon man through the Atonement.

**"GOOD MORNING."**—Plato, who passed his whole life in study, investigation, and teaching, had the habit, we are told, of making any man whom it was his interest to know well, read or talk with him in a loud voice. The quality of the voice, the intonations, the inflections of the speaker or reader, were to the philosopher so many indications, if not certain, at least probable ones, of his moral character. And, in our own time, Gretry, in his "Essays on Music," asserts that he has never been mistaken in the opinion he has formed of individuals who had said nothing more to him than "Good-day, sir," or "Good morning, my friend." According to the intonation with which these words were spoken, the great musician assumed to guess with whom he had to deal, and regulated his conduct in accordance with the impres-

### STILL, STILL WITH THEE.

MRS. H. B. STOWE.  
R. G. CLEMENTS, "DAWNING."

1. Still, still with Thee, when pur - ple morn - ing break - eth, When wake the  
 2. When sinks the soul, sub - dued by toil to slum - ber; Its clos - ing  
 3. So shall it be at last, in that bright morn - ing, When the soul

birds, and all the shad - ows flee; Fair - er than morn - ing,  
 eye looks up to Thee in prayer; Sweet the re - pose, be -  
 wak - eth, and life's shad - ows flee; Oh, in that hour, fair -

love - lier than the day - light, Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee!  
 neath Thy wings o'er - shad - ing, But sweet - er still to wake and find Thee there.  
 er than daylight dawn - ing, Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with Thee!

sion he had thereby received. "A 'good morning' is almost always sufficient to enable me," said he, "to appreciate in general the pretension or the simplicity of a man. In conversation a man often hides his real character from us, either through politeness or duplicity, but he has not quite learned how to disguise the intonations of his voice. This 'Good-day, sir,' and 'Good-morning, my friend,' put to music with their exact intonations, would show what a power vanity is, and how quickly the key changes when its influence ceases to be the ruling one." One need not be Plato or Gretry, indeed, to form some estimate of an individual by the intonations of his voice, and it is above all, in the present age of versatility and prejudice, of humility and arrogance, of ambition and servility, of self-depreciation and van-

ity, of impudence and modesty, of timidity and boldness, that a "Good-day, sir," or "Good-morning, my friend," may enable us to fathom the very soul of him who utters it. It is the quality of tone that makes the music, according to the old saying, and "sir," "my friend," "yes," "no," spoken in a certain manner, often express more to us than a hundred words. It is not only of the intention of people that judgment has been formed from listening to the tones of the voice, but it is assumed that their tastes, instincts and inclinations may thus in part be discovered.—*Chomel*.


Music moves us, and we know not why; we feel the tears, but cannot trace their source. Is it the language of some other state, born of its memory? For what can wake the soul's deep, strong instinct of another world like music?—*Miss. L. E. Landon*.

SOUND.—Sound is occasioned by the vibration of some sonorous body which is communicated to the air. This motion of the air is transferred to the tympanum of the ear, and thence, by means of most exquisite mechanical contrivances, through the auditory nerve to the brain. A wave of sound goes out from the sonorous centre in a spherical form, consisting of alternate condensations and rarefactions, something in the same way as a wave of water goes out from the centre of disturbance in a circular form, consisting of alternate ridges and depressions. The differ-



ence between a sound and a musical note is not a difference *per se*: any sound repeated with equal force, at very minute intervals, will produce a musical note, the pitch of the note produced depending solely upon the frequency of the repetition; the more frequent the vibrations become the higher will be the pitch. A single sonorous impulse, or such successive impulses as are irregular in their character, produce noise. Perfectly-timed impulses produce a musical note. Intensity is due to the amount of disturbance in the medium, to the amplitude of the excursion which

## WHEN THE SWALLOWS HOMEWARD FLY.

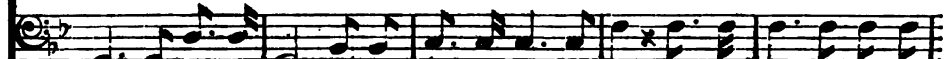

FRANZ ABT.



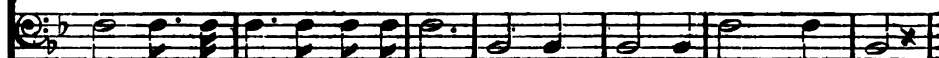

1. When the swallows homeward fly, When the roses scatter'd lie, When from  
2. When the white swans southward roves, To seek at noon the orange groves, When the  
3. Hush, my heart! why thus complain? Thou must, too, thy woes contain, Though on


nei - ther hill nor dale, Chants the sil - v'ry night - in - gale; In these words my bleeding  
red tints of the west Prove the sun has gone to rest; In these words my bleeding  
earth no more we rove, Loud - ly breathing words of love; Thou, my heart, must find re-

heart Would to thee its grief im-part, When I thus thy im - age lose,  
heart Would to thee its grief im-part, When I thus thy im - age lose,  
lief, Yield - ing to these words be - lief; I shall see thy form a - gain,

Can I, ah, can I e'er know re- pose, Can I, ah, can I e'er know re- pose?  
Can I, ah, can I e'er know re- pose, Can I, ah, can I e'er know re- pose?  
Though to - day we part a - gain, Though to - day . . . we part a - gain.



every little molecule makes back and forth in delivering up its motion and coming to rest. Every note corresponds to a fixed rate of vibration, and harmony is due to the existence of a simple ratio between the rates of vibration of the two notes struck simultaneously. The ratio of the octave is  $\frac{2}{1}$ , of the fifth is  $\frac{3}{2}$ , of the fourth  $\frac{4}{3}$ , of the third  $\frac{5}{4}$ , and of the minor third  $\frac{6}{5}$ ; that is to say, the number of vibrations of the higher note in the chord corresponds with the numerator of the fraction, and of the lower note with its denom-

inator. When the ratio becomes more complex than  $\frac{8}{5}$  the combination is unpleasant to the human ear, as well as to some animals, and is called discordant.

UNDER the influence of music we are all deluded in some way. We imagine that the performers must dwell in the regions to which they lift their hearers. We are reluctant to admit that a man may blow the most soul-animating strains from his trumpet and yet be a coward; or melt an audience to tears with his violin, and yet be a heartless profligate.—*Hilliard*.

## GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH.

Prayer from "ZAMPA."  
"PLACIDA." F. HEROLD.

1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah! Pil - grim through this bar - ren land:  
2. Op - en now the crys - tal fountain, Whence the heal - ing wa - ters flow;  
3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx - ious fears sub - side;

I am weak, but Thou art might - y, Hold me with Thy power - ful hand:  
Let the fier - y, cloud - y pil - lar Lead me all my jour - ney through:  
Bear me through the swell - ing cur - rent, Land me safe on Ca - naan's side:

Bread of Heav - en, Bread of Heav - en, Feed me now and ev - er - more.  
Strong De - liv - 'rer, Strong De - liv - 'rer, Be Thou still my strength and shield.  
Songs of prais - es, Songs of prais - es, I will ev - er give to Thee.

## FLAG OF THE FREE.

*Steady Time.*

March from "LOHENGRIN."

1. Flag of the free, fair - est to see! Borne thro' the strife and the thun - der of war;  
2. Flag of the brave, long may it wave, Chos - en of God while His might we a - dore, In

Ban - ner so bright with star - ry light, Float ev - er proud - ly from mountain to shore.  
Lib - er - ty's van for manhood of man, Sym - bol of Right thro' the years passing o'er.

For  $\text{♩}$ : While thro' the sky loud rings the cry, U - nion and Lib - er - ty! one ev - er - more!*D.S.*

Em - blem of Free - dom, hope to the slave, Spread thy fair folds but to shield and to save,  
Pride of our coun - try, hon - ored a - far, Scat - ter each cloud that would darken a star,  
[While

STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.—This beautiful and patriotic national song was composed by Francis Scott Key, of Baltimore, at the time of the bombardment of Fort McHenry, in 1814, when that stronghold was successfully defended from the attack of the British fleet. "The scene which he describes," says Chief Justice Taney, "and the warm spirit of patriotism which breathes in the song, were not the offspring of mere fancy or poetic imagination. He tells us what he actually saw, what he felt while witnessing the conflict, and what he felt when the battle was over and the victory won by his countrymen. Every word came warm from his heart, and for that reason, even more than from its poetical merit, it never fails to find a response in the hearts of those who hear it." By authority of President Madison, Mr. Key had

gone to the British fleet under a flag of truce to secure the release of his friend, Dr. Beanes, who had been captured by the enemy and was detained on board the flagship, on the charge of violating his parole. He met General Ross and Admirals Cockburn and Cochrane, and with difficulty secured from them a promise of the gentleman's release, but was at the same time informed that they would not be permitted to leave the fleet until after the proposed attack on Fort McHenry, which the admiral boasted he would carry in a few hours. The ship on which himself, his friend and the commissioner who accompanied the flag of truce, were detained, came up the bay and was anchored at the mouth of the Patapsco, within full view of Fort McHenry. They watched the flag of the fort through the entire day with an

## COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

SCOTCH BALLAD.

*Lively.*

1. If a bod-y meet a bod-y, Com-in' thro' the rye, If a bod-y  
 2. If a bod-y meet a bod-y, Com-in' frae the town, If a bod-y  
 3. Among the train there is a swain, I dear-ly love my - sel'? But what's his name, or

kiss a bod-y, Need a bod-y cry? Ev-'ry lassie has her laddie;  
 greet a bod-y, Need a bod-y frown? Ev-'ry lassie has her laddie;  
 where's his name, I din-na choose to tell. Ev-'ry lassie has her laddie;

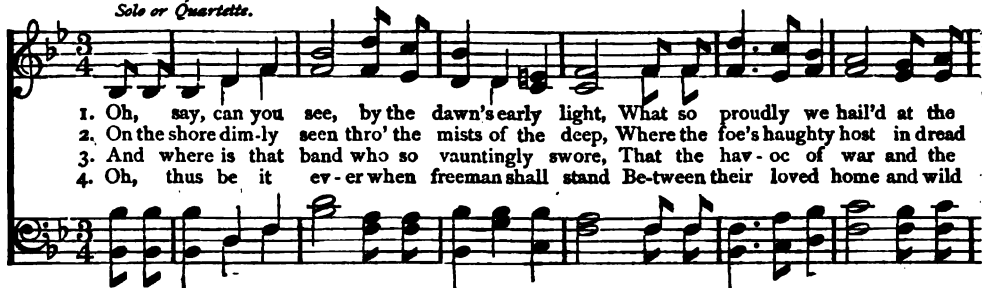
Nane, they say, ha'e I; Yet a' the lads they smile on me, When comin' thro' the rye.

anxiety that can better be felt than described, until night prevented them from seeing it. During the night they remained on deck, noting every shell from the moment it was fired until it fell. While the bombardment continued, it was evidence that the fort had not surrendered, but it suddenly ceased some time before day, and, as they had no communication with any of the enemy's ships, they did not know whether the fort had surrendered or the attack been abandoned. They paced the deck for the rest of the night in painful suspense, watching with intense anxiety for the return of the day. As soon as it dawned, their glasses were turned to the fort, and, with a thrill of delight, they saw that "our flag was still there!" The song was begun on the deck of the vessel, in the fervor of the moment when he saw the enemy hastily retreating

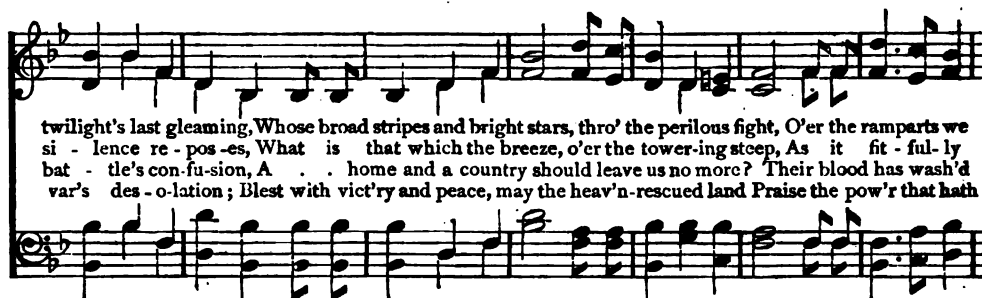
to their ships, and looked upon the proud flag he had watched for so anxiously as the morning opened. He had written, on the back of a letter, some lines, or brief notes that would aid him in recalling them, and for some of the lines as he proceeded he had to rely on his memory. He finished it in the boat on his way to the shore, and wrote it out as it now stands immediately upon reaching Baltimore. In an hour after it was placed in the hands of the printer, it was on the streets hailed with enthusiasm, and at once took its place as a national song. The music of the Star Spangled Banner, to which it was at once adapted, is an old French air, long known in England as "Anacreon," and afterwards in America as "Adams and Liberty." Mr. Key died in 1846. At San Francisco, a monument costing \$150,000 has been erected to his memory.

## THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

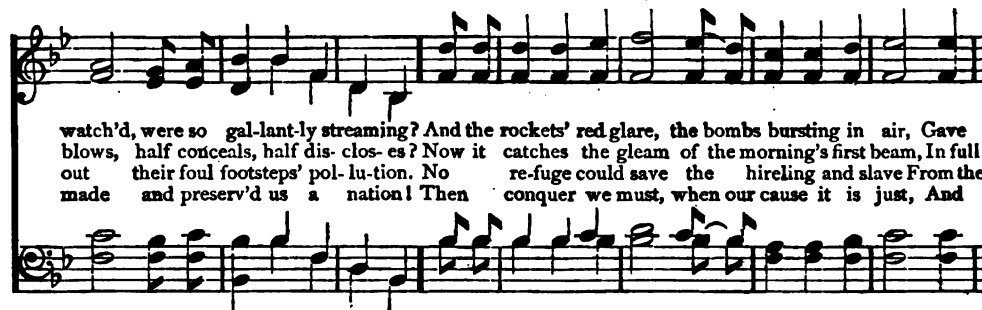
FRANCIS SCOTT KEY. 1814.

*Solo or Quartette.*


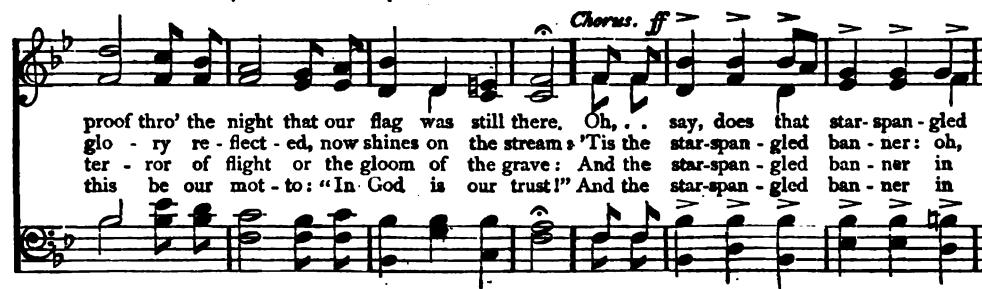
1. Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light, What so proudly we hail'd at the  
 2. On the shore dim-ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread  
 3. And where is that band who so vauntingly swore, That the havoc of war and the  
 4. Oh, thus be it ev-er when freeman shall stand Be-tween their loved home and wild



twilight's last gleaming, Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight, O'er the ramparts we  
 si - lence re - pos-es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tower-ing steep, As it fit - ful-ly  
 bat - tle's con-fu-sion, A . . . home and a country should leave us no more? Their blood has wash'd  
 var's des - o-lation; Blest with vic'try and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land Praise the pow'r that hath



watch'd, were so gal-lant-ly streaming? And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave  
 blows, half conceal's, half dis-clos-es? Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam, In full  
 out their foul footsteps' pol-lu-tion. No re-fuge could save the hireling and slave From the  
 made and preserv'd us a nation! Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just, And



*Chorus. ff*  
 proof thro' the night that our flag was still there, Oh, . . say, does that star-span-gled  
 glo - ry re - flect - ed, now shines on the stream: 'Tis the star-span-gled ban-ner: oh,  
 ter - ror of flight or the gloom of the grave: And the star-span-gled ban-ner in  
 this be our mot-to: "In God is our trust!" And the star-span-gled ban-ner in



*cres. ff*  
 ban - ner yet wave  
 long may it wave  
 tri - umph doth wave  
 tri - umph shall wave } O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

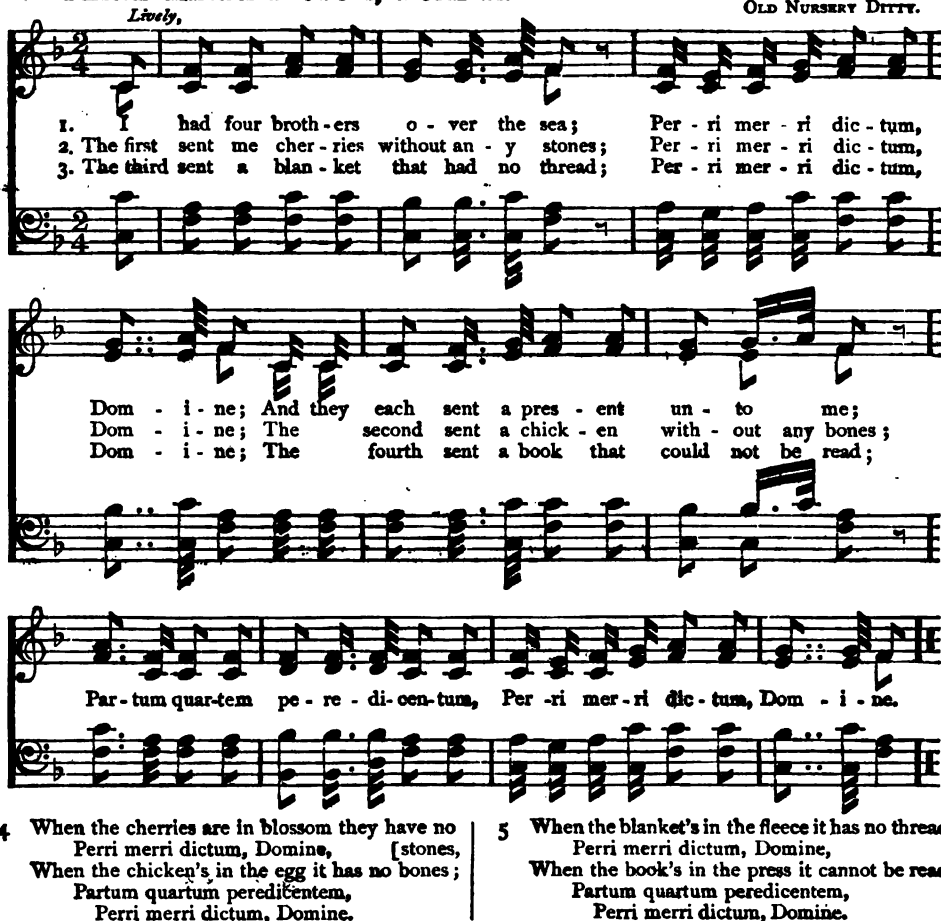
ITS MORAL ELEMENT.—It has been doubted whether music possesses any moral element. If it is really the language of emotion, and our emotions give birth to motives, there can be no question that music has a bearing upon our spiritual well-being. The doubt which has been cast upon the subject is probably due to the belief that the same music arouses such diverse emotions in different minds. It is not, however, that the emotions are really so diverse, but rather that the ideas which these emotions suggest differ so widely. It is matter of common experience that even in the world of sense and thought, where all is defined and clear-cut, the same thing may be pure to the pure, and

evil to the evil; that as the nature is high or low it will assimilate the good or the evil around it. In the world of the emotions, where everything is vague and undefined, this is more emphatically true than elsewhere. Elevated and pure as music is, as a ministrant to man, we would deprive it of its chief dignity if we failed to acknowledge its moral effect. We must admit that there is a region which lies beyond the reach of ideas—not only beyond, but above it—which can be penetrated by melody. Every soul that has ever felt a true adoration for the goodness and glory and majesty of the Infinite must have known some time in its career what it is to lose all cognizance of time and place,

## PERRI MERRI DICTUM, DOMINE.

OLD NURSERY DITTY.

*Lively,*



1. I had four broth-ers o-ver the sea; Per-ri mer-ri dic-tum,  
 2. The first sent me cher-ries without an-y stones; Per-ri mer-ri dic-tum,  
 3. The third sent a blan-ket that had no thread; Per-ri mer-ri dic-tum,

Dom-i-ne; And they each sent a pres-ent un-to me;  
 Dom-i-ne; The second sent a chick-en with-out any bones;  
 Dom-i-ne; The fourth sent a book that could not be read;

Par-tum quar-tem pe-re-di-cen-tum, Per-ri mer-ri dic-tum, Dom-i-ne.

4 When the cherries are in blossom they have no  
 Perri merri dictum, Domine, [stones,  
 When the chicken's in the egg it has no bones;  
 Partum quartum peredictum,  
 Perri merri dictum, Domine.

5 When the blanket's in the fleece it has no thread;  
 Perri merri dictum, Domine,  
 When the book's in the press it cannot be read;  
 Partum quartum peredictum,  
 Perri merri dictum, Domine.

even of "things present and things to come," in a rapt contemplation of that which is beyond the reach of thought. Then every faculty and every sense stands aside reverently, while the soul, thrilled through and through with trembling and adoring love, bows in the presence of its God. Nay, the soul that has ever felt an all-absorbing, self-forgetful love for a human being which it has placed, however unworthily, above itself, can recall some supreme moment when it rose higher and still higher till thought had reached the limits of its domain, and there left it filled with emotions which no human language has been invented to express. There is a silent, rapt communion higher than prayer;

and a still, speechless sympathy deeper than words. As there is in the realm of emotion a region which lies somewhere nearer heaven than thought will ever be, so whatever exalts in any measure above itself can not be wanting in an element of moral power, and cannot be without its moral influence.—*Mrs. Herrick.*

Lord Bacon often required that music be played in the room adjoining his study. Milton listened to his organ for his most solemn inspirations; and music was ever necessary to Warburton. The symphonies which awoke in the poet sublime emotions might have composed the inventive mind of the great critic in visions of his theoretical mysteries.

MUSIC, as a science, treats of the various signs and characters which are the symbols of musical thought, passion or emotion, and includes a knowledge of the principles of constructing a melody with regard to symmetry and form, and the successive combinations of tone to produce harmony. As an art, it teaches the proper use and application of all these characters and principles, in accordance with prescribed rules, so as to give a truthful and consistent interpretation to musical ideas. A tone is a musical sound which is produced by the even and uninterrupted vibration of some sonorous or elastic body in the air. In all singing, a tone is *breath made vocal*, consequently, the more breath, other things being equal, the more tone or voice. The words "tone" and "noise" are specific

terms, the former meaning a musical sound, and the latter merely an unmusical sound. "Sound" is a general term applied to either. Singing consists in a prescribed utterance of tone, combined with a clear and distinct pronunciation of syllables and words, and in a consistent rendering of the music—called expression. The scale is a series of eight notes arranged in a prescribed order. The pitch of tones is represented in music upon what is called a staff consisting of five parallel lines, and the four spaces between them, making nine "degrees." *One* of the scale may be written on any degree of the staff, while the other notes must follow in regular order; notes written on the lower degrees represent lower tones; those on the higher, higher tones. *One* of the scale always determines the key-note.

## SWINGING 'NEATH THE OLD APPLE-TREE.

FROM "THE SINGER."  
PER. BGLLOW & MAIN, New York.

1. Oh, the sports of child-hood! Roaming thro' the wild-wood, Running o'er the mead-ows,  
2. Sway-ing in the sun-beams, Floating in the shad-ow, Sail-ing on the breez-es,  
3. Oh, the sports of child-hood! Roaming thro' the wild-wood, Sing-ing o'er the mead-ows,

hap-py and free; But my heart's a-beat-ing For the old time greet-ing,  
hap-py and free; Chas-ing all our sad-ness, Shout-ing in our glad-ness,  
hap-py and free; How my heart's a-beat-ing, Think-ing of the greet-ing,

Chorus.

Swing-ing 'neath the old ap-ple tree. Swing-ing swing-ing,  
Swing-ing 'neath the old ap-ple tree. Swing-ing, etc.  
Swing-ing 'neath the old ap-ple tree. Swing-ing, etc.

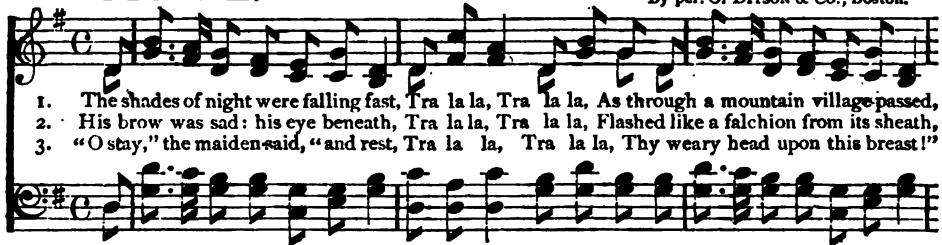
Swing-ing, swing-ing, Lull-ing ears to rest 'neath the old ap-ple tree,  
Swing-ing, Swing-ing 'neath the old ap-ple tree,  
Swing-ing, swing-ing, swing-ing, swing-ing, swing-ing 'neath the old ap-ple tree.  
Swing-ing, Swing-ing, Swing-ing 'neath the old ap-ple tree.

**YANKEE DOODLE.**—This popular song was introduced into this country during the French and Indian War by one Dr. Shackburg, of the British army. The origin of the tune can be traced back to the reign of Charles I. When the British army was encamped on the shores of the Hudson, recruits from the provinces came pouring in in strange dress and equipments. As described by one writer, "Some with long coats, some with short coats, and some with no coats at all; some with cropped hair, and others with flowing wigs." Their singular appearance naturally excited mirth among the well-trained British regulars; and Dr. Shackburg wrote out "Yankee Doodle," and recommended it to the new officers as one of the most celebrated airs of martial music. About a quarter of a century later Lord Cornwallis

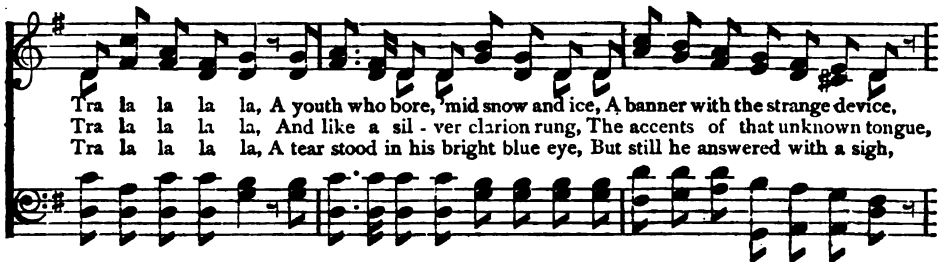
and his troops marched into the American lines to this same tune of "Yankee Doodle." A recent writer, trying to prove this our national air, quotes the following anecdote related by John Quincy Adams to sustain him: "After the Ministers Plenipotentiary of Great Britain and the United States had nearly concluded their pacific labors at Ghent, the burghers of that quaint old Dutch city resolved to give an entertainment in their honor, and desired to have the national airs of the two treaty-making powers performed as a part of the programme. So the musical director was requested to call upon the American Ministers and obtain the music of the national air of the United States. No one knew exactly what to give, and a consultation ensued, at which Bayard and Gallatin favored 'Hail Columbia,' while Clay,

## UPIDEE.

COLLEGE SONG.  
By per. O. DITSON & Co., Boston.

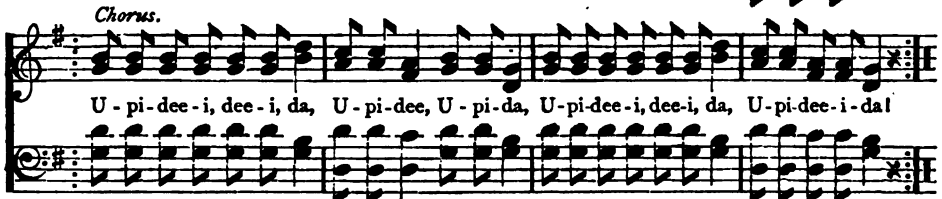


1. The shades of night were falling fast, Tra la la, Tra la la, As through a mountain village passed,  
2. His brow was sad: his eye beneath, Tra la la, Tra la la, Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,  
3. "O stay," the maiden said, "and rest, Tra la la, Tra la la, Thy weary head upon this breast!"



Tra la la la la, A youth who bore, 'mid snow and ice, A banner with the strange device,  
Tra la la la la, And like a silver clarion rung, The accents of that unknown tongue,  
Tra la la la la, A tear stood in his bright blue eye, But still he answered with a sigh,

*Chorus.*



U - pi-dee-i, dee-i, da, U - pi-dee, U - pi-da, U - pi-dee-i, dee-i, da, U - pi-dee-i - da!

4 At break of day, as heavenward  
The pious monks of Saint Bernard  
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,  
A voice cried through the startled air.—*Cho.*

5 A traveller, by the faithful hound,  
Half buried in the snow was found;  
Still grasping in his hand of ice  
That banner with the strange device.—*Cho.*

Russell, and Adams were decidedly in favor of 'Yankee Doodle.' The director then inquired if any of the gentlemen had the music, and receiving a negative reply, suggested that perhaps one of them could sing or whistle the air. 'I can't,' said Mr. Clay; 'I never whistled or sung a tune in my life. Perhaps Mr. Bayard can.' 'Neither can I,' replied Mr. Bayard. 'Perhaps Mr. Russell can.' Each confessed his lack of musical ability. 'I have it,' exclaimed Mr. Clay, and ringing the bell he summoned his colored body-servant. 'John,' said Mr. Clay, 'whistle "Yankee Doodle" for this gentleman.' John did so, the chief musician took down the notes, and at the entertainment the Ghent Burghers' Band played the national air of the United States, with variations, in grand style."

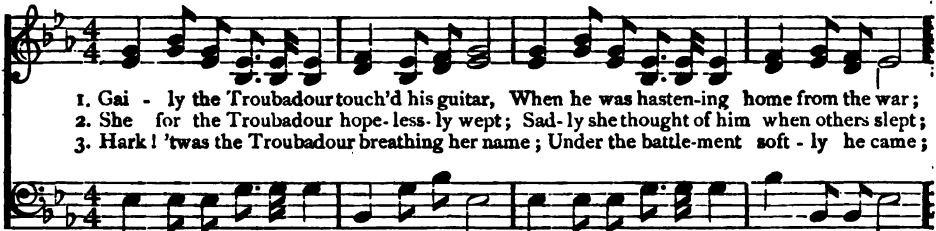
Music and song have existed from the earliest epoch of the world's history. At the dawn of creation, when the verdure and flowers began to cover and beautify the earth, with the whispering zephyrs and songs of birds music breathed its first harmonious numbers. In the varied voices of nature, innumerable melodies have ever arisen in hymns of gratitude and praise to the Divine Architect. Again, music is a universal language, whether martial, sentimental, or sacred, every heart acknowledges its charm and its power. It awakens the memory, touches the heart, imbues the soul with religious feeling. The nobler emotions are aroused by its numbers; and in congregated assemblies it produces such harmony of sentiment that the souls of all may pulsate in unison.

**THE WANDERING MINSTREL.**—Many years ago, during the time so well known as the "Dark Ages," when our language was but half formed, our literature almost without a beginning, and the mass of the people in a deplorable state of ignorance, at intervals the wandering minstrel traveled from land to land with harp slung over his shoulder, or, it may be, borne by some faithful servant. Now staying beneath some broad-spreading tree, now adding mirth to an evening party, often becoming a welcome guest in the hall of kings and of men of noble blood, he roused their spirits by his stirring ballads of love and war, and formed a striking contrast to the cell-loving monk, whose secluded habits cut off all intercourse with the men about him. The minstrel was

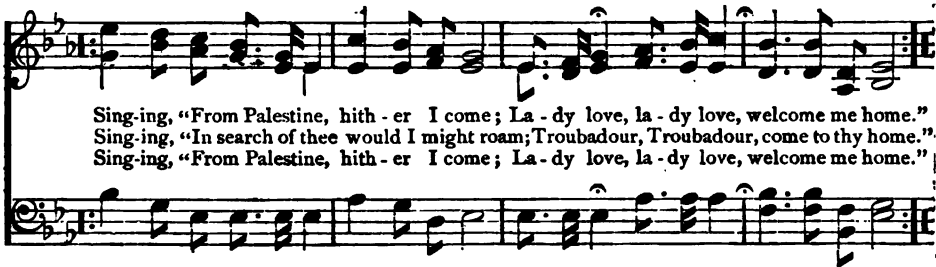
naturally popular. He was known to all and welcomed by all. It can be imagined with what delight his coming was hailed by people whose only instruction consisted, for the most part, in what he had to tell them. Reading was unknown to the masses, and even had it been taught them, the scarcity of books and the want of all other literature would have precluded them from benefiting very much from such an acquirement. Very few festivals took place without the cheering mirth of the minstrel. He was present on state occasions, at tournaments, at nuptials, and even on the day of any solemn event. It would seem that the mirth of any festival could not be complete without his presence. It must, however, be remembered that he was something more than a

### GAILY THE TROUBADOUR.

T. H. BAYLEY.



1. Gai - ly the Troubadour touch'd his guitar, When he was hasten-ing home from the war;  
2. She for the Troubadour hope-less-ly wept; Sad-ly she thought of him when others slept;  
3. Hark! 'twas the Troubadour breathing her name; Under the battle-ment soft-ly he came;



Sing-ing, "From Palestine, hith-er I come; La-dy love, la-dy love, welcome me home."  
Sing-ing, "In search of thee would I might roam; Troubadour, Troubadour, come to thy home."  
Sing-ing, "From Palestine, hith-er I come; La-dy love, la-dy love, welcome me home."

### ROW YOUR BOAT.

E. O. LYRE.



1. (Round.) 2.  
Row, row, row your boat, Gent-ly down the stream;  
3. 4.  
Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly; Life is but a dream.

minstrel in our sense of the word. His abilities were not exhausted in the reciting of poems or in performing upon the harp. Besides his skill as poet and musician, he possessed wonderful imitative powers, and by his gestures, which are now included in the professions of juggler and tumbler, gave additional amusement to his audience. And yet his vocation was not very much looked down upon by the higher classes. It was in the garb and in the character of a minstrel that Alfred entered the camp of the Danes; and the fact of his having a servant behind him to bear his harp, only confirms what is known to have been customary with many of the minstrels. The dress which was peculiar to the minstrels, and which Alfred must have assumed, consisted of a long green

gown with flowing sleeves. His tonsure somewhat resembled that of the monks. A pair of soot-blackened boots, and a few minor adornments, completed his attire. In early Grecian times the bards, of whom Homer was a specimen, sang their own lays to the accompaniment of a lyre, as did the "scalds" of Northern Europe several centuries later. There was, however, another class of reciters, known as the rhapsodists, who neither rehearsed their own verses nor used any manner of instrument, relying solely upon the effect they were capable of producing by their voice and gestures. Like the minstrels, they went from one place to another, known by the laurel branch they bore, just as minstrels were distinguished by their peculiar badge, the turning wrest or the key.

ORDER FROM CHAOS.—The condition of the air when thrown into commotion by the music from an orchestra is far beyond the conception of the most vivid imagination. "The same air is competent to accept and transmit the vibrations of a thousand instruments at the same time. When we try to visualize the motion of the air, to present to the eye of the mind the battling of the pulse direct and reverberated, the imagination retires baffled from the attempt." "In the music of an orchestra not only have we the fundamental tones of every pipe and every string, but we have

the overtones of each, sometimes audible as far as the sixteenth in the series. We have also resultant tones—both difference tones and summation tones—all trembling through the same air, all knocking at the self-same tympanic membrane. We have fundamental tone; we have overtone interfering with overtone; we have resultant tone interfering with resultant tone; and besides this we have the members of each class interfering with the members of every other class. The aim of music through the centuries during which it has ministered to the pleasure of man

## POLISH MAIDEN SONG.

*Spirited.* GORIA.



1. Come a-gain to your fa-therland, Come a-gain, come a-gain; While your foes in our  
2. Come a-gain to your homes of old, Men of might, men of might, Drive the wolf from your

*Fine.*



dwelling stand, Shall we plead in vain? Shall the sword your fa-thers wore,  
na-tive fold; Can he prove his right? Ra-ther die for your na-tive land,

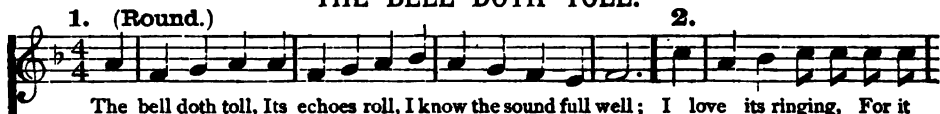
*D.C.*



Swords of trust, rot and rust? They may well our rights restore, If your hearts be just.  
Than give place—such disgrace Ne'er fell on that gal-lant band, Your father's race.


## THE BELL DOTH TOLL.

1. (Round.) 2.



The bell doth toll, Its echoes roll, I know the sound full well; I love its ringing, For it

3.



calls to singing, With its bim, bim, bim, bome bell, Bim, bome, bim, bim, bim, bome bell.

has been to arrange matters empirically so that the ear shall not suffer from the discordance produced by this multitudinous interference. The musicians engaged in the work knew nothing of the physical facts and principles involved in their efforts; they knew no more about it than the inventors of gunpowder knew about the law of atomic proportions. They tried and tried till they obtained a satisfactory result; and now when the scientific mind is brought to bear upon the subject, order is seen rising through the confusion, and the results of pure empiricism are found to be in har-

mony with natural law." We have quoted largely, because these facts, stated in the graphic and luminous language of one of the greatest living masters of English as well as one of the foremost leaders in scientific investigation have been stamped for circulation, and any alteration in the words is clipping the coin.

MUSIC is a direct mediator between the spiritual and the sensual life. Although the spirit may not be master of that which it creates through music, yet it is blessed in this creation, which, like every other creation of art, is mightier than the artist.—*Beethoven*.

## COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN.

D. T. SHAW.

*Spirited.*

1. Oh, Co-lum-bia, the gem of the ocean, The home of the brave and the free, The
2. When war wing'd its wide des-o-la-tion, And threaten'd the land to de-form, The
3. The star-spangled banner bring hither, O'er Columbia's true sons let it wave; May the

shrine of each pa-triot's de-votion, A world of-fers hom-age to thee, Thy  
ark then of freedom's foun-da-tion, Co-lum-bia, rode safe thro' the storm: With the  
wreaths they have won nev-er with-er, Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave. May the

mandates make he-ros as-sem-ble, When Lib-er-ty's form stands in view; Thy  
garlands of vic-t'ry a-round her, When so proudly she bore her brave crew, With her  
ser-vice u-ni-ted ne'er sev-er, But hold to their colors so true; The

banners make tyr-an-ny tremble, When borne by the red, white and blue, When  
flag proudly float-ing be-fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue, The  
ar-my and na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue, Three

borne by the red, white and blue, When borne by the red, white and blue, Thy  
boast of the red, white and blue, The boast of the red, white and blue, With her  
cheers for the red, white and blue, Three cheers for the red, white and blue, The

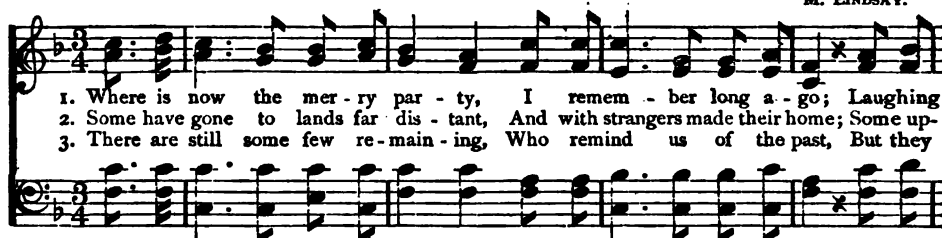
banners make tyr-an-ny tremble, When borne by the red, white and blue.  
flag proud-ly float-ing be-fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue.  
ar-my and na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

**EARLY STEPS.**—There will be found in all districts, some persons not friendly to instruction in music in the schools, and one or more that are bitterly opposed to it. These persons should be handled with gloves; reasoned with and persuaded. As among bad boys, if one is won to the teacher's cause, he will do much toward making the others behave; so by making an ally of one of the original opponents of music, the others may be weakened in their opposition. At any rate, let not the teacher who loves music and desires to have its refining influence

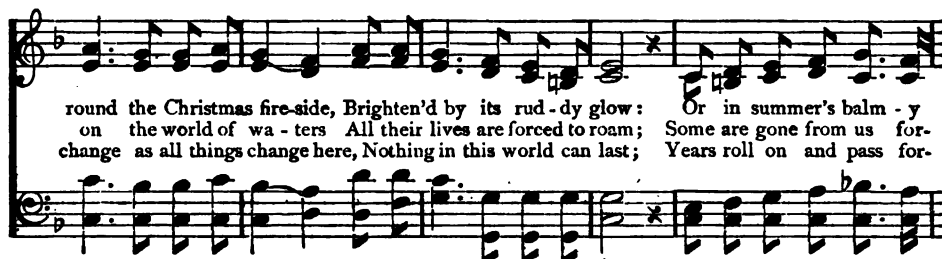
in his school—let not such be afraid to approach the enemies of musical instruction, whether the hostility has its origin in penuriousness or prejudice. The blacksmith instructs his apprentice to keep close to the horse to avoid being hurt in the event of an accident. It will surely be not denied that if tact and persuasion are the only instruments, "the end justifies the means." Begin by getting an opinion in favor of music from the patrons; proceed by getting a similar opinion from the school. When singing has been introduced, make it as general as possible,

## FAR AWAY.

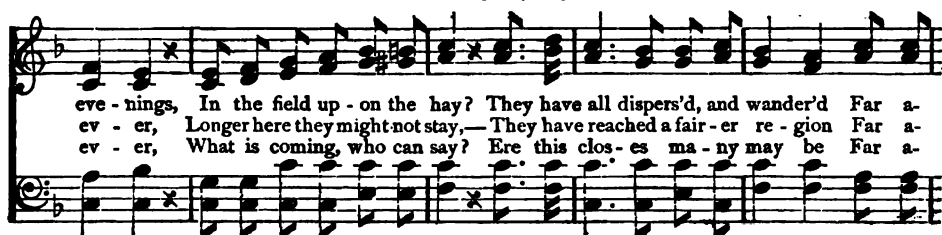
M. LINDSAY.



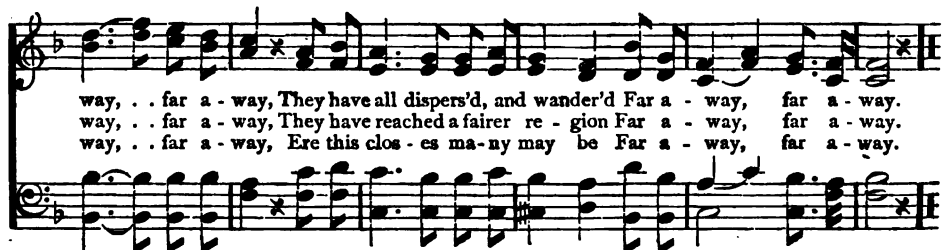
1. Where is now the mer - ry par - ty, I remem - ber long a - go; Laughing  
2. Some have gone to lands far dis - tant, And with strangers made their home; Some up -  
3. There are still some few re - main - ing, Who remind us of the past, But they



round the Christmas fire-side, Brighten'd by its rud - dy glow: Or in summer's balm - y  
on the world of wa - ters All their lives are forced to roam; Some are gone from us for -  
change as all things change here, Nothing in this world can last; Years roll on and pass for -



eve - nings, In the field up - on the hay? They have all dispers'd, and wander'd Far a -  
ev - er, Longer here they might not stay, — They have reached a fair - er re - gion Far a -  
ev - er, What is coming, who can say? Ere this clos - es ma - ny may be Far a -



way, . . far a - way, They have all dispers'd, and wander'd Far a - way, far a - way.  
way, . . far a - way, They have reached a fairer re - gion Far a - way, far a - way.  
way, . . far a - way, Ere this clos - es ma - ny may be Far a - way, far a - way.

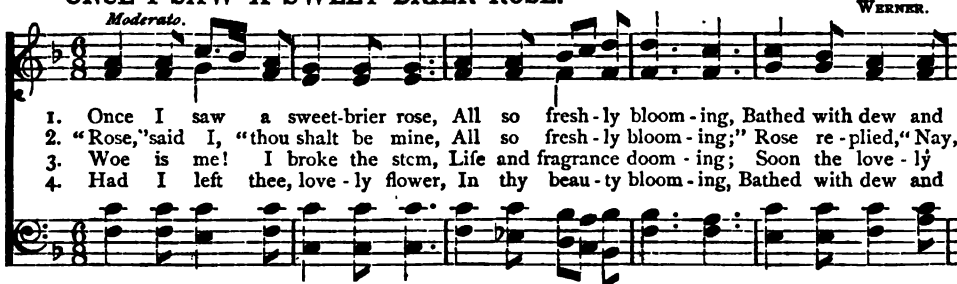
but, should a pupil desire not to sing (make it impossible for him to *refuse*), let him be excused on apparently good grounds. Let not boys from twelve to sixteen be urged to sing. If their voices are rough, or breaking, advise them not to sing; and if pupils cannot sing in tune, do not permit them to sing—at least, not with the more tuneful children. Children with chronic sore-throat, or bad colds, and young ladies who say it tires them, should not be urged to sing, since great care should be taken of the voices of children. What children shall study is

not generally in the power of the teacher to decide, the directors usually claiming that authority. Let music be treated in the same manner. Give all a chance to join in the exercise, but because a few refuse to take part, do not give up in despair. To bring about the introduction of music, do not call a town-meeting. Such a course gives rise to a division of opinion and argument contrary to the movement on foot, and when a person has once taken a stand publicly on a measure, he seldom leaves the position chosen. Look, therefore, to early steps.—*Blackman.*

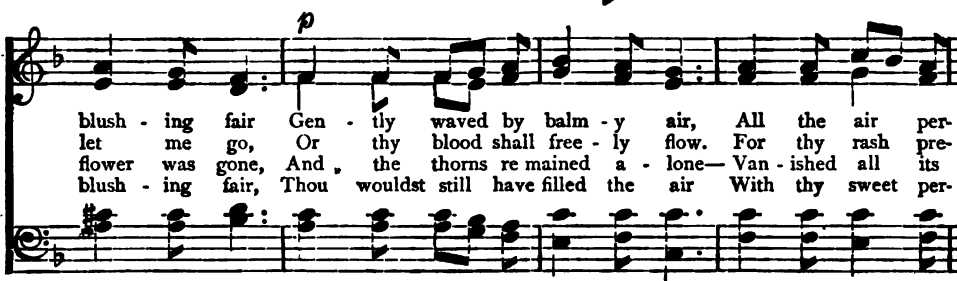
## ONCE I SAW A SWEET-BRIER ROSE.

*Moderato.*

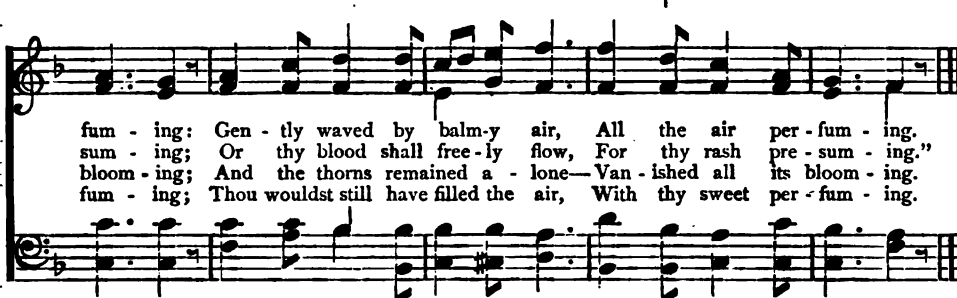
WERNER.



1. Once I saw a sweet-brier rose, All so fresh-ly bloom-ing, Bathed with dew and  
 2. "Rose," said I, "thou shalt be mine, All so fresh-ly bloom-ing;" Rose re-plied, "Nay,  
 3. Woe is me! I broke the stem, Life and fragrance doom-ing; Soon the love-ly  
 4. Had I left thee, love-ly flower, In thy beau-ty bloom-ing, Bathed with dew and



blush-ing fair Gen-tly waved by balm-y air, All the air per-  
 let me go, Or thy blood shall free-ly flow. For thy rash pre-  
 flower was gone, And the thorns remained a-lone—Van-ished all its  
 blush-ing fair, Thou wouldst still have filled the air With thy sweet per-

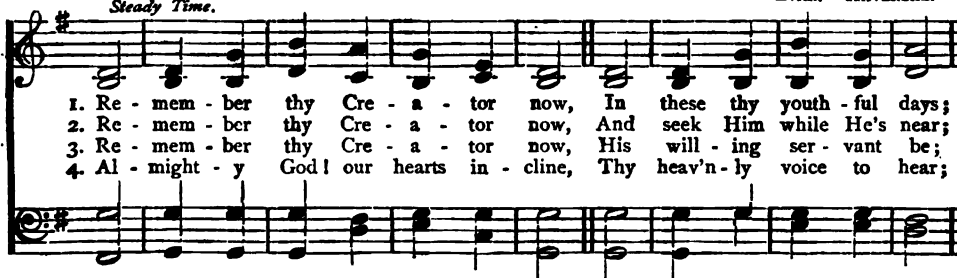


fum-ing; Gen-tly waved by balm-y air, All the air per-fum-ing.  
 sum-ing; Or thy blood shall free-ly flow, For thy rash pre-sum-ing."  
 bloom-ing; And the thorns remained a-lone—Van-ished all its bloom-ing.  
 fum-ing; Thou wouldst still have filled the air, With thy sweet per-fum-ing.

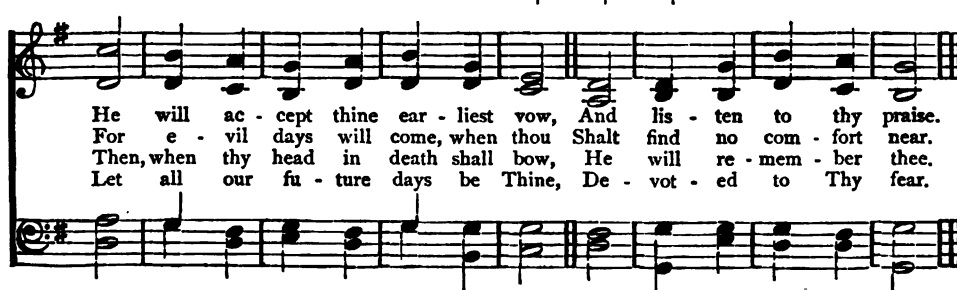
## REMEMBER THY CREATOR NOW.

*Steady Time.*

"EVAN." HAVERGAL.



1. Re-mem-ber thy Cre-a-tor now, In these thy youth-ful days;  
 2. Re-mem-ber thy Cre-a-tor now, And seek Him while He's near;  
 3. Re-mem-ber thy Cre-a-tor now, His will-ing ser-vant be;  
 4. Al-might-y God! our hearts in-cline, Thy heav'n-ly voice to hear;



He will ac-cept thine ear-liest vow, And lis-ten to thy praise.  
 For e-vil days will come, when thou Shalt find no com-fort near.  
 Then, when thy head in death shall bow, He will re-mem-ber thee.  
 Let all our fu-ture days be Thine, De-vot-ed to Thy fear.

ARABIC-PERSIAN.—The Arabic-Persian system was taught in the East during the Middle Ages. The Persians symbolized music in the form of a tree. The chief root is Rest (D). From it branch off the auxiliary roots (D sharp, E, and F). From each root two branches shoot forth, producing in this manner the twelve semitones of the octave. Rest is symbolical of the original matter to which all things are reducible. The seven tones of the diatonic scale are symbolical of the seven days and nights of the week, likewise of the seven planets. The twelve

semitones of the octave are symbols of the twelve signs of the zodiac. The four roots signify the four elements. Rest is fire, warm and dry, symbolizing the choleric humor and the sign Aries. Erak is the atmosphere, warm and moist, symbolizing the sanguine humor and the sign Taurus. Next, Zirefkend is water, cold and moist, symbolizing the phlegmatic humor and the sign Gemini. Isfahan is the earth, dry and cold, symbolizing the melancholic humor and the sign Cancer. The branches have, with suitable modifications, the characteristics of their respective roots.

## THE FAIRY BOY.

*Not too Slow.*

SAMUEL LOVER.



1. A moth-er came, when stars were pal-ing, Wail-ing round a lone-ly spring:  
 2. "O'er the moun-tain, thro' the wild-wood, Where his child-hood lov'd to play,  
 3. "But in vain my plain-tive call-ing; Tears are fall-ing all in vain:

Thus she cried, while tears were fall-ing, Call-ing on the fai-ry king:  
 Where the flow'rs are fresh-ly spring-ing, There I wan-der day by day;  
 He now sports with fai-ry pleas-ure, He's the treas-ure of their train,

"Why with spells my child ca-ress-ing, Court-ing him with fai-ry joy?  
 There I wan-der, grow-ing fond-er Of the child that made my joy,  
 Fare-thee-well, my child, for-ev-er: In this world I've lost my joy;

Why de-stroy a moth-er's bless-ing? Wherefore steal my ba-by boy?  
 On the ech-oes wild-ly call-ing To re-store my fai-ry boy.  
 But in the next we ne'er shall sev-er: There I'll find my an-gel boy."

The Persians called their lute a picture of Nature. The highest string is fire, the sounds dry and warm; the next is air, the sounds clear and light; the next is water, the sounds dark and cold; the next is earth, the sounds low and heavy. From the connection existing between the humors of the human body and the elements in nature, it was held that music possesses the power of curing disease. Diseases, they said, which are peculiar to one of a phlegmatic disposition are cured by the sound of the highest string of the lute. Hypochondria is cured by the second

string. Diseases of the young, who are generally choleric, particularly the jaundice, are cured by the third. Plethoric persons, having a sanguine humor, may be relieved by the sounds of the fourth string. Besides all this, they held, and perhaps more wisely, that music may act as a purifier of the soul. "The soul purified by music, longs for communion with higher beings and purer spheres; and, though darkened by the opaqueness of the body, is yet prepared for conversation with the blessed spirits of light that stand ever around the great throne of the Almighty."

BALFE was a good vocalist and a fine composer. He sang in New York in 1834. He acquired such musical reputation as few English singers or composers have ever done. Balfe was born in Ireland, and was first distinguished as a singer. His voice was a barytone of moderate power, but his style was most beautifully finished and full of feeling. He afterwards merged the singer into the composer. His sparkling and effective operas enjoy popularity, as also his arrangements of Moore's melodies and other songs.

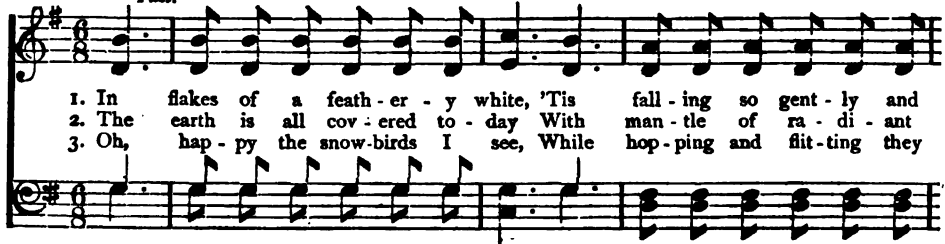
LOOKING at the uses of common sense in the school-room, they are legion. It may be said of teachers what an old Scotch elder said of ministers: "There be three things a mon needs to make him a successful minister, viz.: gude health, religion, and gude sense; if he can hae but one o' these, let it be gude sense; for God can gie him health, and God can gie him grace, but naeboddy can gie him common sense."

MUSIC is the fourth great want of our nature; first food, then raiment, then shelter, then music.—Bovee.

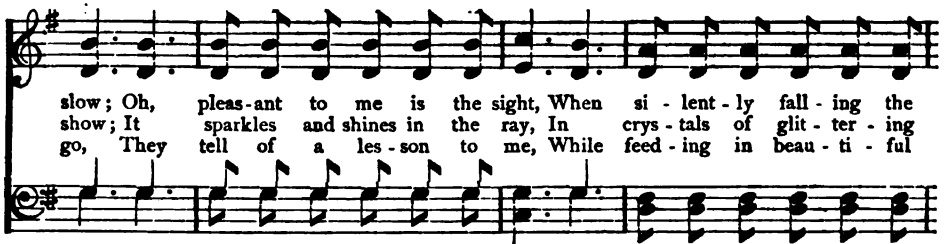
## THE SILENTLY FALLING SNOW.

*Fast.*

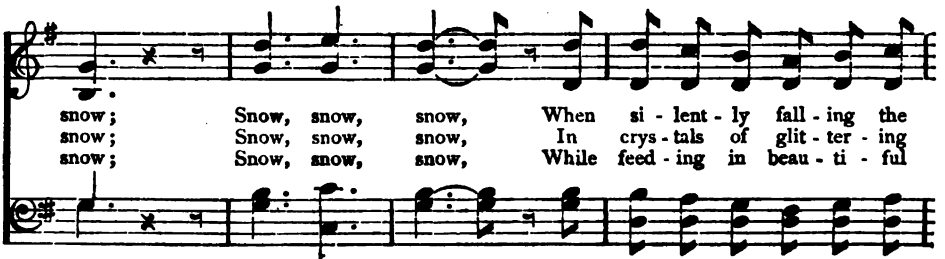
POPULAR MELODY.



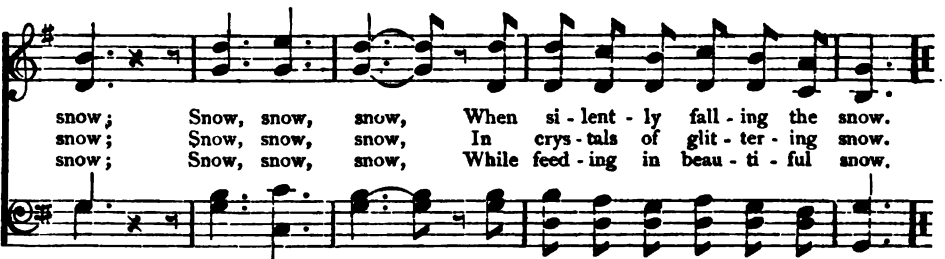
1. In flakes of a feath-er-y white, 'Tis fall-ing so gent-ly and  
 2. The earth is all cov-ered to-day With man-tle of ra-di-ant  
 3. Oh, hap-py the snow-birds I see, While hop-ping and flit-ting they



slow; Oh, pleas-ant to me is the sight, When si-lent-ly fall-ing the  
 show; It sparkles and shines in the ray, In crys-tals of glit-ter-ing  
 go, They tell of a les-son to me, While feed-ing in beau-ti-ful



snow; Snow, snow, snow, When si-lent-ly fall-ing the  
 snow; In crys-tals of glit-ter-ing  
 snow; Snow, snow, snow, While feed-ing in beau-ti-ful



snow; Snow, snow, snow, When si-lent-ly fall-ing the snow.  
 snow; Snow, snow, snow, In crys-tals of glit-ter-ing snow.  
 snow; Snow, snow, snow, While feed-ing in beau-ti-ful snow.

4. How spotless it seems, and how pure,  
 I would that my spirit were so!  
 Then, long as the soul shall endure,  
 More brightly I'd shine than the snow.  
 Snow, snow, snow,  
 More brightly I'd shine than the snow;  
 Snow, snow, snow,  
 More brightly I'd shine than the snow.

5. But soon with the breath of the spring,  
 Down streamlets and rivers 'twill flow;  
 The season of summer will bring  
 Bright flowers for silvery snow.  
 Snow, snow, snow,  
 Bright flowers for silvery snow;  
 Snow, snow, snow,  
 Bright flowers for silvery snow.

**HAIL COLUMBIA.**—The music was composed in 1789, by Professor Phylo, of Philadelphia, and played at Trenton, when Washington was en route to New York to be inaugurated. The tune was originally called the "President's March." The words were written nearly ten years later by Judge Joseph Hopkinson. The following is his own account, written in 1840, of the origin of the words. He says: "The song was written in 1798, when a war with France was thought to be inevitable—Congress being then in session in Philadelphia, deliberating on that important subject, and acts of hostility having actually occurred. The contest between England and France was raging, and the people of the United States were divided into parties, some thinking that policy and duty required us to take part with France; others were in favor of our

uniting with England, under the belief that she was the great preservative power of good principles and safe government. The violation of our rights by both belligerents was forcing us from the just and wise policy of President Washington, which was to take part with neither, but to keep a strict and honest neutrality between them. The prospect of a rupture with France was exceedingly offensive to that portion of the people which espoused her cause; and the violence of the spirit of party has never risen higher than it did at that time and on that question. A company was then playing in our city, and a young man named Fox, belonging to it, whose talent was good as a singer, was about to take his benefit. I had known him when at school. On this acquaintance he called on me on Saturday afternoon—his benefit being announced for the follow-

## ROBIN ADAIR.

ENGLISH.

*Expression.*

1. What's this dull town to me? Ro - bin's not near. What was't I wished to see,  
 2. What made th' assembly shine? Ro - bin A - dair. What made the ball so fine?  
 3. But now thou'rt cold to me, Ro - bin A - dair. But now thou'rt cold to me,

What wished to hear? Where's all the joy and mirth, That made this town a  
 Ro - bin was there; What, when the play was o'er, What made my  
 Ro - bin A - dair, Yet him I loved so well, Still in my

heaven on earth? Oh! they're all fled with thee, Ro - bin A - dair.  
 heart so sore? Oh! it was part - ing with Ro - bin A - dair.  
 heart shall dwell; Oh! I can ne'er for - get Ro - bin A - dair.

ing Monday. He said he had no boxes taken, and his prospect was that he should suffer a loss instead of receiving a benefit; but that if he could get a patriotic song adapted to the tune of the "President's March," then the popular air, he had no doubt of a full house; that the poets of the theatrical corps had been trying to accomplish it, but were satisfied that no words could be composed to suit the music of the march. I told him I would try it. He came the next afternoon, and the song, such as it is, was ready for him. It was announced on Monday morning, and the entire house was crowded to excess, and so continued night after night, the song being encored and repeated many times each night, the audience joining in the chorus. It was also sung at night in the streets by large assemblies of citi-

zens, including members of Congress. The enthusiasm was general, and the song was heard in every part of the United States. The object of the author was to get up an American spirit which should be above the interests, passions and policy of both belligerents, and look and feel exclusively for our honor and our rights. Not an allusion is made either to France or England, or to which was most in fault in their treatment of us. Of course, the song found favor with both parties throughout the entire country; it was truly American and nothing else, and the patriotic feelings of every American heart responded to it. It has endured infinitely beyond any expectation of the author, and beyond any merit it can boast of, except that of being truly and exclusively patriotic in its sentiment and spirit."

## HAIL COLUMBIA.

*With Energy.*

F. HOPKINSON, 1798.

1. Hail Co-lum-bia, hap-py land! Hail, ye heroes, heav'n-born band, Who fought and bled in  
 2. Immortal patriots, rise once more, Defend your rights, defend your shore! Let no rude foe, with  
 3. Behold the chief who now commands, Once more to serve his country stands The rock on which the

freedom's cause, Who fought and bled in freedom's cause, And when the storm of war was gone En-  
 im - pious hand, Let no rude foe, with impious hand, Invade the shrine where sacred lies Of  
 storm will beat, The rock on which the storm will beat, But armed in virtue, firm and true, His

joy'd the peace your val - or won. Let in - de-pendence be our boast, Ev - er mindful  
 toil and blood, the well-earn'd prize. While off'ring peace, sincere and just, In Heav'n we place a  
 hopes are fixed on Heav'n and you. When hope was sinking in dismay, When glooms obscur'd Co-

what it cost; Ev - er grateful for the prize, Let its al - tar reach the skies.  
 man - ly trust, That truth and jus - tice will pre - vail, And ev' - ry scheme of bondage fail.  
 lumbia's day, His steady mind, from changes free, Resolved on death or lib - er - ty.

*Chorus.*

Firm, u - ni - ted, let us be, Ral - ly - ing round our lib - er - ty,

As a band of broth - ers join'd, Peace and safe - ty we shall find.

**MORAL TRAINING.**—The power of moral training is well-nigh omnipotent. A child in the hands of the teacher is almost as clay in the hands of the potter. To train up the child "in the way he should go" is the way to reform society, to redeem mankind. One of the most conspicuous examples ever known of the power of this moral education in redeeming and elevating criminals was at the *Rathen Haus*, near Hamburg. This is the largest commercial city of Germany, and its population is extremely crowded. Though it is highly distinguished for its benevolent institutions, and for the hospitality and integrity of its citizens, yet the very circumstances in which it is placed produce, among the lowest class of its population, habits of degradation and beastliness of which we have but few examples on this side of the Atlantic. The children, therefore, received into this institution are often

of the very worst and most hopeless character. Not only are their minds most thoroughly depraved, but their very senses and bodily organizations seem to partake in the viciousness and degradation of their hearts. An ordinary man might suppose that the task of restoring such poor creatures to decency and good morals was entirely hopeless. Not so with the superintendent, Mr. Wichern. He took hold with the firm hope that the moral power of the Word of God is competent even to such a task. His means were prayer, the Bible, singing, affectionate conversation, severe punishment when unavoidable, and constant, steady employment in useful labor. The place was a prison when he took it. He threw down the high walls and took away the bolts and bars. He made the children love him, and he converted many into very estimable characters. Horace Mann says: "The

## WHEN THE DAY WITH ROSY LIGHT.

STOCKHAUSEN.

*Duet. Lively.*



1. When the day, with ro - sy light, In the morn-ing light ap - pears,  
2. Oh, 'tis sweet at ear - ly day, To climb the mountain's rock - y steep, And

And the dus - ky shades of night Melt a - way in dew - y tears,  
hear the birds and blos - soms gay, Wak'n-ing from their hap - py sleep.

Up the sun - ny hills I roam, To bid good - mor - row to the flow'rs, And  
Noon may have its sun - ny glare, Eve its twi - light and its dew,

wak - en in their high - land home The min - strels of the bow'rs.  
Night its soft and cool - ing air, But give me morn - ing dew.

*Chorus.*

1. 2.

Tra la la la la la la, ia la la la la la, la la la la la la.

result attested the almost omnipotent power of generosity and affection. Children, in many of whom early and loathsome vices had nearly obliterated the stamp of humanity, were transformed not only into useful members of society, but into characters that endeared themselves to all within the sphere of their acquaintance. These children were told at the beginning that labor was the price of living, and that they must earn their own bread. Charity had supplied the home to which they were invited, their own industry must do the rest. Music is used as one of the most efficient agencies for softening their stubborn wills and calling forth tender feelings, and its deprivation is one of the punishments for delinquency. The songs and hymns have been specially adapted to the circumstances and wants of the community, and it has often hap-

pened that the singing of an appropriate hymn has awakened the first-born sacred feeling in obdurate and brutified hearts. Sometimes a voice would drop from the choir, and then weeping and sobbing would be heard instead. They would sometimes say they could not sing, they must think of their past lives, of their brothers and sisters, or of their parents living in vice and misery at home. On several occasions the singing exercises had to be suspended; and frequently the children were sent to the garden to recover themselves." One of the worst among them was so much affected by the music that, Mr. Mann says, he could never hear certain Christmas hymns without weeping. When Mr. Mann asked Mr. Wichern how he accomplished such wonders, he replied that it was simply "by active occupation, music, and Christian love."

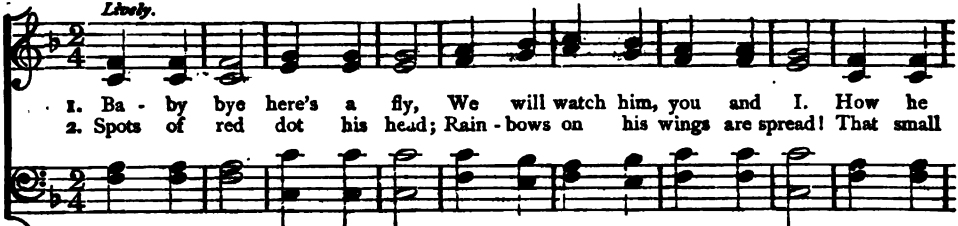
**RESULTS.**—There is a common but erroneous impression that only a favored few can learn music. In the schools of New Haven, "two hundred and forty-eight children out of six thousand were found unable to sing the scale, and one hundred and forty of these belonged to the primary grades;" that is, out of this multitude, only one hundred and eight above the primary grades could not sing. The superintendent says: "A systematic course of training the voices of the little ones in the primary rooms has been commenced. Thus far the experiment has been a complete success. Children from five to eight years of age readily sing the scale, both singly and in concert, and read from the blackboard, notes on the staff by numerals and syllables with as little hesitation as they call the letters and words of their reading lessons." In the Hancock School, of Boston, of about

one thousand girls, less than a dozen were unfitted from all causes for attaining to a fair degree of success in singing. The U. S. Commissioner of Education, when visiting the schools in New Haven, was surprised and gratified at hearing children in the primary schools, sing at sight exercises marked on the blackboard by the teacher: "The exercises are placed on the blackboard in the presence of the scholars, and they are required to sing them once through without the aid of teacher or instrument, and are marked accordingly." In primary schools, gymnastic exercises often accompany the singing. When children are trained to erect posture, and the right use of the vocal organs, speaking, reading, and singing are most invigorating exercises; expanding the chest, promoting deep breathing, quickening the circulation, and arousing both the physical and mental energies.

## BABY BYE, HERE'S A FLY.

TWO. TILTON. GEO. B. LOOMIS.  
FROM LOOMIS'S PROGRESSIVE LESSONS by per.

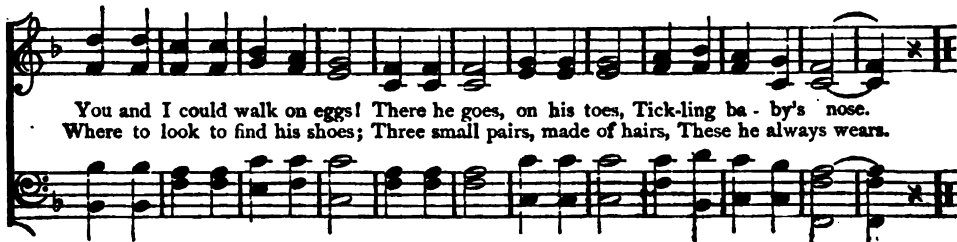
*Lively.*



1. Ba - by bye here's a fly, We will watch him, you and I. How he  
2. Spots of red dot his head; Rain - bows on his wings are spread! That small



crawls up the walls, Yet he nev - er falls! I be - lieve, with those six legs,  
speck is his neck, See him nod and back! I can show you, if you choose,



You and I could walk on eggs! There he goes, on his toes, Tick - ling ba - by's nose.  
Where to look to find his shoes; Three small pairs, made of hairs, These he always wears.

Black and brown is his gown,  
He can wear it upside down!  
It is laced round his waist,  
I admire his taste!  
Pretty as his clothes are made,  
He will spoil them, I'm afraid,  
If to-night he gets sight  
Of the candle-light.

In the sun webs are spun,  
What if he gets into one?  
When it rains he complains  
On the window panes.  
Tongues to talk have you and I,  
God has given the little fly  
No such things; so he sings  
With his buzzing wings.

He can eat bread and meat,  
See his mouth between his feet!  
On his back is a sack  
Like a peddler's pack.  
Does the baby understand?  
Then the fly shall kiss her hand;  
Put a crumb on her thumb,  
May be he will come.

Round and round on the ground,  
On the ceiling he is found;  
Catch him? No. Let him go.  
Never hurt him so!  
Now you see his wings of silk  
Drabbled in the Baby's milk,  
Fie! oh fie! foolish fly!  
How will you get dry?

All wet flies twist their thighs;  
So they wipe their head and eyes,  
Cats, you know, wash just so;  
Then their whiskers grow!  
Flies have hair too small to comb;  
Flies go all bareheaded home;  
But the gnat wears a hat:  
Do you laugh at that?

Flies can see more than we,  
So how bright their eyes must be!  
Little fly, mind your eye,  
Spiders are near by.  
For a secret I can tell,  
Spiders will not treat you well;  
Haste away, do not stay,  
Little fly, good day!

**HUMOR OF DICKENS.**—As for the charities of Mr. Dickens, multiplied kindnesses which he has conferred upon us all; upon our children; upon people educated and uneducated; upon the myriads here and at home, who speak our common tongue; have not you, have not I, all of us, reason to be thankful to this kind friend who has soothed and charmed so many hours, brought pleasure and sweet laughter to so many homes; made such multitudes of children happy; endowed us with such a sweet store of gracious thoughts, fair fancies, soft sympathies, hearty enjoyments? There are creations of Mr. Dickens, which seem to me to rank as personal benefits; figures so delightful that one feels happier and better for knowing them, as one does for being brought into the society of very good men and women. The atmosphere in which

these people live is wholesome to breathe in; you feel that to be allowed to speak to them is a personal kindness; you come away better for your contact with them; your hands seem cleaner from having the privilege of shaking theirs. Was there ever a better charity sermon preached in the world than Dickens' Christmas Carol? I believe it occasioned immense hospitality throughout England; was the means of lighting up hundreds of kind fires at Christmas time; caused a wonderful outpouring of Christmas good-feeling, an awful slaughter of Christmas turkeys, and roasting and basting of Christmas beef. As for this man's love of children, that amiable organ at the back of his honest head must be perfectly monstrous. All children ought to love him. I know two that do, and read his books ten times for once that they

## JOLLY OLD SAINT NICHOLAS.

FROM "SCHOOL CHIMES."  
Per. S. BRAINARD'S SONS, Cleveland.

*Lively.*

1. Jol - ly old Saint Nich - o - las, Lean your ear this way! Don't you tell a  
2. When the clock is strik - ing twelve, When I'm fast a - sleep, Down the chimney,  
3. John - ny wants a pair of skates; Su - sy wants a dolly; Nel - ly wants a

sin - gle soul What I'm going to say; Christmas Eve is com - ing soon;  
broad and black, With your pack you'll creep; All the stockings you will find  
sto - ry - book; She thinks dolls are folly; As for me, my - lit - tle brain

Now, you dear old man, Whisper what you'll bring to me; Tell me if you can.  
Hanging in a row; Mine will be the shortest one; You'll be sure to know.  
Is - n't ve - ry bright; Choose for me, Old San - ta Claus, What you think is right.

peruse the dismal preachments of their father. I know one who, when she is happy, reads Nicholas Nickleby; when she is unhappy, reads Nicholas Nickleby; and when she has finished the book, reads it over again. This candid young critic, at ten years of age, said: "I like Mr. Dickens' books much better than your books, papa"—and frequently expressed her desire that the latter author should write a book like one of Mr. Dickens' books. Who can? Every man must say his own thoughts in his own voice, in his own way; lucky is he who has such a charming gift of nature as this, which brings all the children in the world trooping to him, and being fond of him. \*\* One might go on, though the task would be endless and needless, chronicling the names of kind folks with whom this kind genius has made us familiar. Who

does not love the little Marchioness, and her friend Mr. Richard Swiveller? Who does not venerate the chief of that illustrious family who, being stricken by misfortune, wisely and greatly turned his attention to "coals," the accomplished, the Epicurean, the dirty, the delightful Micawber? I may quarrel with Mr. Dickens' art a thousand and a thousand times, I delight in and wonder at his genius; I recognize in it—I speak with awe and reverence—a commission from that Divine Beneficence, whose blessed task we know it will one day be to wipe away every tear from every eye. Thankfully I take my share of the feast of love and kindness which this gentle, and generous and charitable soul has contributed to the happiness of the world. I take and enjoy my share, and say a grateful benediction for the meal.—*Thackeray.*

## TRY, TRY AGAIN.

*Lively.*

FAVORITE SCHOOL SONG.

1. 'Tis a les - son you should heed, Try, try a - gain; If at first you  
 2. Once or twice though you should fail, Try, try a - gain; If at last you  
 3. If you find your task is hard, Try, try a - gain; Time will bring you

don't suc - ceed, Try, try a - gain; Then your cour - age shall ap - pear,  
 would pre - vail, Try, try a - gain; If we strive 'tis no dis - grace,  
 your re - ward, Try, try a - gain; All that oth - er folks can do,

For if you will per - se - vere, You will conquer, nev - er fear, Try, try a - gain.  
 Though we may not win the race; What should you do in that case? Try, try a - gain.  
 Why, with pa - tience, may not you? On - ly keep this rule in view, Try, try a - gain.

## LITTLE THINGS.

KINDERGARTEN.

1. Lit - tle drops of wa - ter, Lit - tle grains of sand, Make the might - y  
 2. And the lit - tle mo - ments, Humble though they be, Make the might - y

O - cean And the beauteous land, And the beau - teous land.  
 a - ges Of e - ter - ni - ty, Of e - ter - ni - ty.

3. So our little errors,  
 Lead the soul away  
 From the paths of virtue,  
 Oft in sin to stray.

4. Little deeds of kindness,  
 Little words of love,  
 Make our earth an Eden  
 Like the Heaven above.


5. Little seeds of mercy,  
 Sown by youthful hands,  
 Grow to bless the nations  
 Far in heathen lands.

**FESTINA LENTE.**—Generally speaking, our young people are never taught to sing until nearly approaching maturity, and if a child's unmusical voice is found, we hear the regret that "Providence has not conferred a voice upon the young creature." Can the child talk? Then, be assured, he could have sung, had you only exercised the muscles of the larynx while they were young and flexible. Had you tied up one leg and never required him to use it from infancy till he was fourteen, would its muscles have been as powerful as those of the unbound, exercised limb? Now as soon as the child can learn to say *a, b, c*, he can be made to learn the difference in the sounds of *do, re, mi*. While you are teaching him that an acute angle resting on its arms with a transverse bar across it is A,

you can make him comprehend that a dot on the first or lowest of five bars has one sound in the first space, and another sound in the last. A few days' practice will enable a whole class to learn from the blackboard these tones; these, when fully learned, can have a third added; from these a little song can be evoked that shall charm the child into a recognition of the delights into which he is slowly working his way. Thus shall the whole gamut be learned, and when the pupil is ready for the Third Reader, he or she will be singing, at sight, songs from the blackboard. When they have been made familiar with "tone," the teacher may add instruction on "time," commencing with the simplest measure. In the meantime, for his own profit and guidance, keeping in view

## THOUGHTS OF HOME. (CHANT.)

FROM "SONGS OF GLADNESS"  
PET. GARRIGUES BROTHERS, PHILA.



1. I've been thinking of home—of "my  
Father's house, Where the many man-sions be;"


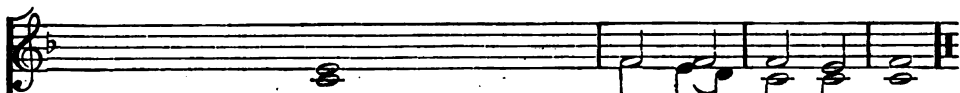
2. I've been thinking of home, where  
they need not the light Of the sun, nor moon, nor star;

3. I've been thinking of home; of the  
loved ones there; Dear friends who have gone be-fore,

4. I've been thinking of home, and I'm  
homesick now; My spirit doth long to be

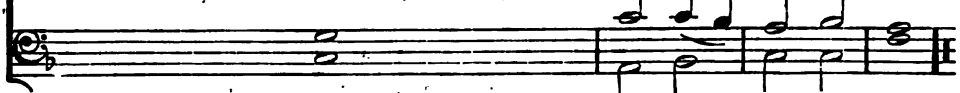
5. I've been thinking of home; yea,  
"home, sweet home!" Oh, there may we all u-nite

Of the city whose streets are paved  
with gold,  
Where the gates of pearl "are not  
shut by day,  
With whom we walked to the death-  
river side,  
In the "better land," where the  
ransomed sing  
With the white-robed throng that  
forever raise

Of its jasper walls, so fair to behold, Which the  
For no night is there," but the weary may Find  
And sadly thought, as we watched the tide, Of the  
Of the love of Christ, their Redeemer, King; Of  
To the Triune God sweetest songs of praise, With

right-eous a-lone shall see,  
rest from the world a-far.  
hap-py days of yore.  
mer-cy so cost-ly, so free.  
glory, and honor, and might.



the old maxim of caution and cheer, "*Festina lente*." This manner of instruction will obviate at once the several objections urged against the introduction of music into free schools. The first is, the difficulty of organizing the classes to meet the convenience of the musical instructor. Secondly, the expense of such teacher; and third, the difficulty of instructing pupils with whom the teacher is never brought into contact outside the class-room. Now, music taught as we propose it, every ordinary teacher becomes the music teacher. The lessons in *a, b, c*, shall be varied with

the *do, re, mi*, in third grade. The second grade, with more years and greater capabilities, shall pass from this primary point to instruction a little more difficult; while the first, having passed up through the two lower grades, shall be taught it as one of the sciences and the highest of the high arts. I hear you urging that my proposition is impracticable from the outset, inasmuch as not a teacher in ten has a musical education and therefore cannot teach. I reply that there is not one in one hundred who cannot master the theory in a short time so as to become a capable instructor.—*Ex.*

A TEACHER.—Charles Sumner once paid the following tribute to Justice Story: "Besides learning unsurpassed in his profession, he displayed other qualities not less important in the character of a teacher—goodness, benevolence, and a willingness to teach. Only a good man can be a teacher, only a benevolent man, only a man willing to teach. He was filled with a desire to teach. He sought to mingle his mind with that of his pupil. He held it a blessed office to pour into the souls of the young, as into celestial urns, the fruitful water of knowledge. He well knew that the knowledge imparted is trivial compared with that awakening of the soul under the influence of which the pupil himself becomes a teacher. All of knowledge we can communicate, is finite; a few

pages, a few chapters, a few volumes, will embrace it. But such an influence is of incalculable power; it is the breath of a new life; it is another soul. In Story, the spirit spake, not with the voice of an earthly calling, but with the gentleness and self-forgetful earnestness of one who was pleading in behalf of justice, of knowledge, of human happiness. His well-loved pupils hung upon his lips, and as they left his presence, confessed a more exalted reverence for virtue, and warmer love of knowledge for its own sake."

COULD not something be done, in our smaller towns it may be, towards collecting the boys from the streets in the evening and forming them into a singing society? Though they should meet but once a week, how much good might thus be accomplished.—*Merv.*

## MEEK AND LOWLY.

S. GLOVER.

*Slowly.*

1. Meek and low - ly, pure and ho - ly, Chief a - mong the "Blessed Three," Turning  
2. Hop - ing ev - er, fail - ing nev - er, Tho' deceiv'd, be - liev - ing still; Long a -

sadness in - to gladness, Heav'n-born art thou, Char-i - ty! Pit-y dwelleth in thy  
bid-ing, all con - fid - ing. To thy heav'n - ly Father's will; Never weary of well -

bosom, Kindness reigneth o'er thy heart; Gentle thoughts a-lone can sway thee, Judgment  
do-ing, Nev - er fear - ful of the end; Claiming all mankind as brothers, Thou dost

hath in thee no part. } Meek and low - ly, pure and ho - ly, Chief a - mong the "Blessed  
all a - like befriend.

Three," Turning sad - ness in - to gladness, Heav'n-born art thou, Char-i - ty.

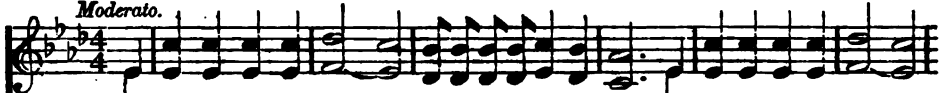
**SOUL OR FORM.**—In connection with that most beautiful composition, Gottschalk's "Last Hope," the following touching anecdote is related: While in Cuba, he was the guest of a lady who was an invalid. Her disease, an incurable one, was very much aggravated by anxiety regarding her son who was absent. The greatest relief she found was in listening to the playing of the incomparable pianist, who was making his home beneath her roof. One evening when she was suffering more than usual, she suddenly exclaimed, "Oh, for Heaven's sake, play me something!" Gottschalk took his seat at the piano, and improvised the beautiful melody we have mentioned. As he brought out one thought after another, the idea took possession of him that he was

playing his last piece for his afflicted friend. The next day he departed for another part of the island. At the expiration of a week he returned. As he gained the summit of the hill near the town in which she lived, he heard the bell of the little church tolling for a burial. Soon a turn in the road brought him in sight of the church, and winding up the pathway was seen the funeral train. His heart's foreboding had been realized, and his dear friend had, indeed, passed away. Recalling the melody he had played for her on their last meeting, he arranged it, and named it the "Last Hope." Always after, when playing at private soirees, or for friends, he finished his performance with this lovely meditation. Being on one occasion asked the reason for this, he gave

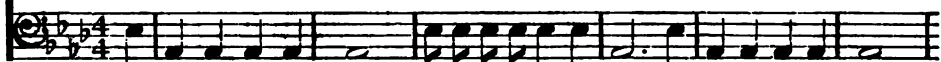
## THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR.

From "SILVER LUTE,"  
Per. JOHN CHURCH & Co., Cincinnati.

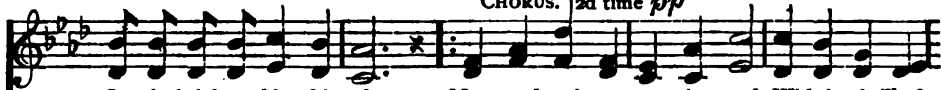
*Moderato.*





1. There's mu-sic in the air When the infant morn is nigh, And faint its blush is seen  
2. There's mu-sic in the air When the noontide's sultry beam Reflects a golden light  
3. There's mu-sic in the air When the twilight's gentle sigh Is lost on evening's breast,



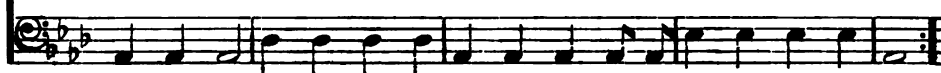
CHORUS. 2d time *pp*



On the bright and laughing sky. Many a harp's ec-stat-ic sound, With its thrill of  
On the distant mountain stream: When beneath some grateful shade, Sorrow's aching  
As its pensive beauties die. Then, O! then, the loved ones gone Wake the pure ce-

joy profound, While we list enchant-ed there, To the mu-sic in the air,  
head is laid, Sweet-ly to the spir-it there, Comes the mu-sic in the air.  
les-tial song, An-gel voic-es greet us there, In the mu-sic of the air.



the explanation related above. Is it strange that a composition inspired at such a time, a whispered message from the life beyond, should have become one of the undying pieces of our day? We have frequently met with pianists, we beg pardon, piano manipulators, who boasted this piece as one of their collection. We have heard them play it, and although every note was clear and distinct, and the time faultless, the performance was no more effective or inspiring than one of Czerny's velocity studies. Another player with far less executive ability, but vastly more *soul*, would melt the hearer in tears with the same piece. The one sees only the notes; the other goes deeper and reads a hidden meaning.

Our pianists and organists seem often in danger of losing their souls; and when a man cannot feel the

spirit, the real æsthetic life of music, he has lost his soul. The tendency of the teaching of the age, is to make a mere intellectual matter of everything. And when we bring this idea into music, we degrade it to our own material level. Not that we would pretend to deny that music is subject to the same laws of order that govern the universe; and to have our music what it should be we must understand those laws of divine order. But in pursuing this intellectual study, we must not lose sight of the more interior, affectional element in the art, a mysterious something that cannot be taught, cannot be studied, but of which every *musician* is conscious, for it is that which gives him his rare power over an audience. Music should be esteemed in proportion as it elevates the heart and refines the life.—*Vox Humana*.

**THEORY.**—Music is divided into small, equal portions, called measures. These may be indicated to the ear by counting the parts as "one, two;" "one, two;" or to the eye, by motions of the hand, called beats, or beating time. Measures are represented by spaces between perpendicular lines across the staff. The lines dividing music into measures are called bars. There may be different kinds of notes in the measure, but there must be an equal amount in every measure, that is, one measure must contain as much in the aggregate as any other. Parts of measures are represented by notes and rests. Four kinds of measure are in general use, viz.: Double, composed of two parts and indicated by two counts or beats; Triple, indicated by three beats; Quadruple, four

beats; and Sextuple, six counts or beats. Figures at the beginning of the music indicate the measure.

**INFLUENCE.**—Music, in its capacity of doing good, comes next to the sacred influence of the pulpit. Its power is as yet a thing undeveloped. Consider, for instance, what the general impression was as to the availability of music in the Sunday-school, thirty or forty years ago, and compare the Sunday-schools of to-day with those of that period. What would these schools be if we should drop the music out of them bodily? They would almost dissolve and vanish. It is the invisible chain which holds them together and animates them. There is, besides, a power in music to reach, to direct, to comfort the Christian's heart, which is, comparatively speaking, yet undreamed of.

## ANGELIC SONGS ARE SWELLING.

REV. F. W. FABER, 1890.  
J. M. ARMSTRONG arr.

1. Hark! hark! my soul, an - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields and  
2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing - ing, "Come wea - ry souls, for  
3. Far, far a - way, like bells at ev' - ning peal - ing, The voice of Je - sus

o - cean's wave - beat shore.  
Je - sus bids you come!"  
sounds o'er land and sea;

How sweet the truth those bless - ed strains are tell - ing  
And, through the dark, its ech - oes sweet - ly ring - ing,  
And la - den souls by thou - sands meek - ly steal - ing,

Of that new life when sin shall be no more. *Chorus.*  
The mu - sic of the gos - pel leads us home. } Aa - gels of Je - sus,  
Kind Shep - herd, turn their wea - ry steps to thee. }

An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night.

Rest comes at length; tho' life be long and dreary,  
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;  
All journeys end in welcome to the weary,  
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.

*Chorus.*

Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;  
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;  
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,  
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

*Chorus.*  
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THE music of church bells has become a matter of poetry. I remember, though somewhat imperfectly, a touching story connected with the church bells of a town in Italy, which had become famous all over Europe for their peculiar solemnity and sweetness. They were made by a young Italian artisan, and were his heart's pride. During the war, the place was sacked, and the bells carried off, no one knew whither. After the tumult was over, the poor fellow returned to his work; but it had been the solace of his

life to wander about at evening, and listen to the chime of his bells; and he grew dispirited and sick, and pined for them till he could no longer bear it, and left his home, determined to hear them once again before he died. He went from land to land, stopping in every village, till the hope that alone sustained him began to falter, and he knew, at last, that he was dying. He lay, one evening, in a boat that was slowly floating down the Rhine, almost insensible, and scarce expecting to see the sun rise again, that was now set.

## BONNIE DOON.

ROBERT BURNS.

Ye banks and braes of bon - nie Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair, How  
Oft have I strayed by bon - nie Doon, To see the rose and woodbine twine; Where

can ye sing, ye lit - tle birds, And I sae wea - ry, full of care? You'll  
il - ka bird sang of his love, And fond - ly sae did I o' mine, With

break my heart, ye lit - tle birds, That wan - ton through the flow'ring thorn; Ye  
light - some heart I pulled a rose, Full sweet up - on its thorn - y tree; But

mind me of de - part - ed joys, De - part - ed, nev - er to re - turn,  
my false lov - er stole the rose, And left the thorn be - hind to me.

ting gloriously over the vine-covered hills of Germany. Presently, the vesper bells of a distant village began to ring, and as the chimes stole faintly over the river with the evening breeze, he started from his lethargy. He was not mistaken. It was the deep, solemn, heavenly music of his own bells; and the sounds that he had been thirsting for years to hear, were melting over the water. He leaned from the boat, with his ear close to the calm surface of the river, and listened. They rung out their hymn, and ceased; and he still

lay motionless in his painful posture. His companion spoke to him, but he gave no answer; his spirit, in the glad requiem of the beloved bells, had followed the last sound of the vesper chime.—*Willis*.

Harmonious words render ordinary ideas acceptable; less ordinary, pleasant; novel and ingenious ones, delightful. As pictures and statues, and living beauty too, show better by music-light, so is poetry irradiated, vivified, glorified, and raised into immortal life by the influence of harmony.—*Landon*.

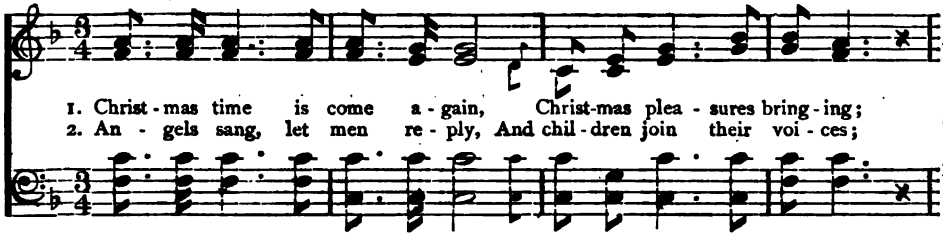
FORM.—Nothing is more common than to hear it said that Mozart is a great master of form; that Beethoven's form is at times obscure, and so forth. Of course what is meant is, that in the arrangement and development of the musical phrases, there is a greater or less fitness of proportion producing an effect of unity or incoherence as the case may be. But the idea of musical form can be made intelligible to any one who will take the trouble to glance at so simple a melody as "The Blue Bells of Scotland" That air consists of four phrases each of which is divided into

an elation and depression. The first two phrases are repeated; the third and fourth occur in the middle; and the first two recur at the close. Thus music appears visibly to the eye to possess all the essential properties of emotion. May we not, therefore, say, that the secret of its power consists in this, that it alone is capable of giving to the simplest, the subtlest, and the most complex emotions alike, that full and satisfactory expression through sound, which hitherto it has been found impossible to give to many, of them in any other way?—*Music and Morals.*

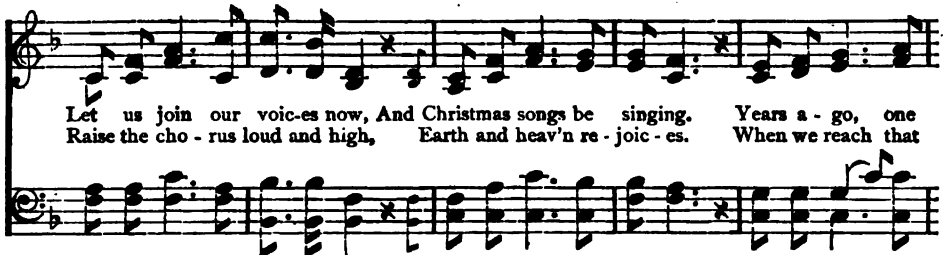
## CHRISTMAS TIME IS COME AGAIN.

*Not too Slow.*

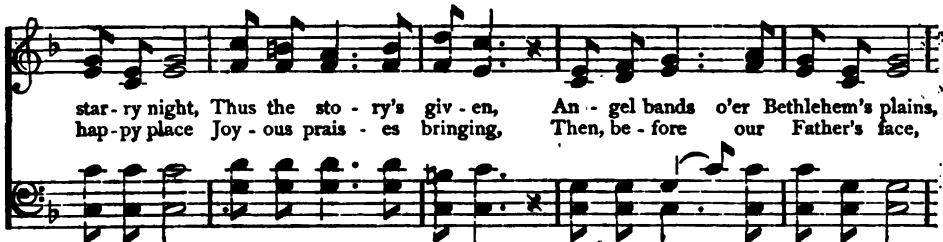
CHRISTMAS CAROL.



1. Christ-mas time is come a-gain, Christ-mas plea-sures bring-ing;  
2. An-gels sang, let men re-ply, And chil-dren join their voi-ces;

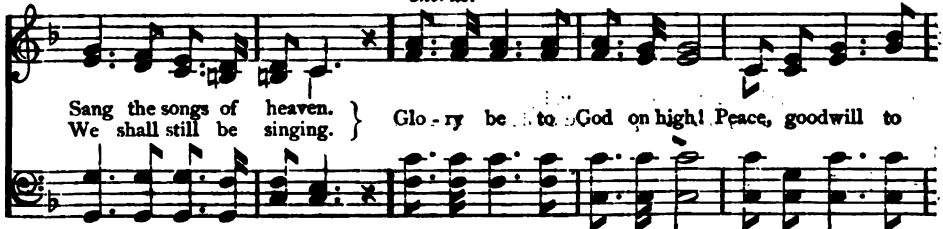


Let us join our voi-ces now, And Christmas songs be singing. Years a-go, one  
Raise the cho-rus loud and high, Earth and heav'n re-joic-es. When we reach that

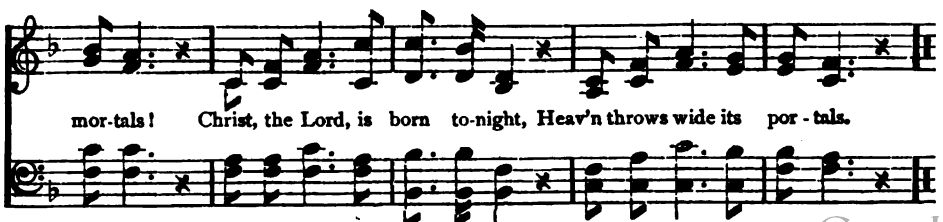


star-ry night, Thus the sto-ry's giv-en, An-gel bands o'er Bethlehem's plains,  
hap-py place Joy-ous prais-es bringing, Then, be-fore our Father's face,

*Chorus.*



Sang the songs of heaven. } Glo-ry be to God on high! Peace, goodwill to  
We shall still be singing. }



mor-tals! Christ, the Lord, is born to-night, Heav'n throws wide its por-tals.

ECHO.—Echo was a beautiful nymph, fond of the woods and hills, where she devoted herself to woodland sports. She was a favorite of Diana, and attended her in the chase. But Echo had one failing; she was fond of talking, and, whether in chat or argument, would have the last word. Juno, having discovered that some deception had been practiced by Echo, passed sentence upon her in these words: "You shall forfeit the use of that tongue with which you have cheated me, except for the one purpose you are so

fond of—*reply*. You shall still have the last word, but no power to speak first." This nymph saw Narcissus, a beautiful youth, as he pursued the chase upon the mountains. How she longed to address him in the softest accents, and win him to conversation, but it was not in her power. She waited with impatience for him to speak first, and had her answer ready. One day, the youth, being separated from his companions, shouted aloud, "Who's there?" Echo replied, "Here." Narcissus, looking around but seeing no one, called

## OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

STEVENS. MOORE'S MELODIES.

*Tenderly.*

1. Oft in the still-y night, ere slum-ber's chain hath bound me,  
2. When I re-mem-ber all the friends so link'd to- geth-er

*D.C.* Thus, in the still-y night, ere slum-ber's chain hath bound me,

*cres.* *dim.* *Fine.*

Fond mem'-ry brings the light of oth-er days a-round me,—  
I've seen a-round me fall, like leaves in win-try wea-ther,  
Sad mem'-ry brings the light of oth-er days a-round me.

The smiles, the tears of childhood's years, the words of love then spok-en, The  
I feel like one who treads a-lone some ban-quet hall de-sert-ed, Whose

*D.C.*

eyes that shone, now dimm'd and gone, the cheer-ful hearts now bro-ken:  
lights are fled, whose gar-lands dead, and all but him de-part-ed.

out, "Come." Echo answered, "Come." As no one came, Narcissus called again, "Why do you shun me?" Echo asked the same question. "Let us join one another," said the youth. The maid answered with all her heart in the same words, and hastened to the spot. He started back, exclaiming, "Hands off? I would rather die than you should have me." "Have me," said she, but it was all in vain. He left her, and she went to hide her blushes in the recesses of the

woods. From that time forth she lived in caves and among mountain cliffs. Her form faded with grief, till, at last, all her flesh had shrunk away, her bones had changed into rocks, and there was nothing left of her but her voice. With that she is still ready to reply to any one who calls her, and always keeps up her old habit of having the last word.—*Age of Fable.*

There is something in the very shape of harps, as though they had been made by music.—*Bailey.*

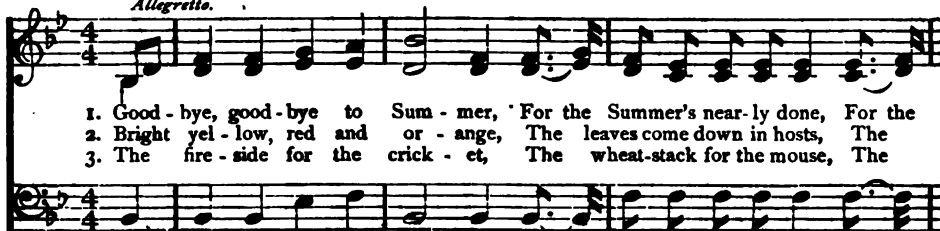
**THE HEROIC.**—The ordinary events of life are not strong enough to move the whole man; its deeper and more passionate moments show us what we really are. There is that within us which comes forth only upon some strong exterior call. This is the true use of the heroic, of a life transcending life's ordinary possibilities. Such a life is a direct call upon the soul, saying, "Friend, come up higher;" and the heart recognizes its voice, and exults in it, claims it as the voice of kindred risen to a more exalted sphere. It is

like air from a mountain summit, where we could not live, and yet which seems our native air and braces us in every nerve. Deeds of heroic daring, of sublime self-devotion, how they stir our hearts, often torpid in response to the ordinary appeals of duty and reason! In teaching, we trust too much to mere intelligence, forgetting that there are many gateways into the soul, and that feeling bursts through them all. Indeed, there is a vast region, the finest and purest in our nature, that can be reached only through sensation.

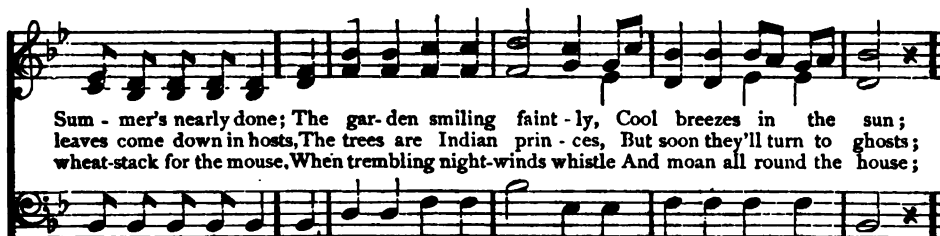
## ROBIN REDBREAST.

Words by ALLINGHAM.  
GERMAN AIR.

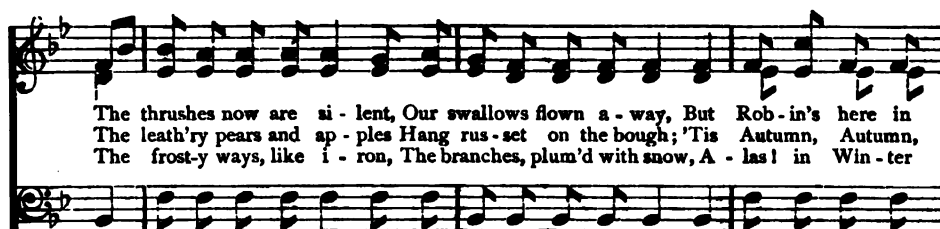
*Allegretto.*



1. Good - bye, good - bye to Sum - mer, 'For the Summer's near - ly done, For the  
2. Bright yel - low, red and or - ange, The leaves come down in hosts, The  
3. The fire - side for the crick - et, The wheat-stack for the mouse, The

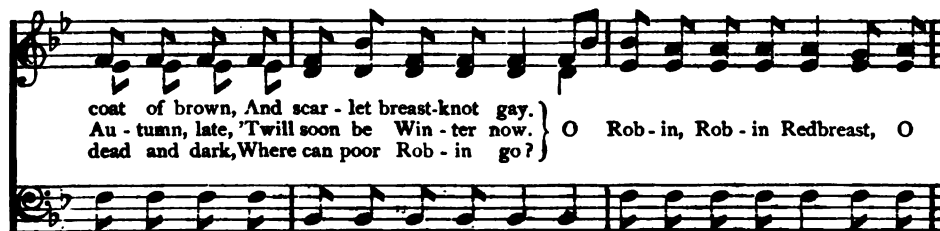


Sum - mer's nearly done; The gar - den smiling faint - ly, Cool breezes in the sun;  
leaves come down in hosts, The trees are Indian prin - ces, But soon they'll turn to ghosts;  
wheat-stack for the mouse, When trembling night-winds whistle And moan all round the house;



The thrushes now are si - lent, Our swallows flown a - way, But Rob-in's here in  
The leath'ry pears and ap - ples Hang rus - set on the bough; 'Tis Autumn, Autumn,  
The frost-y ways, like i - ron, The branches, plum'd with snow, A - las! in Win - ter

*Chorus.*



coat of brown, And scar - let breast-knot gay.  
Au - tumn, late, 'Twill soon be Win - ter now. } O Rob-in, Rob-in Redbreast, O  
dead and dark, Where can poor Rob-in go? }



Robin, Robin dear, O Robin sings so sweet - ly in the fall-ing of the year.

NO TALENT.—It is commonly asserted, that some cannot learn to execute music. We would modify this somewhat, and say, that some can learn but very little. It is no shame to have but little ability for learning music. Some of the greatest lovers of music are unable to advance far in the practical pursuit of the art. If a child has but little, or seemingly no talent or taste for music, and shows an aversion to learning it, we would say, do not force such an one.

On the contrary, however, if your pupil has but little prospect of accomplishing much in music, but loves it, and would like to learn, we think it unkind on the part of the teacher to refuse the desired lessons, to show signs of impatience, or otherwise to discourage effort. In the former case the teacher will himself suffer, if he allows avarice to influence him, while, in the latter case, he may possibly succeed, and is, at any rate, sure of a grateful pupil.—*Mera.*

## WHAT WILL YOU DO, LOVE?

SAMUEL LOVER, 1842.

*Not too Fast.*

*mf* *f*

1. "What will you do, love, when I am go-ing, With white sail flow-ing, the seas be-
2. "What will you do, love, if distant tid-ings Thy fond con-fid-ings should un-der-
3. "What would you do, love, when home re-turn-ing, With high hopes burning, with wealth for

yond? What will you do, love, when waves divide us, And friends may chide us for be-ing mine; And I a-bid-ing 'neath sultry skies, Should think other eyes more bright than you, If my bark, which bounded o'er foreign foam, Were lost near home, ah! what would you

f *p*

fond?" "Tho' waves divide us, and friends be chiding, In faith a-bid-ing, I'll still be true; thine?" "Oh, name it not, tho' brand of shame Were on thy name, I'd still be true; do?" "So thou wert spared, I'd bless the mor-row, In want and sor-row, that left me you;

And I'll pray for thee on the stormy o-cean, In deep de-votion; that's what I'll do." But that heart of thine, should an-oth-er share it, I could not bear it,—what would I do?" And I'd welcome thee from the wasting billow, This heart thy pillow; that's what I'd do."

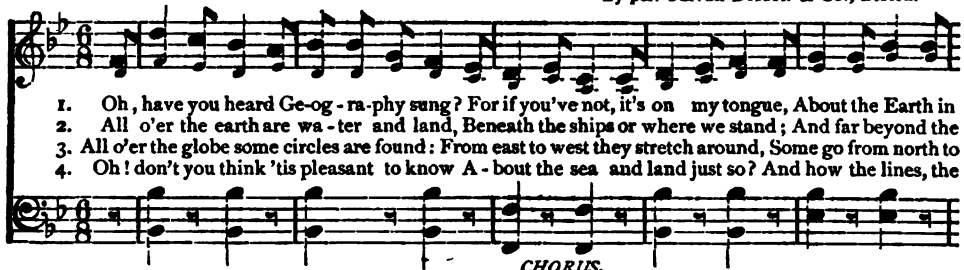
A recent writer thus sums up the matter: "Vocal music is one of the best means of securing attention to study. When a school grows listless and restless, and inattentive to study, music may be employed to charm it into diligence. Strike up a merry school glee, let the charm of song encircle the heart, and, like sunshine on flowers, the mind will open to new effort, and repulsive tasks become pleasant toil.

Drowsy, dreamy idlers, gaping over their books, longing for noon or night, catching flies, throwing paper balls, dropping slates, pulling hair, experimenting on an unfortunate neighbor with crooked pins, are transformed into diligent and interested students."

Music is the art of the prophets, the only art that can calm the agitations of the soul; it is one of the most delightful gifts that God has given us.—*Luther.*

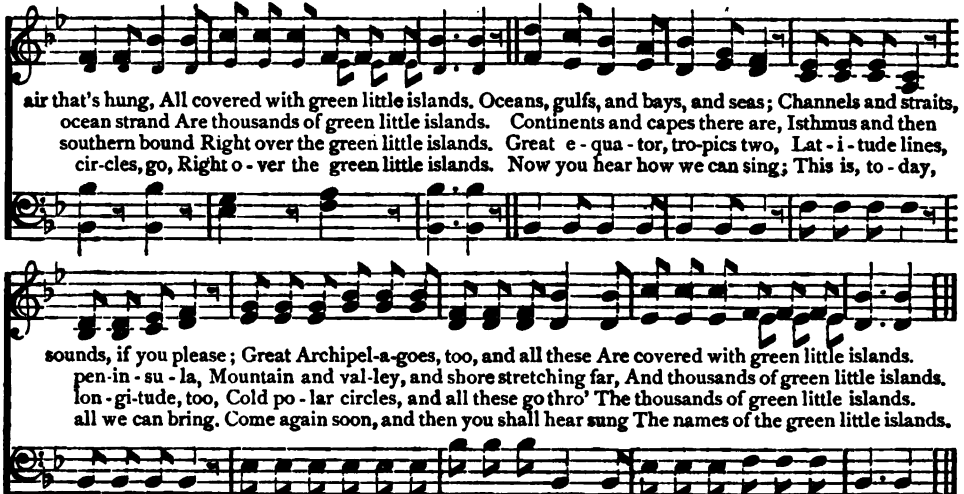
## GEOGRAPHY SONG.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.  
By per. OLIVER DITSON & Co., Boston.



1. Oh, have you heard Ge-og-ra-phy sung? For if you've not, it's on my tongue, About the Earth in  
2. All o'er the earth are wa-ter and land, Beneath the ships or where we stand; And far beyond the  
3. All o'er the globe some circles are found: From east to west they stretch around, Some go from north to  
4. Oh! don't you think 'tis pleasant to know A-bout the sea and land just so? And how the lines, the


## CHORUS.



air that's hung, All covered with green little islands. Oceans, gulfs, and bays, and seas; Channels and straits,  
ocean strand Are thousands of green little islands. Continents and capes there are, Isthmus and then  
southern bound Right over the green little islands. Great e-qua-tor, tro-pics two, Lat-i-tude lines,  
cir-cles, go, Right o-ver the green little islands. Now you hear how we can sing; This is, to-day,  
sounds, if you please; Great Archipel-a-goes, too, and all these Are covered with green little islands.  
pen-in-su-la, Mountain and val-ley, and shore stretching far, And thousands of green little islands.  
lon-gi-tude, too, Cold po-lar circles, and all these go thro' The thousands of green little islands.  
all we can bring. Come again soon, and then you shall hear sung The names of the green little islands.

## FOREVER AND FOREVER.\*

CHAS. C. CONVERSE.



1. A maid reclined beside a stream At fall of summer day, And, half awake, and half a-  
2. The twilight past, the moon at last Rose broadly o'er the night; Each ripple gleams beneath her  
dream, She watch'd the ripples play. She mark'd the wa-ters fall and heave, The  
beams As, wrought in sil-ver bright, The heav-ing wa-ters glide a-long, But  
deep'ning shadows throng, And heard, as darkened down the eve, The river's babbling song. And  
mingling with their voice, The nightingale now pours his song, And makes the shades rejoice. And  
thus it sung with tink-ling tongue, That rippling, shad-'wy riv-er, "Youth's  
thus he sung with tune-ful tongue, That bird be-side the riv-er, "When  
bright-est day will fade a-way, For-ev-er and for-ev-er."  
youth is gone, true love shines on, For-ev-er and for-ev-er."


OLD RECORDS.—Sacred history declares that music and song were employed among the Hebrews on occasions of solemnity, in both their domestic and religious life. Immense choirs, with their thousand voices, were retained in the Temple to celebrate their feasts and victories, and a great number of books and treatises have been written, but with little satisfaction, upon the music of the Jews. It is not, however, uninteresting to follow out or trace the history of religious song, as found in the sacred record, the Bible, and to notice the musical solemnities of which it makes mention. In Genesis, Jubal is named as being "the father

of all such as handle the harp and organ," but not as the inventor of music, as many have supposed or declared. Not until six hundred years after the deluge does the record again speak of music, which is at the time when Jacob is pursued by Laban: "Wherefore didst thou flee away secretly, and steal away from me, and didst not tell me, that I might have sent thee away with mirth, and with songs, with tabret and with harp?" Two hundred and forty-eight years after, at the passage of the Red Sea, the first religious song was intoned by Moses and the Hebrew people: "I will sing unto the Lord, for He hath triumphed glo-


## ALL THE SAINTS ADORE THEE.

*Reverently.*


"NICARA."  
J. B. DYKES. R. HEBER.



1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - migh - ty! Ear - ly in the  
 2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee, Cast - ing down their  
 3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! though the dark - ness hide Thee, Though the eye of  
 4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - migh - ty! All thy works shall



morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,  
 golden crowns a - round the glas - sy sea; Cher - u - bim and Sera - phim  
 sinful man Thy glo - ry may not see, On - ly Thou art ho - ly!  
 praise Thy name in earth, and sky, and sea. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!



mer - ci - ful and migh - ty, God in three per - sons, blessed Trin - i - ty!  
 fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.  
 there is none be - side Thee Per - fect in pow - er, in love, and pu - ri - ty.  
 mer - ci - ful and migh - ty, God in three per - sons, blessed Trin - i - ty!

riously, the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea." Again, in Numbers, it speaks of trumpets, and the manner of blowing them on different occasions, as signals for assembling, departure, or alarm. The schofar, a wind instrument made from the horn of a ram, is reserved for the celebration of the first day of Tischri. After the death of Moses, the sacred writings preserve entire silence upon the subject of music, even to the time of the Judges, when is recorded the second song sung by Deborah and Barak: "Praise the Lord for the avenging of Israel," and a hundred years later occurred the sad and tragic death

of the daughter of Jephthah. After this event, even to the time of Samuel, there is no musical record in the sacred writings. He instituted a school of prophets, where song and music were, undoubtedly, an important branch of education. Saul, soon after his coronation, encounters a troop of men inspired by the Holy Spirit, prophesying to the sound of instruments. At their approach he is seized with a divine inspiration and prophesies with them. Subsequently, becoming a prey to melancholy, he calls the youthful David to his side, who, by his inspired songs, dissipates the dark torments that overshadowed his soul.

## THE KING OF LOVE.

*Animation.*REV. DR. DYKES.  
REV. SIR H. W. BAKER, 1837.

1. The King of Love my Shep-herd is, Whose good - ness fail - eth nev - er; I  
2. Where streams of liv - ing wa - ter flow, My ran - som'd soul He lead - eth, And  
3. Per - verse and fool - ish, oft I strayed, But yet in love He sought me, And  
4. In death's dark vale I fear no ill, With Thee, dear Lord, be - side me; Thy

*After last verse.*  
noth - ing lack if I am His, And He is mine for - ev - er.  
where the ver - dant pas - tures grow, With food ce - les - tial feed - eth.  
on His shoul - der gent - ly laid, And home, re - joic - ing, brought me.  
rod and staff my com - fort still, Thy Cross be - fore to guide me. A - MEN.

Thou spread'st a table in my sight,  
Thy blessing grace bestoweth;  
And oh, the transport of delight  
With which my cup o'erfloweth.

And so, through all the length of days  
Thy goodness faileth never;  
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise  
Within Thy house forever!

## SUN OF MY SOUL.

*Reverently.*EVENING HYMN.  
W. H. MONK. REV. J. KEBLE, 1827.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sa - viour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;  
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My weary eye - lids gent - ly steep,  
3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For without Thee I can - not live;  
4. If some poor wand'ring child of Thine Have spurn'd to - day the voice di - vine,

Oh, may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy ser - vant's eyes.  
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest For ev - er on my Sa - viour's breast.  
A - bide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.  
Now, Lord, the gra - cious work be - gin; Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick; enrich the poor  
With blessings from Thy boundless store;  
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,  
Like infant slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,  
Ere through the world our way we take,  
Till in the ocean of Thy love  
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

MENDELSSOHN, Bartholdy Felix, was the son of a rich merchant and banker of Hamburg, and was born in that city A. D. 1809. The early development of the musical faculty in him forces him into comparison with the precocious Mozart, but his more fortunate position saved him from the premature drudgery of public display. His earliest musical instructor was the natural guardian of his infancy, his mother. At eight years of age he was esteemed a prodigy, and not without reason. He could then play at sight the most intricate scores of Bach, and, without premeditation, transpose most difficult exercises into all sorts of keys. He also evinced a wonderful faculty in extemporizing upon a given theme. At this period he was put un-

der the care of the severe but methodical Zelter, a man not disposed to give way to fervid impressions, yet warmly devoted to his "glorious boy." Zelter, writing to Goethe, in 1821, tells him, "I desire to show your face to my favorite pupil before I die." Upon the circle which surrounded Goethe as its centre, the young musician made a profound impression, winning, at the same time, the affection of all. Before his father would allow him to devote himself to music as his profession, he took him to Paris to consult the then aged Cherubini. The ordeal proposed by that consummate musician to test the proficiency of the aspirant was the composition of a *Kyrie* for chorus and full orchestra, which was accomplished to the

## FAREWELL TO THE WOODS.

*Moderate Time.*

GERMAN AIR.

1. Ver - dant grove, farewell to thee, Clad in ver - nal beauty; Thine my parting  
 2. What delight to lin - ger here, 'Mid the sha - dy bowers; From the sil - ver  
 3. But the night for - bids my stay, I must leave in sor - row; To your rest, ye

song shall be, 'Tis a sa - cred du - ty; Let thy warbler's tuneful throng  
 foun - tain clear, Cull - ing fra - grant flow - ers; Would I might with garlands crowned,  
 birds, a - way, And dream of the mor - row. Fare ye well, ye sha - dy bow'rs,

Bear the echoes of my song, Far o'er hill and val - ley, Far o'er hill and valley.  
 Breathing odors sweet around, Tar - ry with thee long - er, Tar - ry with thee longer.  
 With your blooming, fragrant flow'rs, Till an - oth - er meet - ing, Till an - oth - er meeting.

perfect satisfaction of the renowned judge. Throughout the period of his celebrity, he was not only distinguished for his composition, but still more as a performer. Language was exhausted in the attempt to describe his excellence as a pianist, and the churches were invaded by crowds, who always thronged the aisles when he was expected to play on the organ. In a word, the only thing he could not do on the organ was to "play the people out." The more effectively he played the more fixed the congregation remained, and an instance is on record how once at St. Paul's cathedral, the vergers managed to check the energy of the performer by stopping the bellows of the instrument. In 1846, he completed, and himself conducted, at Birmingham, the oratorio of Elijah, the reception of which left his warmest admirers nothing

to desire, but it was in the decrees of that unsearchable Providence which often shows us the highly gifted

"—To mock our fond pursuits,  
 And teach our humbled hopes that life is vain,"  
 that this star, the cynosure of all observers, should sink to the horizon before it had reached its culminating point. The honors which accumulated upon him were oppressive to the constant sense of fatigue that possessed him. To a young friend who begged him to play after the triumphant conclusion of the Birmingham festival, he replied mournfully that he could not. The abiding shadow of the unseen world was settling upon him. In 1837, he had accepted the post of director of the concerts at Leipsic. In this city he continued to reside till his death, which happened in 1847, at the age of thirty-eight years.

SONG AND POETRY.—George Macdonald has somewhere said that every Scotchman is either himself a poet or has a brother a poet. These bards have universally turned their attention to songs. They have been inspired by the old lays with which from childhood they have been familiar, moved to add some little store to their country's wealth. Burns's longing

"To sing a sang at least,  
For puir auld Scotland's sake,"

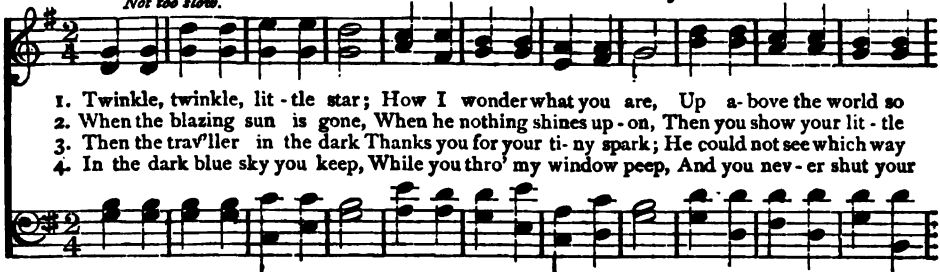
has found an echo in more Scottish hearts than almost any other feeling we could name. And who can say how much good this desire to sing has brought to the nation? It has bound the various members of the

race in an indissoluble bond. It has linked the present to the past. The songs "my mither sang" were also those which her mother and her mother's mother had sung. They were associated with the pleasant memories of generations, and they knit therefore the living to the dead, the old world to the modern. Consider also the effect such songs must have had on the taste of those who sang them. A man cannot familiarize himself with "things of beauty" without receiving into his heart a part of their beauty. If he love gallant actions, he must strive to perform such. If he venerate the kindly hospitable "ingle neuk," he will make his own fireside a happy, pleasure-giving spot.

## TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR.

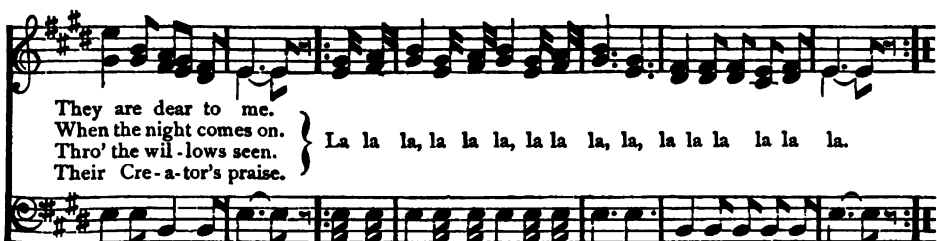
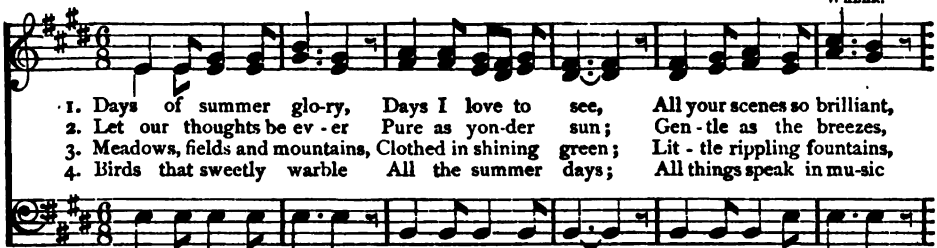
*Not too slow.*

JANE TAYLOR. FRENCH AIR.



## DAYS OF SUMMER GLORY.

WEBER.



[The "la la" does not occur in the original music, and may be omitted.]

**PYTHAGORAS.**—Pre-eminent among the sages who devoted time to music, and overshadowing them all by the depth of his views and the range of his observations, as well as by the extraordinary influence he exerted on posterity, stands Pythagoras. He was essentially a spiritualist; all outward Nature was merely the manifestation of something inappreciable by the senses. In his speculations on music, his first object was, therefore, to discover its spiritual cause; for, finding that, he felt assured that he could logically and on natural grounds demonstrate its power, define its object, and fix upon its proper position in the cosmos. The condensed result of his speculations is this: "All is number and harmony. Numbers are the guides and preservers of the harmony of the universe. They define form, order, and the laws of

things. In them is contained the real being of all things that exist. All numbers are the repetitions of the first ten. The ten spring from unity, which is therefore the origin of all things. The great number is the number four, the completion of the sacred Tetraktys; for, if added to the first three it produces ten, the limit and summation of the fundamental numbers. In the number one, the point is contained; in two, the line; in three, the superficies; but in four—the first square—is the defining of all bodies. This is therefore the root of nature. Numbers are the spiritual essence of music. What we hear in the vibrations of a material, are numbers. In the motion of the heavenly bodies we see numbers. Music and the celestial bodies are therefore closely related to each other." Then Pythagoras showed that con-

## THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

LADY NAIRN.

1. I'm wear - in' a - wa', John, Like snaw - wreaths in thaw, John; I'm  
 2. You've been leal an' true, John, Your task's end - ed noo, John; And  
 3. Our bon - nie bairn's there, John, She was baith gude an' fair, John; And  
 4. Our friends are a' gane, John, We've lang been left a - lane, John; We'll

wear - in' a - wa' To the Land o' the Leal. There's nae sorrow there, John, There's  
 I'll wel-come you To the Land o' the Leal. Then dry your tearfu' e'e, John, My  
 oh, we grudged her sair To the Land o' the Leal! But sorrow's sel' wears past, John, And  
 a' meet a - gain I' the Land o' the Leal. Then fare-ye-weel, my ain John, This

neither could nor care, John, The day's aye fair I' the Land o' the Leal.  
 soul longs to be free, John, And angels beckon me To the Land o' the Leal.  
 joys are com - in' fast, John, The joy that's aye to last I' the Land o' the Leal.  
 world's care's very vain, John, We'll meet and aye be fain I' the Land o' the Leal.

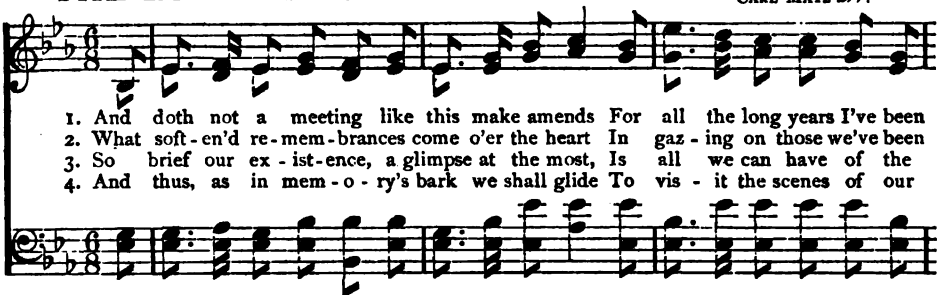
sonance is only produced by the ratios expressible in the first four numbers, which are the root of all things. The ratio of the length of strings that produce an octave is 2:1; of strings that produce a fifth, 3:2; of strings producing a fourth, 4:3. Whether he actually discovered these ratios has been doubted of late, and the discoveries attributed to the Egyptians. Thus Pythagoras succeeded in showing that it is the first four numbers which rule the consonances as well as the dimensions; and that, consequently, all things, whether seen or heard, are numbers and harmony. "Therefore," says Panakmos, a Pythagorean, "it is the business of music, not only to preside over the voice and musical instruments, but even to harmonize all things contained in the universe." God organized all Nature according to the laws of har-

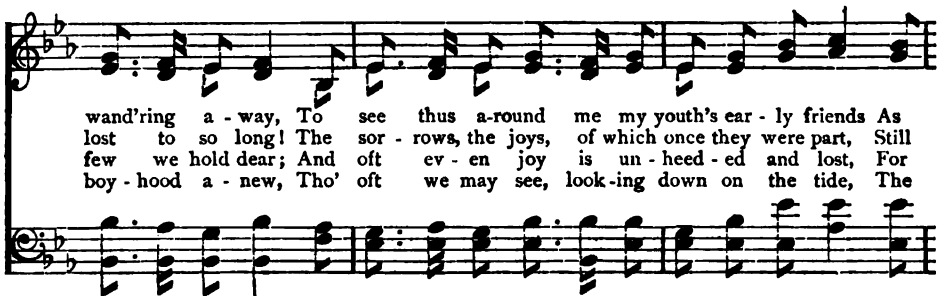
mony, was a tenet of the sect. The lyre was considered a symbol of the cosmos. The heavenly bodies were musical instruments sounding forth melodies of indescribable sublimity. The laws of harmony were the same laws that built and preserved the universe. In consequence of his sublime conception, Pythagoras enjoined the practice of music as a highly virtuous and especially meritorious habit, "for music," said he, "purifies the soul." It is not surprising that a theory, so vast, so deep, with the nimbus of a charming mysteriousness encircling it, should have retained its influence over the minds of thinking men for so many hundred years.—*Rice.*

Music is the medicine of an afflicted mind; a sweet sad measure is the balm of a wounded spirit; and joy is heightened by exultant strains.—*Henry Giles.*

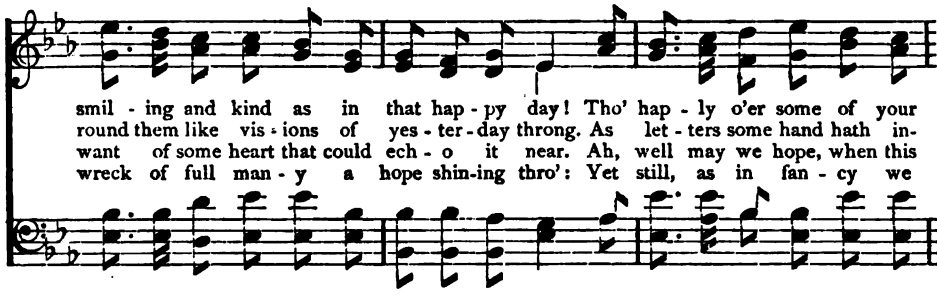
## THE LONG YEARS.

MOORE'S MELODIES.  
CARL MATZ arr.

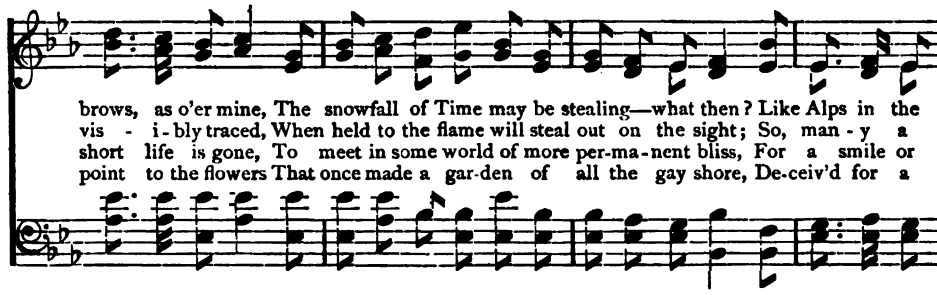
- 
1. And doth not a meeting like this make amends For all the long years I've been
  2. What soft-en'd re-mem-brances come o'er the heart In gaz-ing on those we've been
  3. So brief our ex-ist-ence, a glimpse at the most, Is all we can have of the
  4. And thus, as in mem-o-ry's bark we shall glide To vis-it the scenes of our



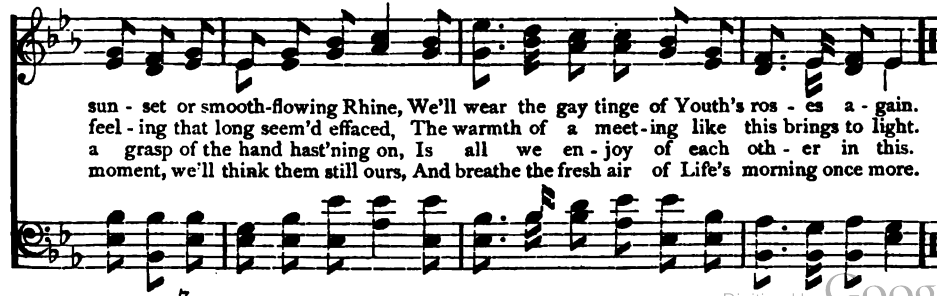
wand'ring a-way, To see thus a-round me my youth's ear-ly friends As  
lost to so long! The sor-rows, the joys, of which once they were part, Still  
few we hold dear; And oft ev-en joy is un-heed-ed and lost, For  
boy-hood a-new, Tho' oft we may see, look-ing down on the tide, The



smil-ing and kind as in that hap-py day! Tho' hap-ly o'er some of your  
round them like vis-ions of yes-ter-day throng. As let-ters some hand hath in-  
want of some heart that could ech-o it near. Ah, well may we hope, when this  
wreck of full man-y a hope shin-ing thro': Yet still, as in fan-cy we



brows, as o'er mine, The snowfall of Time may be stealing—what then? Like Alps in the  
vis-i-bly traced, When held to the flame will steal out on the sight; So, man-y a  
short life is gone, To meet in some world of more per-ma-nent bliss, For a smile or  
point to the flowers That once made a gar-den of all the gay shore, De-ceiv'd for a



sun-set or smooth-flowing Rhine, We'll wear the gay tinge of Youth's ros-es a-gain.  
feel-ing that long seem'd effaced, The warmth of a meet-ing like this brings to light.  
a grasp of the hand hast'ning on, Is all we en-joy of each oth-er in this.  
moment, we'll think them still ours, And breathe the fresh air of Life's morning once more.

**THE ROUGH MATERIAL.**—In music man does not reproduce any combination of sounds he has ever heard or could hear in the natural world, in the same sense that the painter transfers to his canvas the forms and tints he sees around him. The musicians seizes the rough element of sound and compels it to work his will, and having with infinite pains subjugated and tamed it, he is rewarded by discovering in it the most direct and perfect medium in all Nature for the ex-

pression of his emotions. The painter's art lies upon the surface of the world; its secrets are whispered by the yellow cornfields spotted with crimson fire, and the dappled purple of heather upon the hills; but the musician's art lies beneath the surface. His rough material of sound may rather be compared to the dull diamond, earth-incrusted and buried in deep mines; it simply does not exist as a brilliant, and a thing of priceless beauty, until it has been refined and made

## HO, HO, VACATION DAYS ARE HERE.

*Steady Time.*

J. C. JOHNSON.

1. Ho, ho, va - ca - tion days are here, Tra la, tra la, tra la!  
 2. Ho, ho, the hill, the wood, the dale, Tra la, tra la, tra la!  
 3. Ho, ho, ye song-sters of the shade, Tra la, tra la, tra la!  
 4. Ho, ho, the hours will quick - ly fly, Tra la, tra la, tra la!

We wel - come them with right good cheer, Tra la, tra la, tra la!  
 The lake on which we used to sail, Tra la, tra la, tra la!  
 A mer - ry troop your haunts in - vade, Tra la, tra la, tra la!  
 And soon va - ca - tion time be by, Tra la, tra la, tra la!

In wis - dom's halls we love to be, But yet 'tis pleasant to be free.  
 We greet them all with right good cheer, In thought unchanged a - gain we're here.  
 Be - ware, our songs of mer - ry glee, Shall fright ye from the greenwood tree.  
 Ah, then we'll all, in glad re - frain, Sing wel - come to our school a - gain,

Ho, ho, va - ca - tion days are here, Tra la, tra la, tra la!  
 Ho, ho, the hill, the wood, the dale, Tra la, tra la, tra la!  
 Ho, ho, ye songsters of the shade, Tra la, tra la, tra la!  
 Ho, ho, the hours will quick - ly fly, Tra la, tra la, tra la!

luminous by deliberate arrangement of glittering facets set in the splendor of chaste gold.—*Haweis.*

**EARLY DEAD.**—In his early death Mendelssohn strikingly resembles Mozart, of whom it cannot be said that he died prematurely. His faculty was developed with amazing rapidity: and from the very early age at which he began to hold a place in public esteem his artistic life was by no means short. Although a

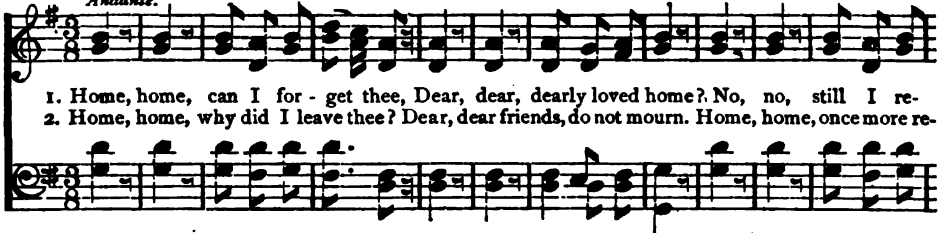
painful apprehension to the contrary embittered his last days, yet he lived long enough for fame. Not so Mendelssohn. However extended his mortal span might have been, his fine talent would have continued, in all probability, to unfold and discover fresh beauties as long as his natural faculties were perfect. He died in his thirty-six year, in the period of full promise, withered in the very spring-time of his genius.

BEETHOVEN, born at Bonn, 1770, was equally great in his intellect and his affections. How deep and tender was that noble heart those know who have read his letters to his abandoned nephew whom he commits so earnestly to "God's holy keeping." There is no stain upon his life. His integrity spotless, his purity unblemished, his generosity boundless, his affections deep and lasting, his piety simple and sincere. "To-

day happens to be Sunday," he writes to a friend in the most unaffected way, "so I will quote you something from the Bible: "See that ye love one another." Beethoven was not only severely moral and deeply religious, but he has this further claim to the admiration and respect of the musical world, that his ideal of art was the highest, and that he was true to his ideal, utterly and disinterestedly true to the end.—*Haweis.*

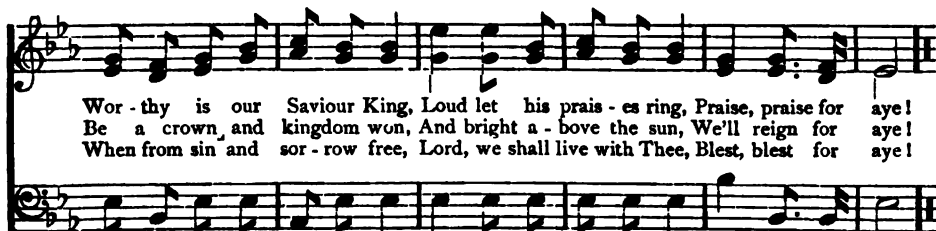
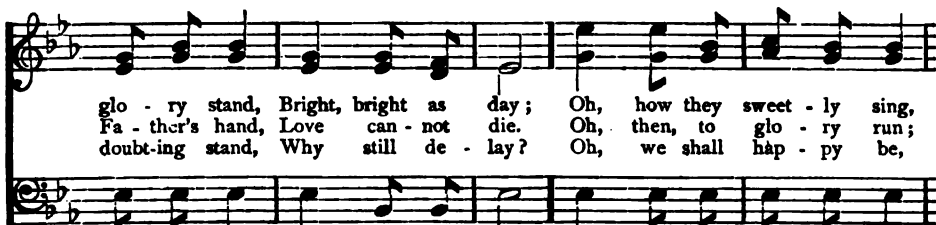
## HOME, HOME, CAN I FORGET THEE?

GERMAN MELODY.

*Andante.*

## THERE IS A HAPPY LAND.

HINDOO MELODY.



MODERN MUSIC.—Music as distinguished from the various rude attempts of the past, is only about four hundred years old. Modern music which is alone worthy of the name, is, in fact, the youngest of the arts, and stands at present in a correspondingly unfavorable position; for while it has been brought to the highest perfection, the secret of its power is almost wholly unexplored; and as long as this is the case, music must continue to be ranked last among the fine

arts. But the day is at hand when the veil of the prophetic will be lifted. Already in Germany, the land of thought, music has been adopted as the national art, as painting was once in Italy and sculpture in Greece. Already the names of Beethoven and Mozart are spoken through the civilized world in the same breath with those of Phidias and Michael Angelo; and the time is probably not far distant when music will stand revealed perchance as the mightiest

## OVER THE WATER TO CHARLIE.

*Animation.*

SCOTCH SONG.

1. Come, boat me o'er, come, row me o'er, Come, boat me o'er to Char-lie; I'll  
 2. I vow by moon and stars sae bright, And sun that glances ear-ly, If  
 3. I once had sons, I now hae nane; I bred them toil-ing sair-ly; And

gie John Ross an-oth-er baw-bee To fer-ry me o'er to Char-lie.  
 I had twen-ty thou-sand lives I'd risk them a' for Char-lie.  
 I wad gie them a' a-gain, And lose them a' for Char-lie.

*Chorus.*

We'll o'er the water and o'er the sea, We'll o'er the water to Char-lie; Come

weal, come woe, we'll gath-er and go, And live and die wi' Char-lie.

of the arts, certainly as the art peculiarly representative of our modern world, with its intense life, complex civilization, and feverish self-consciousness.—*Haweis.*

THE title "Songs without Words," which Mendelssohn has given to his six books of musical idyls, is full of delicate railery, aimed good-humoredly at the non-musical world. "A song without words!" What an idea! How can such a song be possible?" cries one. "What more perfect song could be im-

agined?" exclaims another. If we are to have words to songs, let us subordinate the thought to the emotion. The best words to music are those which contain the fewest number of thoughts and the greatest number of emotions. Such are the shorter poems of Goethe, of Heine, and as a consequence, it is notorious that Beethoven, Schubert Mendelssohn, and Schumann, among them, have, with pardonable avidity, set to music almost all their precious lyrics.—*Haweis.*

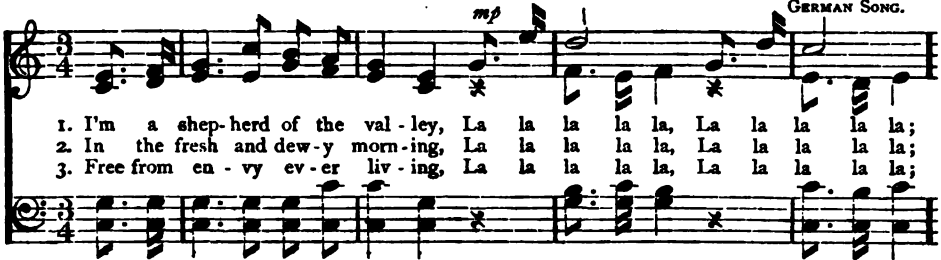
**THE MELODY.**—A choir of twenty or thirty singers concentrating their vocal energies mainly upon the melody, and singing with clear, distinct articulation, with bold, commanding tone, and with firm, steady movement, may set before the congregation such a plain and inviting path of song, and inspire with such confidence all who have ability to sing, that the result will be a successful, and even admirable illustration of the people's chorus. A hundred

little rivulets, no one of which could find its way to the sea alone, may join the river that passes near them, and be wafted safely to the ocean; but the stream that conveys them owes much of its grandeur to these little tributaries. In the production of this great, melodic chorus, a strong lead of men's voices upon the "air" is indispensable. Men's voices are valuable for dignity and impressiveness; but in the chorus of which we speak, their chief value is their strength.—*Furber.*

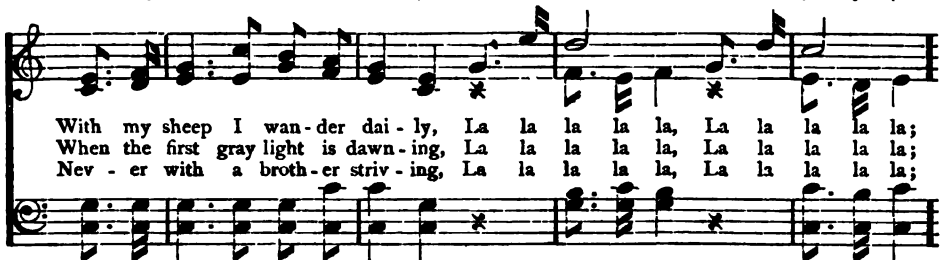
## I'M A SHEPHERD OF THE VALLEY.

GERMAN SONG.

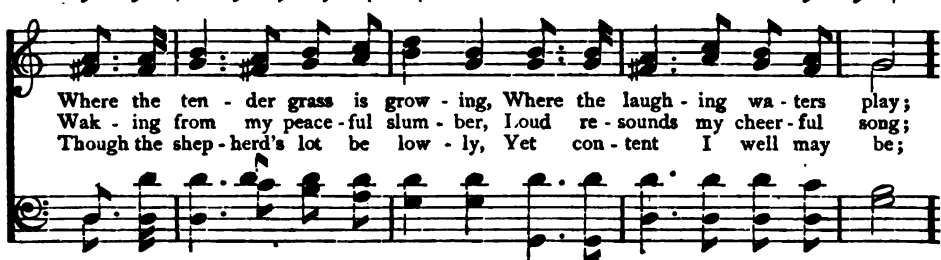
*mp*



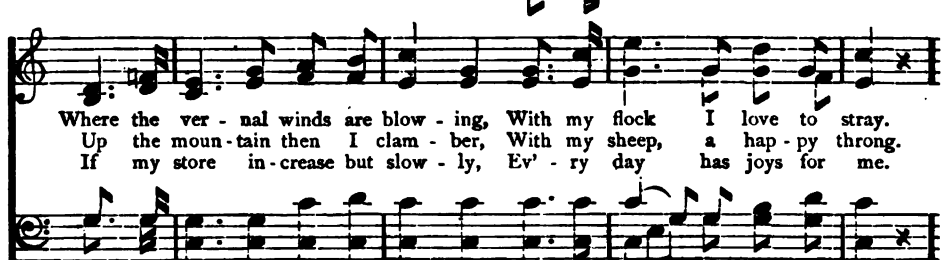
1. I'm a shep-herd of the val-ley, La la la la la, La la la la la;  
 2. In the fresh and dew-y morn-ing, La la la la la, La la la la la;  
 3. Free from en-vy ev-er liv-ing, La la la la la, La la la la la;



With my sheep I wan-der dai-ly, La la la la la, La la la la la;  
 When the first gray light is dawn-ing, La la la la la, La la la la la;  
 Nev-er with a broth-er striv-ing, La la la la la, La la la la la;

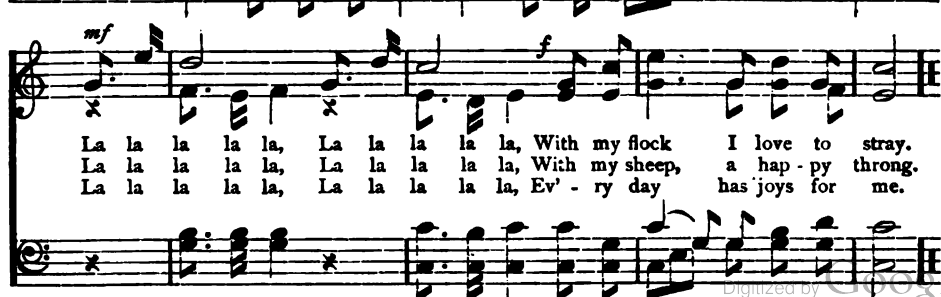


Where the ten-der grass is grow-ing, Where the laugh-ing wa-ters play;  
 Wak-ing from my peace-ful slum-ber, Loud re-sounds my cheer-ful song;  
 Though the shep-herd's lot be low-ly, Yet con-tent I well may be;



Where the ver-nal winds are blow-ing, With my flock I love to stray.  
 Up the moun-tain then I clam-ber, With my sheep, a hap-py throng.  
 If my store in-crease but slow-ly, Ev'-ry day has joys for me.

*mf*



La la la la la, La la la la la, With my flock I love to stray.  
 La la la la la, La la la la la, With my sheep, a hap-py throng.  
 La la la la la, La la la la la, Ev'-ry day has joys for me.

GLUCK, Christopher, the son of a forester in the Upper Palatinate, was born in 1714. Early in his childhood his family removed into Bohemia, where the father died, leaving his son still under age, and without either education or fortune. Nature, however, had in a great measure compensated young Gluck for these deficiencies by endowing him with musical talents of the first order. This natural taste for music is common in Bohemia, where the rural population, as well as the inhabitants of towns, may be heard singing in parts and playing on various instruments in the fields or streets, and in groups consisting of men, women, and children. Young Gluck, with very little instruction, soon became so remark-

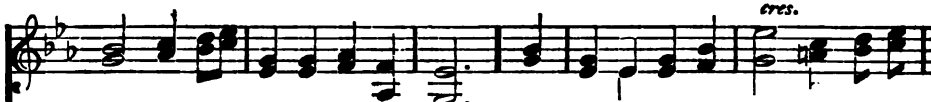
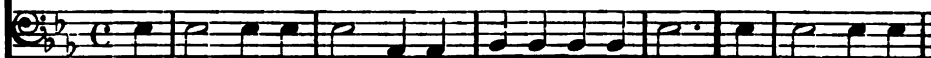
able for his skill on various instruments that he determined on journeying from town to town to procure a livelihood as an itinerant musician. At length he wandered as far as Vienna, where his talents met with sufficient encouragement to enable him to obtain some little instruction, both in general education and in the principles of his favorite science. In 1741, after having done much of less importance in music, he composed a grand opera for the theatre of Milan. In this composition Gluck depended entirely on his own genius, without asking the advice of any one, and by so doing he avoided the usual routine of other composers. In fact, expression seemed to be his principal study, whilst he disregarded the dictates

## THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND.

MRS. JORDAN.



1. Oh, where! and oh, where! is your Highland lad-die gone? Oh, where! and oh,
2. Oh, where! and oh, where! does your Highland lad-die dwell? Oh, where! and oh,
3. What clothes, in what clothes is your Highland lad-die clad? What clothes, in what
4. Sup - pose, and sup - pose that your Highland lad should die? Sup - pose, and sup-



where! is your Highland lad-die gone? He's gone to fight the foe, for King  
 where! does your Highland lad-die dwell? He dwelt in mer-ry Scot-land at the  
 clothes is your Highland lad-die clad? His bon-net's Sax-on green, and his  
 pose that your Highland lad should die? The bagpipes shall play over him, I'd



George up-on the throne; And it's oh! in my heart, how I wish him safe at home!  
 sign of the Blue Bell; And it's oh! in my heart that I love my lad-die well.  
 waist-coat of the plaid; And it's oh! in my heart that I love my Highland lad.  
 lay me down and cry; And it's oh! in my heart that I wish he may not die.



of usage and fashion. This opera so established his fame that he immediately received orders to compose for several of the principal managers in Italy. Almost all these works were successful, and placed him in the front rank of his profession. He soon felt that those beautiful melodies on which the Italians chiefly relied for the success of their vocal compositions were in themselves capable only of pleasing the ear and could never reach the heart. When spoken of concerning the pathos of certain celebrated Italian airs, he replied: "They are charming, but," adopting an energetic Italian expression, "they do not draw blood." In opera he was the greatest musical genius of his time, taking with ease and by common

consent, the first place among the composers of Europe. Burney has characterized him in a single phrase when he calls him "the Michael Angelo of music." He died in 1787, aged seventy-three years.

It is a pretty thought of an American authoress, and one worthy of being acted on, that children should be early led to the habit of observing the sky in its perpetual change of beauty. What an exquisite touch does Bulwer give to the description of one of the heroes in his best work, when he says that Leonard's eyes had in them the look of having gazed much at Heaven!

GOD knows what keys in the human soul to touch, in order to draw out its sweetest and most perfect harmonies, whether minor strains or loftier notes of gladness.

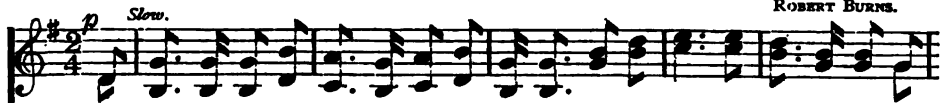


**ORIENTAL MUSIC.**—The music of the ancient Egyptians has survived by tradition, as has also their language—many of the words and phrases which are carved in phonetic hieroglyphics still being heard in the mouths of the Copts, and even borrowed by their Arab conquerors. Hebrew music could have no other source than from the music of Egypt. The present practitioners of music in the East have no musical notation, and even express astonishment at the idea of musical notes being represented on paper. They are ignorant, and their profession is held in much discredit. The use of music is forbidden by the Koran, although, as if in defiance of its own precept, the Koran itself is chanted. The history of Arabian

music has its marvels and its miracles, like that of all ancient nations. Such is the enthusiasm of the nations of the East for music, that, to give an idea of its power, they have all had recourse to fiction—yet the profession of musician is considered disgraceful amongst the Arabs. Eminent musicians have seized with avidity every opportunity of endeavoring to make themselves practically and experimentally acquainted with the insurmountable difficulties of the Eastern music, and have labored, without much success, to represent it by the intervals of our scale. The singularity of their music consists principally in this, that each note is divided into three parts: that is, the progression is by intervals equal each to about

## AULD LANG SYNE.

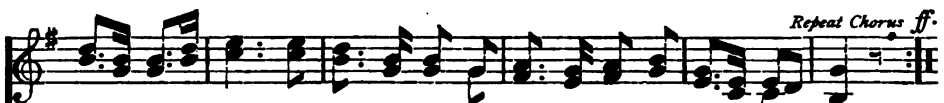
ROBERT BURNS.



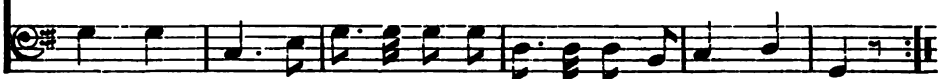
1. Should auld acquaintance be forgot, And never brought to mind? Should auld acquaintance
2. We twa ha'e run a - boot the braes, And pu'd the gowans fine; But we've wander'd mony a
3. We twa ha'e sported i' the burn Frae mornin' sun till dine, But seas between us
4. And here's a hand, my trusty frien', And gie's a hand o' thine; We'll tak' a cup o'



be for-got, And days of auld lang syne?  
wea - ry foot Sin' auld lang syne.  
braid ha'e roared Sin' auld lang syne.  
kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne. } For auld lang syne, my dear, For



auld lang syne; We'll tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet For auld lang syne.



one-third of a diatonic interval in our scale, so that the octave contains eighteen notes instead of thirteen. The running up their scale has no other effect upon a western ear than that of a slide of the voice, or such an effect as is produced by sliding the finger along a violin string. M. Fétis speaks of the music of the Arabs as the most singular, the least rational, which exists in respect to the formation of the musical scale. A French musician, he tells us, discovered that the disagreeable sensation which he experienced from the song of an Arab proceeded from this cause, namely, that the division of the scale of sounds had no analogy with that to which he was accustomed. This scale, so singular and eccentric to us, so natural to the

ear of the inhabitants of a great part of Africa and Asia, is divided into thirds of tones, in such a manner that instead of containing the usual sounds in the extent of an octave, it admits eighteen. It is certain that these people have no idea of harmony; they know nothing whatever beyond the rude melody. "I knew in Paris," says the writer just quoted, "an Arab who was passionately fond of the Marseillaise, and who often asked me to play that air for him on the piano; but when I attempted to play it with its harmony, he stopped my left hand and said, 'No, not that air; only the other;' my bass was to his ear a second air, which prevented his hearing the Marseillaise. Such is the effect of education on the organs of sense."—Moore.

## THE DEADLY CUP.

*Spirited.*

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY.

1. The dead-ly cup while oth-ers drink, We'll never, nev-er taste it; It lures us on to  
2. We'll never take God's name in vain, And never will pro-fane it; The virtuous heart shall

ru - in's brink, And thousands have confessed it: Come, boys and girls, the pledge we'll sign, Be  
ne'er complain Our oaths a - larm and pain it: No words profane our lips shall move, No

temp'rance sons and daughters; We'll banish brandy, rum, and wine, And drink the crystal waters.  
words obscene defile them; And swearers we'll entreat in love, And pray for, not revile them.

3. We'll never use the filthy weed  
We taste at first with loathing,  
Which pales the cheek all blooming red,  
And scents the breath and clothing:  
If we beneath its power should fall,  
'Twill prove a cruel master,  
Around us throw its iron thrall  
And bind the captive faster.

4. Then come, a war we'll nobly wage  
With all that would degrade us;  
The foe may meet us in his rage,  
But God will surely aid us:  
No tyrant habit e'er shall sit  
Enthroned and crowned within us;  
True life these things but ill befit,  
'Tis love divine shall win us.

## THOSE EVENING BELLS.

*Moderate Time.*

FINE.

1. Those eve - ning bells! Those evening bells! How many a tale their mu - sic tells, Of  
2. Those joy - ous hours have passed a - way; And many a heart that then was gay, With-  
3. And so 'twill be when I am gone; That tune-ful peal will still ring on, While

youth and home, and that sweet time, When last I heard their sooth - ing chime.  
in the tomb now dark - ly dwells, And hears no more those eve - ning bells.  
oth - er bards shall walk these dells, And sing your praise, sweet eve - ning bells;

D.C.

EGYPTIAN.—The Egyptians compared the seven tones of the diatonic scale to the seven planets. They originated the sublime idea—which subsequently pervaded all antiquity, the Middle Ages, and has even left its traces in recent times—the idea of the harmony of the spheres. Music was no longer merely a manifestation of terrestrial forces, or symbolical of terrestrial governments—it came to be considered a manifestation of the celestial, of the spirit which regulates the universe. Harmony was no longer restricted to earth—it came to be the ruling principle of all Nature. The gods were the means through which the knowledge of music was imparted to man. Osiris invented the flute; Isis, the sacred songs; Thot was teacher of the science of harmony, and of the nature of tones as well as of the system of con-

stellations. Their instruments, as very many paintings and monuments attest, were numerous and remarkable in construction. Of the details of their system we have, however, but a sparse account. All we know is, that the seven tones of the scale are manifestations of the principle which produced their seven planets, Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, the Sun, and the Moon; and that the ratio between the lowest tone and the highest was the same as between Saturn, the most distant planet, and the Moon, the nearest. Yet as they were good mathematicians, and, in fact, the inventors of geometry, it is highly probable that they were the discoverers of the mathematical properties of music, that they found the laws which refer pitch to the length and weight of the material. This supposition is strengthened

## HOW CAN I LEAVE THEE.

THURINGIAN POPULAR AIR.

*Moderato.*  $\wedge$

1. How can I leave thee! How can I from thee part! Thou on - ly  
 2. Blue is a flow - ret Called the "For - get - me - not," Wear it up -  
 3. Would I a bird were! Soon at thy side to be, Fal - con nor

hast my heart, Sis - ter, be - lieve. Thou hast this soul of mine,  
 on thy heart, And think of me! Flow - ret and hope may die,  
 hawk would fear, Speed - ing to thee. When by the fow - ler slain,

So close - ly bound to thine, No oth - er can I love, Save thee a - lone!  
 Yet love with us shall stay, That can - not pass a - way, Sis - ter, be - lieve.  
 I at thy feet should lie, Thou sadly shouldst complain, Joy - ful I'd die!

by the well-known fact that Pythagoras was for twenty-two years a member of the college of priests at Thebes. That, at all events, their systems and theories of music must have occupied a considerable portion of their studies can hardly be doubted. Among their sacred books, amounting in all to forty-two, two entire ones are devoted to music. The Egyptians were probably the first hymn-writers, and formed the models of all hymns of future times, whether Hebrew or Greek. Moses, as well as Pythagoras, was an Egyptian priest. The question whether the Egyptians were, after all, not indebted to the Chaldeans for their ideas of music, is still open. That the Chaldeans were still older astronomers is, I believe, admitted. Ancient Chaldean history is,

however, so shrouded in mystery that it is hazardous to form a conjecture. It is possible that the Chaldeans, who were the great magicians of their time, and who attributed magical power to the number seven, may have been the first to notice the relation between the seven in music and in ancient astronomy. Still, without stronger proofs, we should not dispute the claim of the Egyptians to priority.—*Rica.*

PLAYING accompaniments for solos properly is not a very easy thing to do. Thousands, otherwise able musicians, fail herein. Some know not how to follow the player or singer; others play unduly loud, as if—which is a grave error—the accompaniment were the most important part. It requires good training and much skill to play accompaniments well.—*Hints.*

## TWILIGHT IS FALLING.

A. S. KRIFFER. B. C. UNSELD.  
FROM "TEMPLE STAR."*Expression.*

1. Twi-light is steal-ing O-ver the sea; Shad-ows are fall-ing Dark on the lea;  
2. Voic-es of lov'd ones! Songs of the past! Still lin-ger round me, While life shall last;  
3. Come in the twi-light, Come, come to me! Bring-ing some mes-sage, O-ver the sea,

Borne on the night winds, Voi-ces of yore, Come from the far-off shore.  
Lone-ly I wan-der, Sad-ly I roam, Seek-ing that far-off home.  
Cheer-ing my path-way, While here I roam, Seek-ing that far-off home.

For Cho. Gleameth a man-sion fill'd with de-light, Sweet, hap-py home so bright.

CHORUS. D.S.

Far a-way be-yond the star-lit skies, Where the love-light nev-er, nev-er dies,

## THE LORD'S PRAYER.

MRS. S. J. HALE.

1. Our Fa-ther in Hea-ven, we hal-low Thy name; May Thy Kingdom, all  
2. For-give our trans-gres-sions, and teach us to know That hum-ble com-

ho-ly, on earth be the same: O give to us dai-ly our  
pas-sion that par-dons each foe: Save us from temp-ta-tion, from

por-tion of bread; It is from Thy boun-ty that all must be fed.  
weakness and sin; And Thine be the glo-ry, for-ev-er A-MEN.

**EARLY VOCAL TRAINING.**—It is a good sign of the times that the study of music is slowly creeping into our schools, and being recognized by teachers and school committees. Still, the movement in this direction is halting and feeble. The cultivation of singing among children will, it is believed, insure a rich, resonant chest-tone, will break the shrill head-tone, will banish the nasal twang, and make our national speech melodious. To do this implies, of course, that the exercise of singing shall not be crowded into a mere fraction of a school session, but that, like reading and spelling, it be brought into the front and made honorable. Practical men can understand the advantage of this; men who do not care for music can see this thing as clearly as the best trained musi-

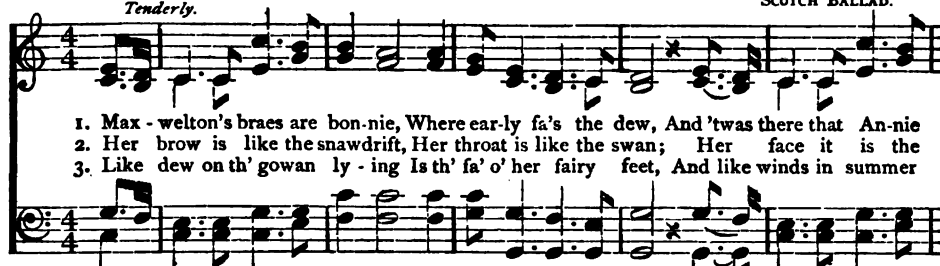
cians; and we ask them to think of it and act upon it. Another point: All children sing. They sing almost as surely as they talk. The want of "ear" may make here and there an exception, but it will be so rarely found that it need not be estimated. Not all adults sing, can sing, or can be taught to sing. Disuse of the vocal chords in childhood will, doubtless, incapacitate an adult for singing, and his throat will be like a withered arm, beyond recovery for actual use.

**MEMORY.**—The sight of a faded flower pressed in a book brings back, with a little shock of feeling, the hand that gathered it, or the distant hills upon which it once bloomed years ago. The touch of satin or fine hair is also capable of reviving the recollection of scenes, and places, and persons. But for

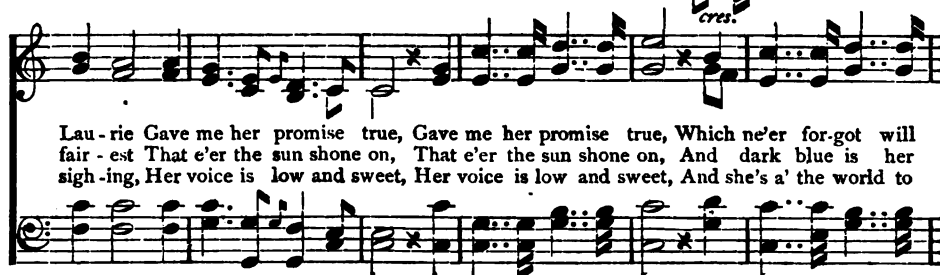
## ANNIE LAURIE.

*Tenderly.*

SCOTCH BALLAD.



1. Max - welton's braes are bon-nie, Where ear-ly fa's the dew, And 'twas there that An-nie  
2. Her brow is like the snawdrift, Her throat is like the swan; Her face it is the  
3. Like dew on th' gowan ly - ing Is th' fa' o' her fairy feet, And like winds in summer



Lau-rie Gave me her promise true, Gave me her promise true, Which ne'er for-got will  
fair - est That e'er the sun shone on, That e'er the sun shone on, And dark blue is her  
sigh-ing, Her voice is low and sweet, Her voice is low and sweet, And she's a' the world to



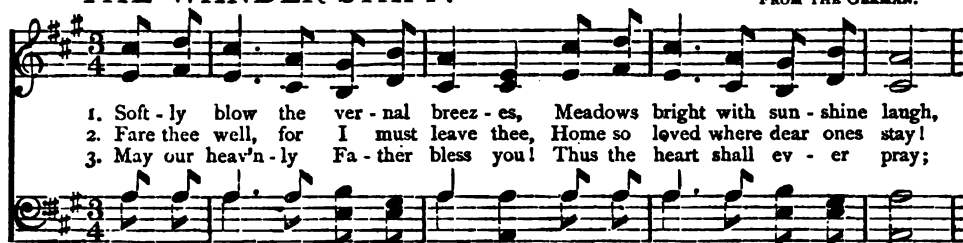
be,  
e'e, } And for bon-nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay me down and dee.  
me,

freshness, and suddenness, and power over memory, all the senses must yield to the sense of hearing. When memory is concerned, music is no longer itself; it ceases to have any proper plane of feeling; it surrenders itself wholly, with all its rights, to memory, to be the patient, stern and terrible exponent of that recording angel. What is it? Only a few trivial bars of an old piano-forte piece, "Murmures du Rhone" or "Pluie des Perles." The drawing-room window is open, the children are playing on the lawn, the warm morning air is charged with the scent of the lilac blossoms. Then the ring at the bell, the confusion in the hall. The girl at the piano stops, and one is lifted in dying or dead. Years, years ago! but passing

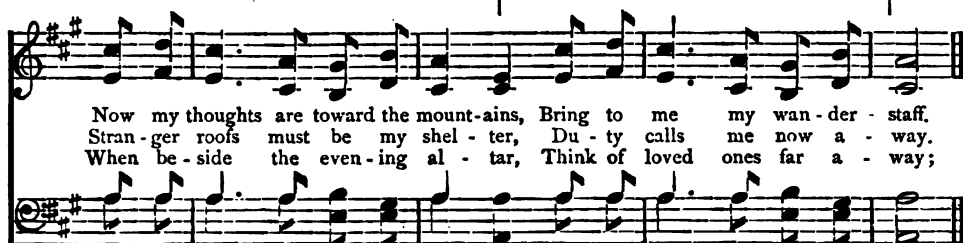
through the streets, a bar or two of the "Murmures du Rhone" brings the whole scene up before the girl, now no longer a girl but a middle-aged woman looking back to one fatal summer morning. The enthusiastic old men, who invariably turned up when Madame Grisi was advertised to sing in her last days, seemed always deeply affected. Yet it could hardly be at what they actually heard—no, the few notes recalled the most superb soprano of the age in her best days; recalled also the scenes of youth quenched in the grey mists of the dull, declining years. It was worth any money to hear even the hollow echo of a voice which had power to bring back, if only for a moment, the "tender grace of a day that was dead."—*Haweis.*

## THE WANDER-STAFF.

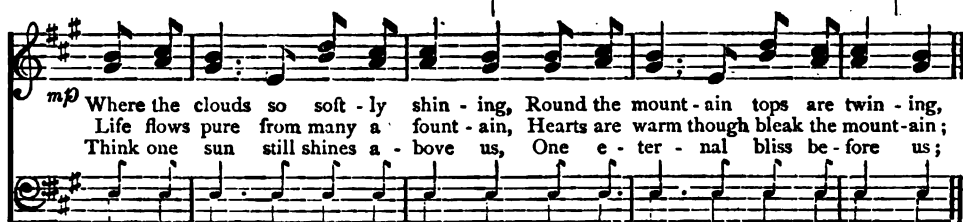
FROM THE GERMAN.



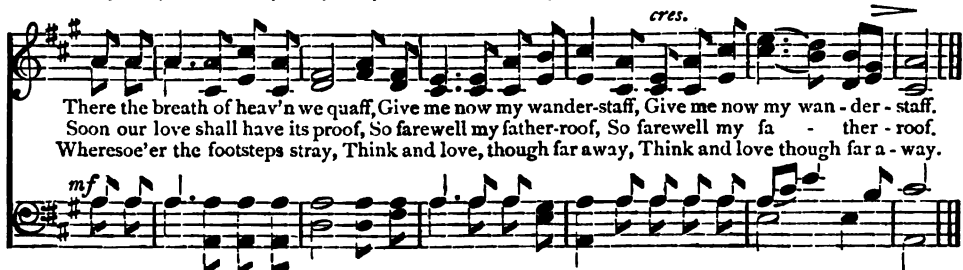
1. Soft - ly blow the ver - nal breez - es, Meadows bright with sun - shine laugh,  
 2. Fare thee well, for I must leave thee, Home so loved where dear ones stay!  
 3. May our heav'n - ly Fa - ther bless you! Thus the heart shall ev - er pray;



Now my thoughts are toward the mount - ains, Bring to me my wan - der - staff.  
 Stran - ger roofs must be my shel - ter, Du - ty calls me now a - way.  
 When be - side the even - ing al - tar, Think of loved ones far a - way;



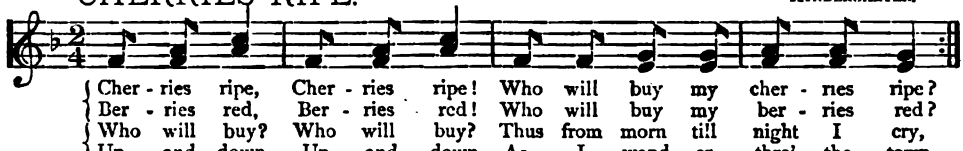
*mp* Where the clouds so soft - ly shin - ing, Round the mount - ain tops are twin - ing,  
 Life flows pure from many a fount - ain, Hearts are warm though bleak the mount - ain;  
 Think one sun still shines a - bove us, One e - ter - nal bliss be - fore us;



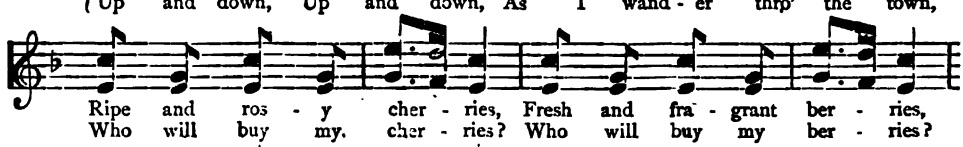
*cres.*  
 There the breath of heav'n we quaff, Give me now my wander-staff, Give me now my wan - der - staff.  
 Soon our love shall have its proof, So farewell my father-roof, So farewell my fa - ther - roof.  
 Whereoe'er the footsteps stray, Think and love, though far away, Think and love though far a - way.  
*mf*

## CHERRIES RIPE.


KINDERGARTEN.



{ Cher - ries ripe, Cher - ries ripe! Who will buy my cher - ries ripe?  
 { Ber - ries red, Ber - ries red! Who will buy my ber - ries red?  
 { Who will buy? Who will buy? Thus from morn till night I cry,  
 { Up and down, Up and down, As I wand - er thrp' the town,



Ripe and ros - y cher - ries, Fresh and fra - grant ber - ries,  
 Who will buy my cher - ries? Who will buy my ber - ries?



Buy and eat, all so sweet, Ber - ries red! Cher - ries ripe;  
 Buy and eat, all so sweet, Ber - ries red! Cher - ries ripe;



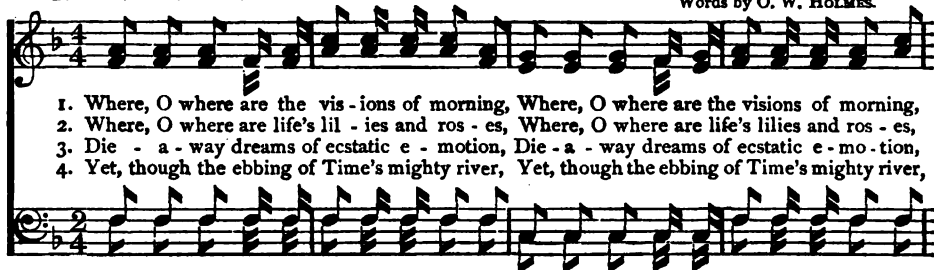
Ver - y fresh and ver - y cheap, Ver - y fresh and ver - y cheap.

MUSIC refines the taste and purifies the heart. It soothes in sorrow, tranquilizes in passion, and wears away the irritabilities of life. It intensifies love, and makes the altar of our devotion burn with a purer, holier flame. In the still twilight hour, when sweet, sad memories go back upon the distant past, who does not know that the soul drinks more deeply in of the saddening sweetness when it breaks out in the soft,

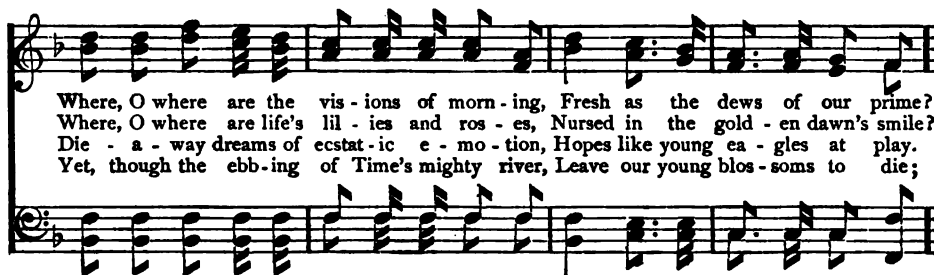
low notes of song, or the fingers instinctively sweep through diapasons almost ravishing? And then when tedious disease has dampened the fires of life, has removed its gilding and written "vanity" on all things earthly; when wealth, fame, and worldly honor, are felt to be nothing,—music renders the burden of sickness light, and makes us all oblivious of pain and suffering. For these reasons, that parent has been

## THE VISIONS OF MORNING.

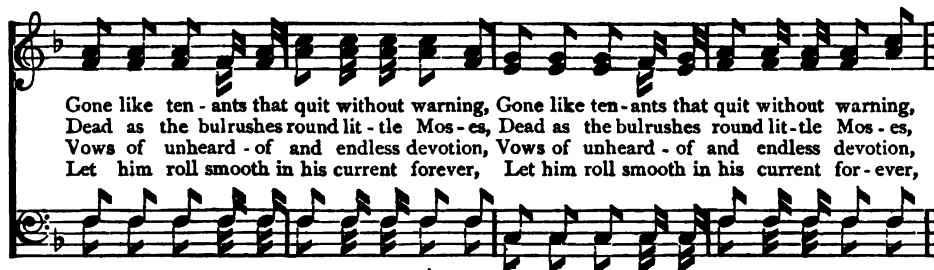
HARVARD CLASS SONG OF 1829.  
Words by O. W. HOLMES.



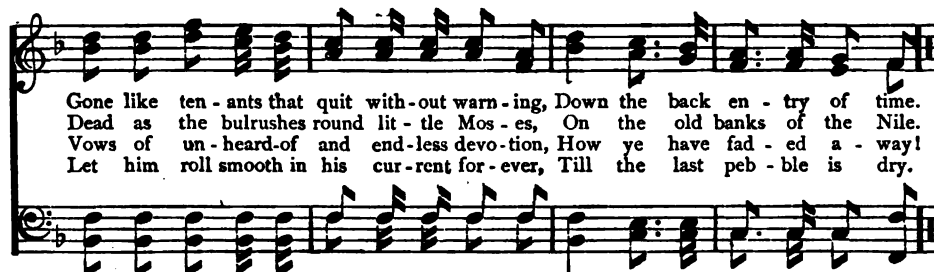
1. Where, O where are the vis - ions of morning, Where, O where are the visions of morning,  
2. Where, O where are life's lil - ies and ros - es, Where, O where are life's lilies and ros - es,  
3. Die - a - way dreams of ecstatic e - motion, Die - a - way dreams of ecstatic e - mo - tion,  
4. Yet, though the ebbing of Time's mighty river, Yet, though the ebbing of Time's mighty river,



Where, O where are the vis - ions of morn - ing, Fresh as the dews of our prime?  
Where, O where are life's lil - ies and ros - es, Nursed in the gold - en dawn's smile?  
Die - a - way dreams of ecstat - ic e - mo - tion, Hopes like young ea - gles at play.  
Yet, though the ebb - ing of Time's mighty river, Leave our young blos - soms to die;



Gone like ten - ants that quit without warning, Gone like ten - ants that quit without warning,  
Dead as the bulrushes round lit - tle Mos - es, Dead as the bulrushes round lit - tle Mos - es,  
Vows of unheard - of and endless devotion, Vows of unheard - of and endless devotion,  
Let him roll smooth in his current forever, Let him roll smooth in his current for - ever,



Gone like ten - ants that quit with - out warn - ing, Down the back en - try of time.  
Dead as the bulrushes round lit - tle Mos - es, On the old banks of the Nile.  
Vows of un - heard - of and end - less devo - tion, How ye have fad - ed a - way!  
Let him roll smooth in his cur - rent for - ever, Till the last peb - ble is dry.

strangely forgetful of one of the highest of all obligations, who fails to afford his children, while yet young, all the facilities in his power for fostering and cultivating whatever taste for music they possess; for in after-life, and through all its vicissitudes, those who practice it, in the love of it, when young, will find in its exercise a happy escapade in seasons of

boisterous mirth, and thus increase the joy; in times of despondency, its expression will give encouragement; when difficulties oppose, it will inspire strength to overcome them; and when clouds of trouble gather above, shutting out the blue skies of life, music can penetrate even Egyptian darkness, and let in upon the almost broken heart the sunshine of hope and joy.

"Op."—We have often been asked about the "op." which appears on music, especially such as is printed in Europe. One young lady wondered whether the composer had written as many operas as the number indicated. What a number of operas some men would be the authors of, and how much greater their names would be, if this were the meaning! "Op." is

an abbreviation of the word "*Opus* (Latin), meaning "work." "*Op. 1*," thus means "1st work," indicating that it is the composer's first composition. In Europe, music is nearly always ordered by giving the number of the *Opus*, very seldom, as in this country, by giving the name of the piece. Thus we would order Beethoven, op. 13, meaning his Sonata Pathétique.—*Mers.*

## WHAT I LOVE AND HATE.

CHAS. MACKAY.

1. I love the song of birds, And the children's ear-ly words, And a  
2. I love the mead-ow flowers, And the bri-er in the bowers, And I  
lov-ing wo-man's voice, low and sweet, John Brown; And I  
love an o-pen face with-out guile, John Brown: And I  
hate a false pre-tence, And the want of com-mon sense, And  
hate a self-ish knave, And a proud, con-ceit-ed slave, And a  
ar-ro-gance, and fawn-ing and de-ceil, John Brown.  
lout who'd rath-er bor-row than he'd toil, John Brown.

I love a simple song,  
That awakes emotion strong,  
And the word of hope that raises him who faints,  
John Brown;  
And I hate the constant whine,  
Of the foolish who repine,  
And turn their good to evil by complaints,  
John Brown.

But ever when I hate,  
If I seek my garden gate  
And survey the world around me and above,  
John Brown;  
The hatred flies my mind,  
And I sigh for human kind,  
And excuse the faults of those I cannot love,  
John Brown.

So, if you like my ways,  
And the comfort of my days,  
I can tell you how I live so unvexed,  
John Brown;  
I never scorn my health,  
Nor sell my soul for wealth,  
Nor destroy one day the pleasure of the next,  
John Brown.

I've parted with my pride,  
And I take the sunny side,  
For I've found it worse than folly to be sad  
John Brown;  
I keep a conscience clear,  
I've a hundred pounds a year.  
And I manage to exist and to be glad,  
John Brown.

ABOUT the worst use a congregation can make of a choir is to leave it to do the singing for the people. To say nothing of human worship by proxy, the congregation which leaves the choir to do all the singing misses many advantages. Yet this is too often the case, and in some quarters increasingly so. In too many places of worship the work of the choir is becoming a separate and independent performance, and the body of the congregation look on with indifference or listen with interest, as the case may be. You may call it a Sunday concert in the House of God, but never call it congregational worship when the people pay little heed to the singing, and take little personal part in it. Either the congregations should take more part and interest in the vocal worship, or leave it to the choir altogether, merely following them, programme in hand, as at an oratorio. Few congregations are prepared for such a decision as would exclude them altogether from the singing part of worship except as listeners. Then, if they would not give up their right to sing, let them show their appreciation of the privilege by more skillful and hearty singing. Good congregational singing is not to be had without toil and cost. If it could come by merely wishing for it, then many congregations would sing much better than they do. They need to inform themselves what really is good congregational singing, and then lay themselves out for it accordingly. A

## WHAT FAIRY-LIKE MUSIC.

DE PINNA.

*p* *Grassoso.*

1. What fai - ry - like mu - sic steals o - ver the sea, En - tran - cing the  
2. The winds are all hush'd, and the wa - ters at rest; They sleep like the

sen - ses with charm'd mel - o - dy? 'Tis the voice of the mer - maid, that floats o'er the  
passions in in - fan - cy's breast; Till storm's shall un - chain them from out their dark

main, As she min - gles her song with the gon - do - lier's strain! 'Tis the voice of the  
cave, And break the re - pose of the shore and the wave. Till storms shall un -

mermaid, that floats o'er the main, As she mingles her song with the gon - do - lier's strain.  
chain them from out their dark cave, And break the re - pose of the shore and the wave.

minister cannot from the pulpit give much advice about singing; still less can he go into the details of art criticism. A few remarks occasionally, calling upon all the congregation to join more heartily in the singing, is the most that he can undertake with propriety and success. The congregation needs to be called together apart from worship, and solely for practice and instruction in the vocal art. A skillful and judicious teacher can soon point out the usual faults and lead them on by intelligent practice to better work. Occasional practice in congregational singing is indispensable, and there is no first-class work done without it. The exercises for the produc-

tion of the voice should be gone through, as also exercises in the different intervals and through various keys. A month's practice of this kind will be of more use for improvement than the singing of a hundred tunes. Those who take part in the psalmody of the congregation should be encouraged to practice the exercises at home. The unison practice has many advantages, but it does not supersede private practice. The defects of the voice may be pointed out very clearly in the singing class, where more or less individual instruction may be given, but they can be most effectually corrected by private practice; and those who will persevere in private for only half an hour a day will soon be able to make a better public contribution to the general worship of song.

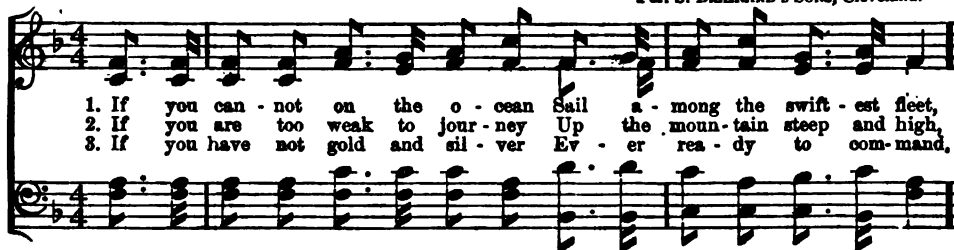
**EXPRESSION.**—Let the execution be never so fine, the harmony never so perfect, without expression it availeth nothing. Music is the medium of emotion, the language of the soul, the interpreter of thoughts, joys, sorrows, and of aspirations too intense for the clumsy vehicle of words. When it fails to be this it is mockery. Expression is the directing of the feelings into this channel. It is in the power of the teacher—we suppose, a lady—to aid her pupils in doing this, but she must be able to sing with expression herself; there must be sympathy between her and her class. She must, if necessary, make a child of herself for the time and sing with all the enthusiasm and delight of childhood, "Baby bye, here's a fly." The boys and girls will catch her spirit; all their little trials and

sorrows of the day will be forgotten, and nothing will be felt but the sweet and refining influence of music.

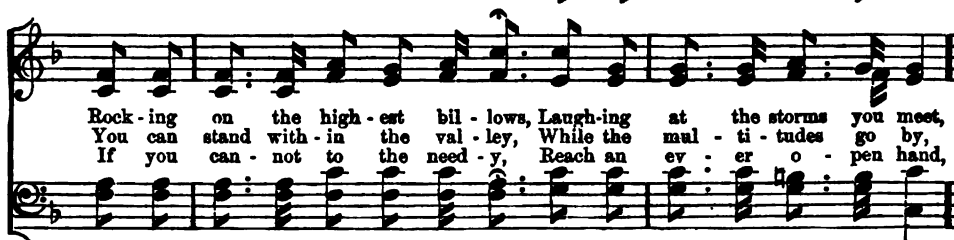
**WHAT KEY?**—The opinions of musicians differ in regard to the key with which beginners should commence. Luther W. Mason, superintendent of music in the Boston schools, recommends the key of G as best; while Mr. Blackman, of Chicago, prefers the key of C. Commencing with "one" in the key of C, the latter claims, gives greater scope for the voice, admits of practice on the chest as well as on the medium tones, and affords an early opportunity for the teacher to instruct his pupils to pass easily from one to the other; and as this is the natural key, that upon which others are built, if the pupils are old enough, the subject of transposition is the more easily understood by them.

## YOUR MISSION.

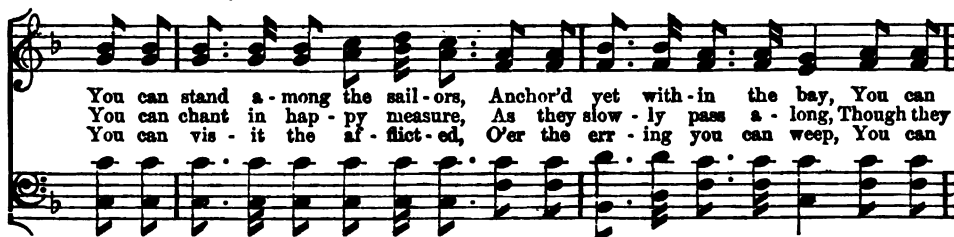
MRS. ELLEN H. GATES.  
For S. BRAINARD'S SONS, Cleveland.



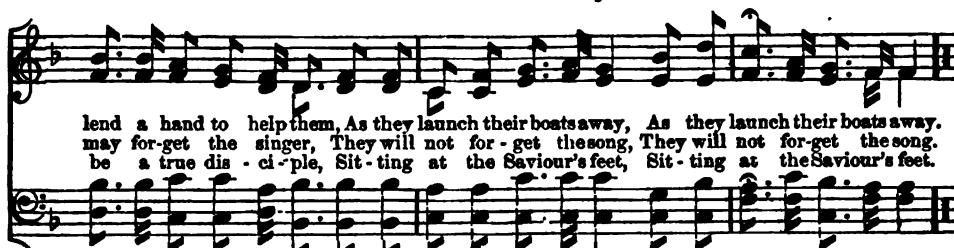
1. If you can - not on the o - cean Sail a - mong the swift - est fleet,  
2. If you are too weak to jour - ney Up the moun - tain steep and high,  
3. If you have not gold and sil - ver Ev - er rea - dy to com - mand,



Rock - ing on the high - est bil - lows, Laugh - ing at the storms you meet,  
You can stand with - in the val - ley, While the mul - ti - tudes go by,  
If you can - not to the need - y, Reach an ev - er o - pen hand,



You can stand a - mong the sail - ors, Anchor'd yet with - in the bay, You can  
You can chant in hap - py measure, As they slow - ly pass a - long, Though they  
You can vis - it the af - flict - ed, O'er the err - ing you can weep, You can



lend a hand to help them, As they launch their boats away, As they launch their boats away.  
may for - get the singer, They will not for - get the song, They will not for - get the song.  
be a true dis - ci - ple, Sit - ting at the Saviour's feet, Sit - ting at the Saviour's feet.

If you cannot in the conflict  
Prove yourself a soldier true,  
If, where fire and smoke are thickest,  
There's no work for you to do;  
When the battle-field is silent,  
You can go with careful tread,  
You can bear away the wounded,  
: You can cover up the dead.:

Do not, then, stand idly waiting  
For some greater work to do;  
Fortune is a lazy goddess,  
She will never come to you.  
Go and toil in any vineyard,  
Do not fear to do or dare,  
If you want a field of labor,  
: You can find it anywhere.:

DR. CHANNING'S VIEWS.—It is urged by those who know the advantages arising from musical culture, that music be made a regular branch in our schools, and every friend of the people must wish success to the experiment. In pressing this consideration, Dr. Channing remarks: "I am not now called to speak of all the good influences of music, particularly of the strength which it may and ought to give to the religious sentiment, and to all pure and generous emotions. Regarded merely as a refined pleasure, it has a favorable bearing on public morals. Let taste and skill in this beautiful art be spread amongst us, and every family will have a new resource; home will gain a new attraction; social intercourse will be more cheerful; and an innocent

public amusement, will be furnished to the community. Public amusements, bringing multitudes together to kindle with one emotion, to share the same innocent joy, have a humanizing influence; and among those bonds of society perhaps none produces so much unmixed good as music. What fullness of enjoyment our Creator placed within our reach, by surrounding us with an atmosphere of sweet sounds; and yet this is almost lost upon us, through lack of necessary culture."

AN INCIDENT.—In Macao, China, not far from Hong Kong, the principal occupation of the inhabitants is gaming. Here, on a certain occasion, a traveller found a company of gamblers in a back room on the upper floor of a hotel. At the table nearest him there was an American, about twenty-five years old, playing

## EVEN ME.

By per. E. O. LYTE.  
From "INSTITUTE GLEE BOOK."

1. Pass me not, O God, my Fa - ther, Sin - ful though my heart may be;  
 2. Pass me not, O gra - cious Sa - viour! Let me live and cling to Thee;  
 3. Have I long in sin been sleep - ing—Long been slighting, griev - ing Thee:  
 4. Pass me not, Thy lost one bring - ing, Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee;

Thou might'st leave me, but the rath - er Let Thy mer - cy fall on me.  
 Fain I'm long - ing for Thy fa - vor; Whilst Thou'rt calling, call for me.  
 Has the world my heart been keep - ing, Oh, for - give and res - cue me.  
 Whilst the streams of love are spring - ing, Bless - ing oth - ers, oh, bless me.

E - ven me, E - ven me, Let Thy mer - cy fall on me.  
 E - ven me, E - ven me, Whilst Thou'rt call - ing, call for me.  
 E - ven me, E - ven me, Oh, for - give and res - cue me.  
 E - ven me, E - ven me, Bless - ing oth - ers, oh, bless me.

with an old man. They had been betting and drinking. While the gray-haired man was shuffling the cards for "a new deal," the young man in a swaggering, careless way, sang, to a very pathetic tune, a verse of Phebe Carey's beautiful hymn, "One sweetly solemn thought." Hearing the singing, several gamblers looked up in surprise. The old man, who was dealing the cards, put on a look of melancholy, stopped for a moment, gazed steadfastly at his partner in the game, and dashed the pack upon the floor under the table. Then said he, "Where did you learn that tune?" The young man pretended that he did not know that he had been singing. "Well, no matter," said the old man, "I've played my last game, and that's the

end of it. The cards may lie there till doomsday, and I will never pick them up." The old man having won money from the young man, about one hundred dollars, took it out of his pocket, and handing it to the latter said: "Here, Harry, is your money; take it and do good with it; I shall with mine." As the traveller followed them down stairs, he saw them conversing by the doorway, and overheard enough to know that the older man was saying something about the song which the young man had sung. It had perhaps been learned at a mother's knee, or in a Sunday-School, and may have been the means of saving these gamblers, and of aiding others through their influence towards that nobler life which alone is worth the living.

## WE HAVE BEEN FRIENDS TOGETHER.

H. RUSSELL. MRS. NORTON.

*Moderato.*

1. We have been friends to-gether, In sunshine and in shade, Since first be neath the  
 2. We have been gay to - gether; We laughed at little jests, The fount of hope was  
 3. We have been sad to - gether; We wept with bitter tears O'er grass-grown graves where

chest-nut tree In in - fan - cy we played; But coldness dwells within thy heart, A  
 gush-ing warm And joy-ous in our breasts; But laughter now hath fled thy lip, And  
 slum - bered The hopes of ear-ly years. The voi - ces which are silent there Would

cloud is on thy brow; We have been friends together—Can a light word part us now?  
 sul - len glooms thy brow; We have been gay to - gether—Shall a light word part us now?  
 bid thee clear thy brow; We have been sad to - gether—Oh, what shall part us now?

## CALM ON THE LISTENING EAR OF NIGHT.

J. B. DYKES. Page 119

1. Calm on the listen - ing ear of night Come heaven's me - lo - dious strains,  
 2. Ce - les - tial choirs from courts a - bove Shed sa - cred glo - ries there;  
 3. The an - swer - ing hills of Palestine Send back the glad re - ply;  
 4. O'er the blue depths of Gal - i - lee There comes a ho - lier calm,

Where wild Ju - de - a stretch - es far Her sil - ver - man - tled plains,  
 And an - gels, with their spark - ling lyres, Make mu - sic on the air,  
 And greet, from all their ho - ly heights, The Day-Spring from on high.  
 And Shar - on waves, in sol - emn praise, Her si - lent groves of palm.

"Glory to God!" the sounding skies  
 Loud with their anthems ring,  
 "Peace to the earth, good-will to men  
 From heaven's eternal King!"

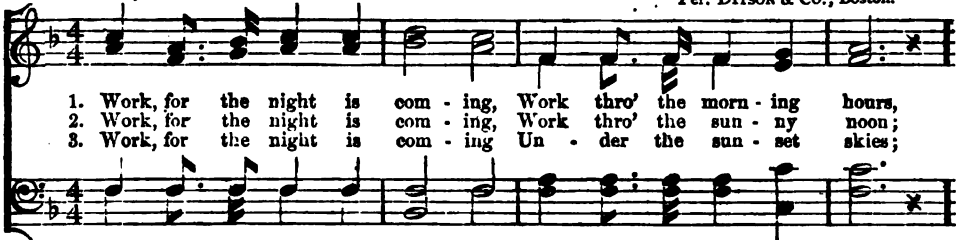
Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!  
 The Saviour now is born!  
 And bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains  
 Breaks the first Christmas morn.

GERMAN SCHOOLS.—The earlier course of instruction in music in the Common Schools of Baden, Germany, is devoted to exercises for cultivating voice and ear; the latter to an introduction to the elements of vocal music. With the latter is connected a course of songs, partly as a basis for what is to be learned, and partly as an application of what has been learned. Only such songs may be used as are intelligible to children; and particularly are religious and appropriate or proper national songs to be used. The local church music is to be practiced, while

pupils are to be insured a clear understanding of the text. All singing is done standing. The following is the work assigned for each of the first eight years of school life: 1. Voice and ear exercises, catching and repeating notes sung before, within limits of first five tones of the (major) scale; marking simple time; singing child songs. 2. Voice and ear exercises extending through whole octave (major); distinctions of tunes as high and low, long and short, strong and weak; simple songs within an octave. 3. Representing tones by figures, exercises in the numeral

### WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

L. MASON. From "SONG GARDEN."  
Per. DITSON & Co., Boston.



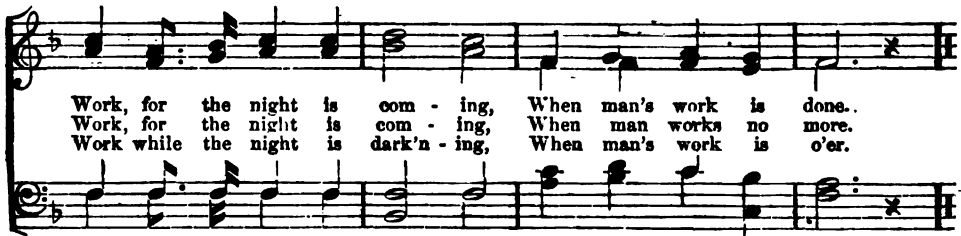
1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morn - ing hours,  
2. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the sun - ny noon;  
3. Work, for the night is com - ing Un - der the sun - set skies;



Work while the dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid spring - ing flow'rs;  
Fill bright - est hours with la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon;  
While their bright tints are glow - ing, Work, for day - light flies;



Work when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun,  
Give ev' - ry fly - ing min - ute Some - thing to keep in store;  
Work till the last beam fad - eth, Fad - eth to shine no more;



Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.  
Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.  
Work while the night is dark'n - ing, When man's work is o'er.

(musical) scale, exercises in double and triple time; application of foregoing in suitable songs with one part. Then comes notation of tones by round notes, with scale exercises; extension of scale above and below the single octave; and "four four" and "six eight" time, time notation and rhythm; two-part singing begun, and church songs practiced. During the last three years of this course there are continued scale exercises, raising and lowering the "pitch;" simple scale transformation; two and three-part singing, and church songs. The time set apart for ac-

tual instruction in music is but one hour weekly in the "short" course; from two to three hours weekly in the "extended" course. The instruction is quite elementary; but there is much school singing besides that of the "instruction hours," so that every eight-year class sings well for children. This is a grand result when it applies to an entire population.—Ray.

Without the definiteness of sculpture and painting, music is, for that very reason, far more suggestive. Like Milton's Eve, an outline, an impulse is furnished; imagination does the rest.—Tuckerman.

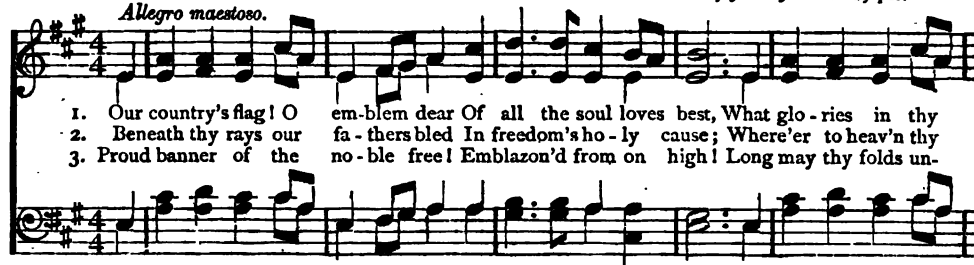
AMERICA, it is said, is the only country where the music in divine worship is committed exclusively to two men, two women, and an organist in the gallery. The rector of each church should insist upon the congregation taking part in the music. He should adopt a book, drill the congregation in simple hymns and chants, and have the choir lead the singing, instead of monopolizing it. If this were done, there would soon be a great change in the character of church music, and the Psalmist's injunction would be carried

out, "Let all the people praise thee, O God." There should also be musical instruction in the divinity schools; a little time might profitably be taken from the Calvinistic and Arminian controversy, and like theological subtleties, and given to teaching the candidate for holy orders how to read, how to preach, and how to sing. Music is among the most powerful of religious influences, and, in the past and present, has done much to carry forward all great religious movements by heartily rousing the multitude.

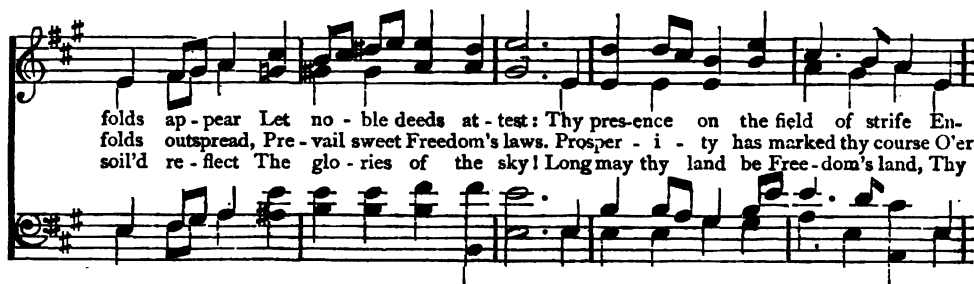
## FREEDOM'S FLAG.

ADAM GRIBEL.  
Words by JOHN J. HOON by per.

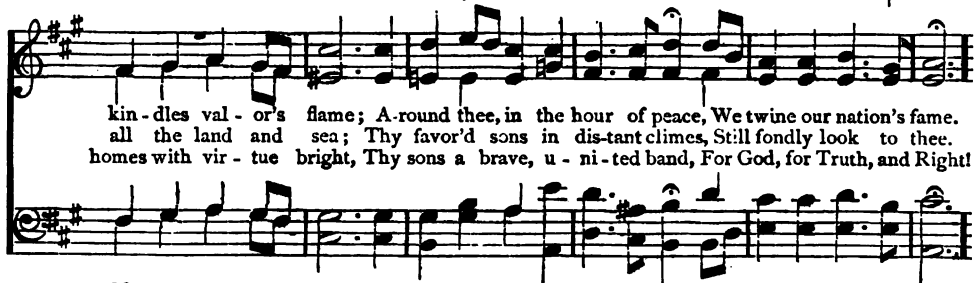
*Allegro maestoso.*



1. Our country's flag! O em-blem dear Of all the soul loves best, What glo-ries in thy  
2. Beneath thy rays our fa-thers bled In freedom's ho-ly cause; Where'er to heav'n thy  
3. Proud banner of the no-ble free! Emblazon'd from on high! Long may thy folds un-

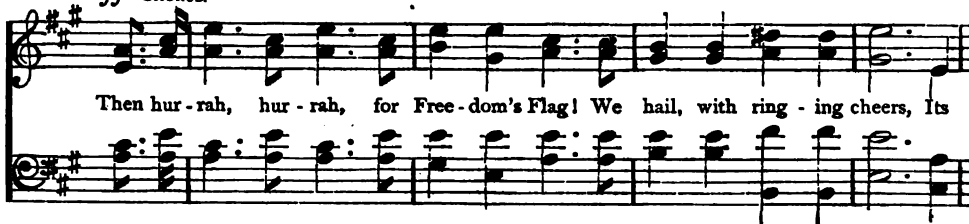


folds ap-pear Let no-ble deeds at-test: Thy pres-ence on the field of strife En-  
folds outspread, Pre-vail sweet Freedom's laws. Prosper-i-ty has marked thy course O'er  
soil'd re-flect The glo-ries of the sky! Long may thy land be Free-dom's land, Thy

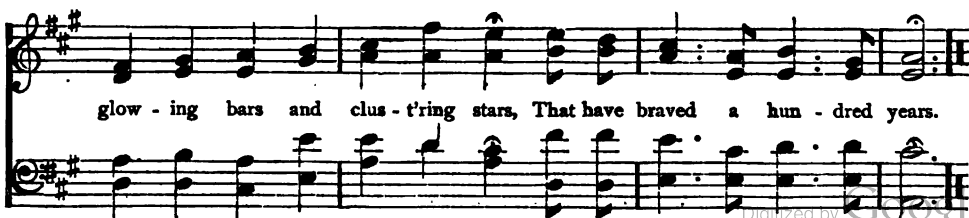


kin-dles val-or's flame; A-round thee, in the hour of peace, We twine our nation's fame.  
all the land and sea; Thy favor'd sons in dis-tant climes, Still fondly look to thee.  
homes with vir-tue bright, Thy sons a brave, u-ni-ted band, For God, for Truth, and Right!

*ff* CHORUS.



Then hur-rah, hur-rah, for Free-dom's Flag! We hail, with ring-ing cheers, Its



glow-ing bars and clus-tring stars, That have braved a hun-dred years.

CHORAL SINGING.—How should a choral be sung, and what tunes shall we select? How shall we know a good tune when we hear it? In answering these questions, I shall try to make myself understood by the unmusical reader. A good tune, fit to be sung by the congregation, must answer Rossini's question: "Will it grind?" For instance, "America" is a very good hand-organ tune. It will grind first-rate. The tune known as Dundee is better still. It contains but two kinds of notes. The figures 1 and 2 represent its character. They are simple numbers, closely related. The tune Arlington has four kinds of notes, that may be represented by the figures 1, 2, 2½, and 4. This, you see, is an irregular arrangement. Tunes containing dotted notes are not the best, because the dotted note destroys that straight-forward, exact, and mechanical character that appeals so directly to the common

idea of time and numbers. In brief, the best chorals contain notes related to each other by simple numbers, like Old Hundred, Dundee, Luther's Chant, Missionary Hymn, or related by such numbers as 1, 2, and 3, as Balerna, Dennis, Olmutz, Boylston and others. Of course there are exceptions to this rule. Certain tunes possess a life and animation strong enough to carry them over any ordinary difficulties. Handel's Christmas and the Portuguese Hymn are notable examples. If you take pains to examine the best German chorals, you will find, as a rule, they contain only two kinds of notes—long and short ones, related as 1 to 2. Simple and exact, they are easily caught, and are produced, as we happen to know, with wonderful effect. Having seen that simplicity of form and mechanical exactitude are the standards of a good choral, let us see what more they should have. First comes

## O COME, COME AWAY.

GERMAN.

*Allegro.*

1. O, come, come a - way, From labor now re - pos - ing, Let bu - sy care a -  
 2. From toil and from care, On which the day is clos - ing, The hour of eve brings  
 3. While sweet Phil - o - mel, The weary trav'ler cheer - ing, With evening song her  
 4. The bright day is gone, The moon and stars ap - pear - ing, With silv'ry light il -

while forbear, O come, come a - way. Come, come, our social joys renew, And  
 sweet reprieve, O come, come a - way. O come where love will smile on thee, And  
 notes prolong, O come, come a - way. In ans'w'ring song of sym - pa - thy, We'll  
 lume the night, O come, come a - way. We'll join in grateful songs of praise, To

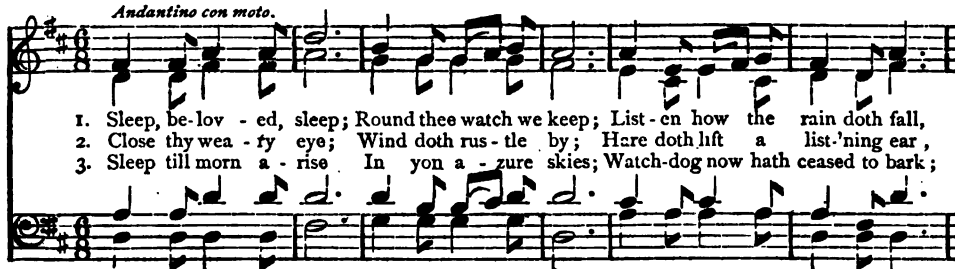
there with trust and friendship, too, Let true hearts welcome you, O come, come a - way.  
 round the heart will gladness be, And time fly mer - ri - ly, O come, come a - way.  
 sing in tuneful har - mo - ny, Of hope, joy, lib - er - ty, O come, come a - way.  
 Him who crowns our peaceful days With health, hope, hap - piness, O come, come a - way.

association. Old Hundred has a rather dry, uninteresting melody; yet it will never die. It has become so bound up with our dearest thoughts, and connected with our most sacred occasions, that we sing it with tearful eyes, and wonder why we love such a dear, stupid old song. Association keeps alive many a psalm that should be happily forgotten. The tunes Mear and Marlow might well be expunged from our books, as too dreary for any cheerful and sensible Christian; yet there they are likely to stay as long as you and I live. Next, the tunes should always be pitched in low keys. I have listened to congregational singing for many years, and I have never heard the people sing above E of the scale with ease. The

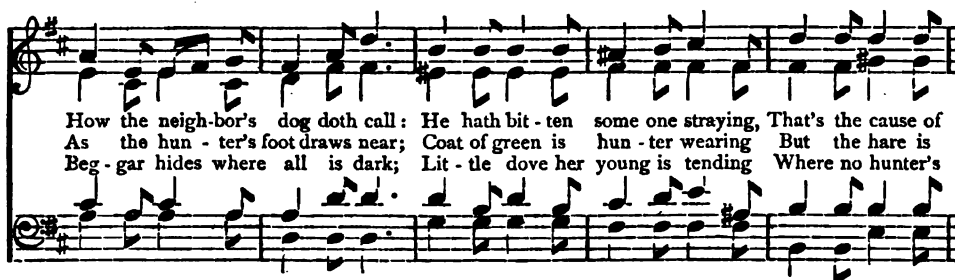
people—men, women and children—sing the melody; and I find this the limit of their average voices. They can go higher; but it is strained and unpleasant, neither edifying nor agreeable. The tunes should have a simple and flowing movement. The intervals or steps between the notes should not be wide nor unusual. "America" has a remarkably singing melody, confined within seven notes. The tune Ward keeps within six; and Naomi, one of the most beautiful melodies ever written, covers only five notes. Choral music is attracting increased attention every year. It is destined to grow and improve. Let us bid it God-speed. May the day soon come when we can say: "Yea, let all the people praise the Lord!"—*Barnard.*

## CRADLE SONG.

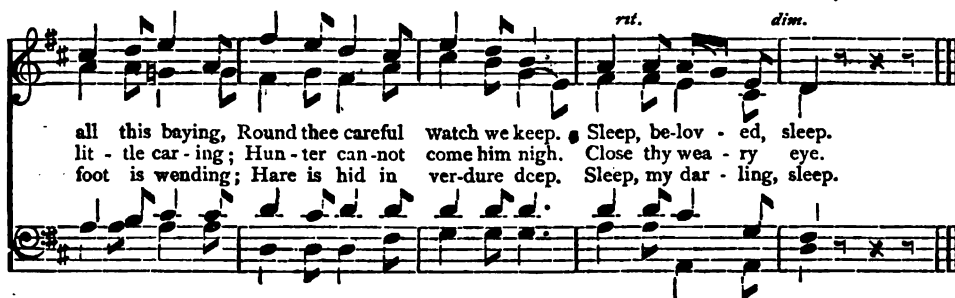
W. TAUBERT. MATZ arr.

*Andantino con moto.*


1. Sleep, be-lov - ed, sleep; Round thee watch we keep; List - en how the rain doth fall,  
 2. Close thy wea - ry eye; Wind doth rus - tle by; Hare doth lift a list - ning ear,  
 3. Sleep till morn a - rise In yon a - zure skies; Watch-dog now hath ceased to bark;



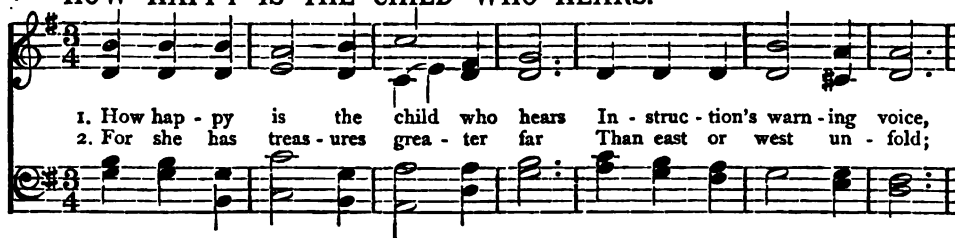
How the neigh - bor's dog doth call: He hath bit - ten some one straying, That's the cause of  
 As the hun - ter's foot draws near; Coat of green is hun - ter wearing But the hare is  
 Beg - gar hides where all is dark; Lit - tle dove her young is tending Where no hunter's



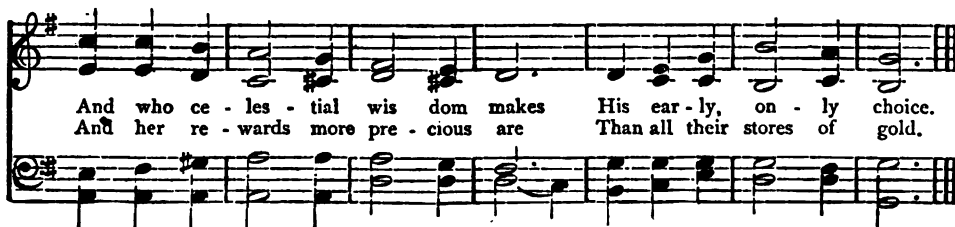
all this baying, Round thee careful watch we keep. *rit.* Sleep, be-lov - ed, sleep.  
 lit - tle car - ing; Hun - ter can-not come him nigh. *dim.* Close thy wea - ry eye.  
 foot is wending; Hare is hid in ver - dure deep. Sleep, my dar - ling, sleep.

## HOW HAPPY IS THE CHILD WHO HEARS.

Bauer.



1. How hap - py is the child who hears In - struc - tion's warn - ing voice,  
 2. For she has treas - ures grea - ter far Than east or west un - fold;



And who ce - les - tial wis - dom makes His ear - ly, on - ly choice.  
 And her re - wards more pre - cious are Than all their stores of gold.

3. She guides the young with innocence  
 In pleasure's path to tread;  
 A crown of glory she bestows  
 Upon the hoary head.

4. According as her labors rise  
 So her rewards increase,  
 Her ways are ways of pleasantness  
 And all her paths are peace.

**THE TWELVE INTERVALS.**—The tones C sharp and D flat, the tones D sharp and E flat, the tones F sharp and G flat, etc., are in pitch one and the same; that is, the one identical tone between C and D, for example, is sometimes named, or written, as C sharp, and sometimes as D flat, according to the scale-relation in which it occurs. This is true on a well-tuned piano-forte, organ, or melodeon, and the best teachers of vocal music, so far as we have been able to ascertain, make this the standard or model to which they aim to train the ear of their pupils. When we meet with one who objects to this standard as being inaccurate, we may regard it as certain, that however he may have given attention to the scientific or mathematical investigation of the subject, or whatever may be his knowledge of the abstract science of music, he has made comparatively little progress in its practice. Notwith-

standing the scale, in its general features, is natural, or is adapted to the nature or perceptions of man, it is also certain that intuition requires to be strengthened by education. It is sometimes asserted that one who has naturally a good ear will sing, even without training, in exact tune; and, undoubtedly, in very rare instances, this may approximate the truth, but such an one is certainly a most extraordinary exception to the general rule of humanity: when, however, the scale is brought to the test of a very close, or, as it were, microscopic examination, there seems to be some uncertainty as to what is the true pitch-relationship of its tones; for it is well known that both intuition on the one hand, and science on the other, seem to lead us away, and in opposite directions, from the view here taken; the testimony of the one being quite contrary to that of the other. On the one hand, the

## DECK THE HALL WITH BOUGHS OF HOLLY.

WELSH AIR.

1. Deck the hall with boughs of hol - ly,  
 2. See the blaz - ing yule be - fore us, } Fa la la la la la la la la,  
 3. Fast a - way the old year pass - es,

'Tis the sea - son to be jol - ly, } Don we now our  
 Strike the harp and join the chorus, } Follow me in  
 Hail the new, ye lads and lasses! } Sing we joy - ous

gay ap - par - el, Troll the ancient Christmas car - ol,  
 mer - ry measure, While I tell of Christmas treasure, } Fa la la la la la la la la.  
 all togeth - er, Heedless of the wind and weather.

student of acoustics (or the science of sounds) demonstrates, as he supposes, that there is between C sharp and D flat a very small (to the ear infinitesimal or inappreciable) interval; or, that C sharp is a little lower in pitch than D flat, or that D flat, is a shade higher than C sharp, etc.; on the other, some of the best practical musicians say that they have an intuitive feeling of an ascending relation between, for example, C sharp and D, which seems to require a corresponding ascending progression, C sharp leading to D, and that therefore C sharp should be higher than D flat, and, also, that there is a descending relation requiring a corresponding progression between D flat and C, and that, therefore, D flat should be lower, or nearer to C in its pitch, than C sharp. Thus we have, on the one hand, intuition, and on the other, supposed

science or mathematical demonstration, but both *versus* practice. It thus appears possible, at least, that the science of acoustics is not yet established, and that, with regard to the truth of pitch, we are to some extent left to conjecture. In this state of uncertainty, and, to the common ear, imperceptibility, let us adhere as closely as possible to the universally received division of the octave into twelve intervals, making a well-tuned keyed instrument the test of true pitch-relation, or of intonation. On personal inquiry, we have been told by some of the best musicians in the world, violinists and violoncellists, that, practically, they know no difference between C sharp and D flat, D sharp and E flat, etc., but make the same stop for the tone whatever name it bears, or whether it be noted as the one or as the other.—*Music Teacher.*

## MOUNTAIN MAID'S INVITATION.

GERMAN.

*Allegro.* *cres.*

1. Come, come, come, O'er the hills free from care, In my home true pleasures share, Blossoms sweet,  
 2. Come, come, come, Not a sigh, not a tear, E'er is found in sad-ness here, Mu-sic soft  
 3. Come, come, come, When the day's gently gone, Evening shad-ows com-ing on, Then, by love

flow'rs most rare, Come where joys are found. Here the sparkling dews of morn, Tree and shrub with  
 breathing near, Charms a-way each care. Birds in joy-ous hours a-mong Hill and dale, with  
 kind-ly won, Tru-est bliss be thine. Ne'er was found a bliss so pure; Ne-ver joys so

gems a-dorn, Jew-els bright, gai-ly worn, Beau-ty all a-round. Tra la la la  
 grate-ful song, Dearest strains here pro-long, Vo-cal all the air. Tra la la la  
 long-en-dure; Who would not love se-cure? Who would joys de-cline? Tra la la la

la la la, Tra la la, la la la la, Jew-els bright, gai-ly worn, Beauty all a-round.  
 la la la, Tra la la, la la la la, Dearest strains here prolong, Vocal all the air.  
 la la la, Tra la la, la la la la, Who would not love secure? Who would joys decline?

## HOBBY-HORSE.

KINDERGARTEN.

*mp*

1. Hop, hop, hop! Nim-ble as a top, Where 'tis smooth and where 'tis sto-ny,  
 2. Whoa, whoa, whoa! How like fun you go! Ver-y well, my lit-tle po-ny,  
 3. Here, here, here! Yes, my po-ny dear; Now with oats and hay I'll treat you,

Trudge a-long, my lit-tle po-ny, Hop, hop, hop, hop, hop! Nimble as a top.  
 Safe's our jaunt tho' rough and sto-ny, Spare, spare, spare, spare, spare! Sure enough we're there.  
 And with smiles will ev-er greet you, Po-ny, po-ny dear! Yes, my po-ny dear.

MUSIC AND DRAWING.—It is not uncommon to speak of music and drawing as merely ornamental branches, as distinguished from the solid studies. In looking the world over, what branches do we find more useful or more practical than music and drawing? Into the pleasure of social, or even solitary life, what branch enters so largely as music? If the objective point of education is refinement, what agent

or influence is more potent? As to drawing, it enters every branch of industry, from the digging of a ditch to the building of a steamship. The represented line is the beginning of every constructed form. A master workman may have no stronger arm, no more skilful hand, than any of his tolling underlings; but, having an eye for distance and proportion, he is paid well for directing those who boast

## JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

ST. BERNARD, A. D. 1150.  
ALEXANDER EWING, NEALE &c.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en! With milk and hon - ey blest,  
2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song,  
3. And they who with their Lead - er, Have con - quered in the fight,  
4. Oh, sweet and bless - ed coun - try, The home of God's e - lect!

Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - press'd.  
And bright with many an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng.  
For - ev - er, and for - ev - er, Are clad in robes of white.  
Oh, sweet and bless - ed coun - try, That ea - ger hearts ex - pect!

I know not,— oh, I know not, What joys a - wait me there,  
There is the throne of Da - vid, And there from toil re - leas'd,  
Oh, land that see'st no sor - row! Oh, state that fear'st no strife!  
Je - sus, in mer - cy bring us To that dear land of rest;

What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare.  
The shout of them that tri - umph, The song of them that feast.  
Oh, roy - al land of flow - ers! Oh, realm and home of life!  
Who art, with God the Fath - er, And Spir - it ev - er blest.

nothing but brawn. Omitting all mention of the artistic or æsthetic value of drawing, its practical utility is enough to place it in the front rank of solid studies. But why not consider, too, its artistic uses? Is it not suggestive that nearly all our best artists and engravers are foreigners? Properly taught, drawing is the most interesting branch to children of any age.

Placed against writing as a candidate for popular favor, it wins three-fourths of the hands in any well-regulated school-room. It pleases children in a double manner, for it allows them to *do* and to *learn* at the same time, and to combine these is the secret of the best training in the schools. Let us hear no more of music and drawing not being solid studies.

## EVENING HYMN.

AVE, SANCTISSIMA.

1. Hail, thou most sa - cred One, We lift our souls to Thee; Hear Thou our  
 2. Je - sus, most gra - cious One, We trust Thy ten - der care; We give our

even - ing song, 'Tis night - fall on the sea. Watch us while shad - ows lie  
 hearts to Thee, Hear Thou our hum - ble prayer. Oh, Thou whose love doth shine

Far o'er the wa - ters spread, Hear Thou the heart's lone sigh, Thine too hath  
 Match - less for ev - er - more, Come and each thought re - fine, Come, we im-

bled. Thou who hast tast - ed death, Aid us when death is near, Whis - per of  
 plore. Save Thou our souls from ill, Guard Thou our lives from fear; Our hearts with  
*a tempo.*

heav'n to faith, Blest Sa - viour, Blest Sa - viour, hear. Sa - viour, most gra - cious, Oh,  
 com - fort fill, Blest Sa - viour, Blest Sa - viour, hear. Sa - viour, most gra - cious, Oh,

take us to thy care. Je - sus, we be - seech Thee, Hear Thou our prayer.  
 take us to thy care. Je - sus, we be - seech Thee, Hear Thou our prayer.  
*rall.*

ALL structures, large or small, simple or complex, have a definite rate of vibration depending on their material, size and shape, as the fundamental note of a musical chord. At one time considerable annoyance was experienced in one of the mills in Lowell. Some days the mill was so shaken that a pail of water would be nearly emptied, while on other days all was quiet. Experiment proved it to be only when the machinery was running at a certain rate that the building was disturbed. The simple remedy was in running it slower or faster, so as to put it out of tune with the building. We have here the reason of the

rule observed by marching armies when they cross a bridge—viz., stop the music, break step, and open column, lest the measured cadence of a condensed mass of men should cause the bridge to vibrate beyond its sphere of cohesion. The Broughton bridge gave way beneath the measured tramp of only sixty men. Tyndall tells us that the Swiss muleteers tie up the bells of their mules, lest the tinkle bring down an avalanche. The breaking of a drinking glass by the human voice is a well-attested fact, and Chlanni mentions an inn-keeper who frequently repeated this interesting experiment for the entertainment of his guests.—*Lovering.*

## THE SNOWBIRD.

REV. F. C. WOODWORTH.

*Allegro.*

1. The ground was all cov-er'd with snow one day, And two lit-tle chil-dren were  
2. He had not been sing-ing that tune very long, Ere Em-i-ly heard him, so

bus-y at play, When a snow-bird was sit-ting close by on a tree, And  
loud was his song. "Oh, sis-ter! look out of the win-dow," said she; "Here's a

mer-ri-ly sing-ing his chick-a-dee-dee, Chick-a-dee-dee,  
dear lit-tle bird sing-ing chick-a-dee-dee, Chick-a-dee-dee,

chick-a-dee-dee, And mer-ri-ly sing-ing his chick-a-dee-dee.  
chick-a-dee-dee, Here's a dear lit-tle bird sing-ing chick-a-dee-dee.

"Poor fellow! he walks in the snow and the sleet,  
And has neither stockings nor shoes on his feet;  
I pity him so! for how cold he must be!  
And yet he keeps singing his chick-a-dee-dee.—*Chorus.*

"If I were a bare-footed snow-bird, I know  
I would not stay out in the cold and the snow,  
I wonder what makes him so full of his glee;  
He's all the time singing that chick-a-dee-dee.

"O mother! do get him some stockings and shoes,  
A flock, with a cloak and a hat, if he choose;  
I wish he'd come into the parlor, and see  
How warm we would make him, poor chick-a-dee-dee.

The bird had flown down for some crumbs of bread,  
And heard every word little Emily said:

"What a figure I'd make in that dress!" thought he,  
And he laughed, as he warbled his chick-a-dee-dee.

"I am grateful," he said, "for the wish you express,  
But I've no occasion for such a fine dress;  
I had rather remain with my limbs all so free,  
Than to hobble about, singing chick-a-dee-dee.

"There is One, my dear child, tho' I can not tell who,  
Has clothed me already, and warm enough too.  
Good-morning! O who are so happy as we?"  
And away he went, singing his chick-a-dee-dee.


THE very worst specimens of musical incompetency which may be heard in drawing-rooms are due to the want of perception and the vanity of those who exhibit them. There are many men and women who might sing or play agreeably if they would confine themselves to things within their powers; but vaulting ambition carries them pell-mell into the dangers of difficult music which can only be encountered successfully after years of study and practice, and makes of the struggles, which, it is to be hoped, are more painful to their hearers than themselves, a terrible warning. When one has been present at one or two performances

of this kind, he can understand the feelings of a professor of music who was gifted with a very tender conscience besides a great talent, and, being asked the reason of an unusual fit of gloom, replied; "Well I am just thinking whether I ought to go on teaching these amateurs. They come and learn, but they understand nothing; and they mostly have voices not unlike little cats." No less dreadful than the amateur who has no talent for music is he who has a good deal of talent and so much enthusiasm that his mind is incapable of taking thought for any thing else that is excellent. For him the world has nothing at all outside of music.


## MILL MAY.

*Rapidly.*"FIRST STEPS IN MUSIC."  
Per. Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Co.

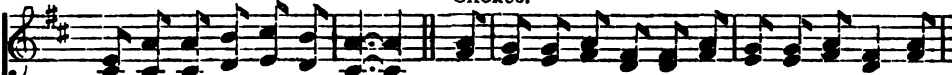

1. The straw-ber-ries grow in the mowing, Mill May, And the bob-o-link sings on the  
2. Come, come ere the sea-son is o-ver, Mill May, To the fields where the strawberries  
3. The sun slant-ing un-der your bon-net, Mill May, Will soon bring a soft glow to your


tree; On the knolls the red clo-ver is grow-ing, Mill May; Then  
grow; While the thick-grow-ing stems and the clo-ver, Mill May, Shall  
face; And your lip—the straw-ber-ries leave on it, Mill May, A



## CHORUS.



come to the meadow with me. Yes, come, the ripe clusters a-mong the thick grass, We'll  
meet us wher-ev-er we go. Yes, come, the ripe clusters a-mong the thick grass, We'll  
tint that the sea-shell would grace. Yes, come, the ripe clusters a-mong the thick grass, We'll




pick in the mowing, Mill May, Mill May; And the long afternoon to-gether we'll pass, Where the




clo-ver is growing, Mill May, Mill May; Where the clover is growing, Mill May.

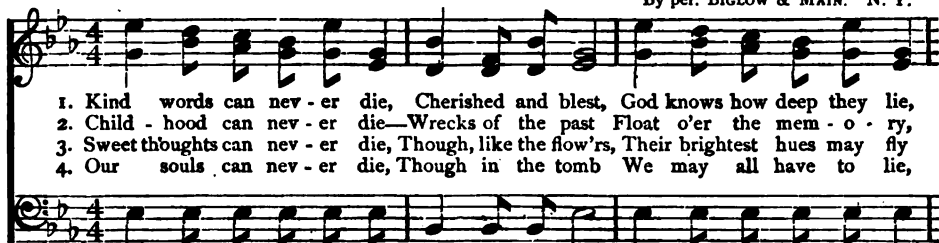


**THE CHEERFUL VOICE.**—The comfort and happiness of home and home intercourse, let us here say, depend very much upon the kindly and affectionate training of the voice. Trouble, care, and vexation will and must, of course, come; but let them not creep into our voices. Let only our kindly and happier feelings be vocal in our homes. Let them be so, if for no other reason, for the little children's sake. Those sensitive little beings are exceedingly susceptible to the tones. Let us have consideration for them.

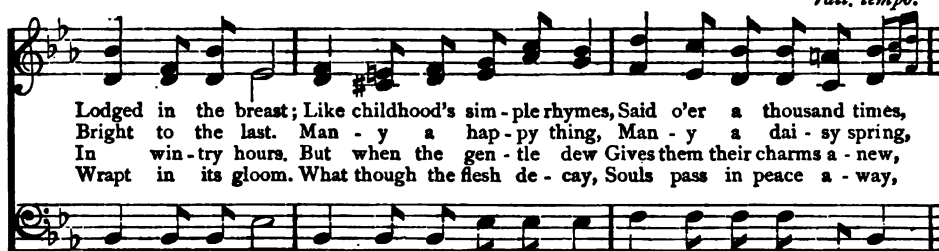
They hear so much that we have forgotten to hear; for, as we advance in years, our life becomes more interior. We are abstracted from outward scenes and sounds. We think, we reflect, we begin gradually to deal with the past, as we have formerly vividly lived in the present. Our ear grows dull to external sound; it is turned inward and listens chiefly to the echoes of past voices. We catch no more the merry laughter of children. We hear no more the note of the morning bird. The brook that used to prattle so

## KIND WORDS CAN NEVER DIE.

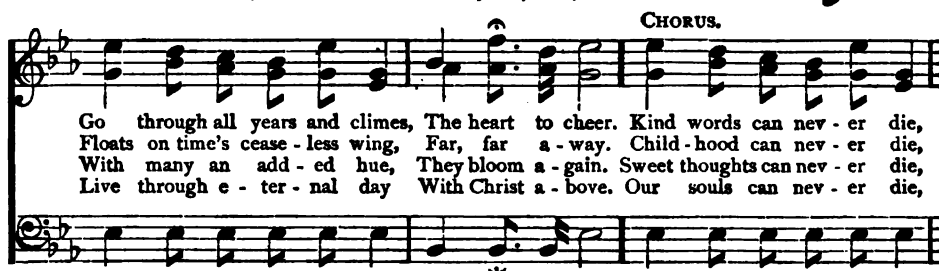
From "DAY-SCHOOL BELL."  
By per. BIGLOW & MAIN. N. Y.



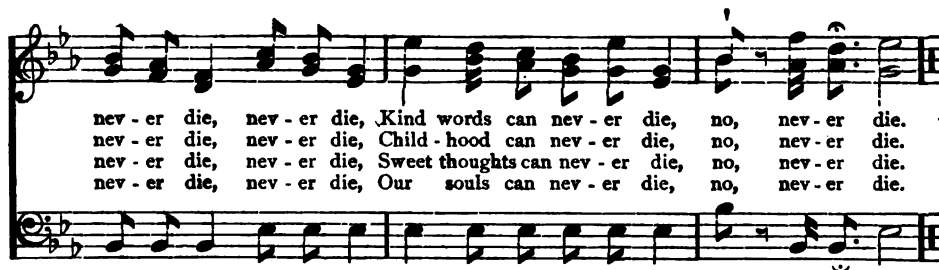
1. Kind words can nev - er die, Cherished and blest, God knows how deep they lie,  
2. Child - hood can nev - er die—Wrecks of the past Float o'er the mem - o - ry,  
3. Sweet thoughts can nev - er die, Though, like the flow'rs, Their brightest hues may fly  
4. Our souls can nev - er die, Though in the tomb We may all have to lie,



*rall. tempo.*  
Lodged in the breast; Like childhood's sim - ple rhymes, Said o'er a thousand times,  
Bright to the last. Man - y a hap - py thing, Man - y a dai - sy spring,  
In win - try hours, But when the gen - tle dew Gives them their charms a - new,  
Wrapt in its gloom. What though the flesh de - cay, Souls pass in peace a - way,



**CHORUS.**  
Go through all years and climes, The heart to cheer. Kind words can nev - er die,  
Floats on time's cease - less wing, Far, far a - way. Child - hood can nev - er die,  
With many an add - ed hue, They bloom a - gain. Sweet thoughts can nev - er die,  
Live through e - ter - nal day With Christ a - bove. Our souls can nev - er die,



nev - er die, nev - er die, Kind words can nev - er die, no, nev - er die.  
nev - er die, nev - er die, Child - hood can nev - er die, no, nev - er die.  
nev - er die, nev - er die, Sweet thoughts can nev - er die, no, nev - er die.  
nev - er die, nev - er die, Our souls can nev - er die, no, nev - er die.

gaily to us, rushes by unheeded—we have forgotten to hear such things; but little children, remember, sensitively hear them all. Mark how, at every sound, the young child starts, and turns, and listens; and thus, with equal sensitiveness does it catch the tones of human voices. How were it possible, therefore, that the sharp and hasty word, the fretful and complaining tone, should not startle and pain, even depress the sensitive little being whose harp of life is

so newly and delicately strung, vibrating even to the gentle breeze, and thrilling ever to the tones of such voices as sweep across it? Let us be kind and cheerful spoken, then, in our homes.—*Once a Week.*

THE meaning of song goes deep. Who is there that, in logical words, can express the effect music has on us? A kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the infinite, and lets us for moments gaze out into that.—*Carlyle.*

ITS VELOCITY.—Two stations are chosen five miles apart. At one of the points an observer is stationed; at the other is placed a cannon. The cannon is fired, and the times when the flash is observed and the report heard are each accurately noted. The time required for the passage of the light we regard as nothing, being one forty-thousandth of a second, and the interval is calculated as the time required for the sound to travel over five miles. It is to be observed that thousands of these experiments are made and

the average is taken to prevent mistakes from inaccuracy of observation. The velocity of sound in ordinary air is 1090 feet per second, and all sounds travel equally fast. The number of pulsations corresponding to any sound may be ascertained by means of the siren; the wave-length of every note can be obtained by dividing 1090 by the number of its pulsations. This method of measuring the velocity of sound is simple, its result accurate, but it can not be applied to gases, metals, or things considered in small masses.

## LONGING FOR SPRING.

GERMAN AIR.

1. Oh, how cold the Win - ter weath - er, All is sor - row - ful and  
 2. Could I hast - en to the moun - tains, Could I see the val - ley  
 3. Quick - ly come in all thy beau - ty, Love - ly Spring - time, come a -  
 4. Yes, O Spring, we love thee tru - ly, Come in all thy bright ar -

drear, And the North wind whistles rude - ly, No bright sun - beam shin - eth near.  
 green, I would lie down 'mid the flow - ers, While the sun peep'd in be - tween.  
 gain! Bring us flow - ers, shade, and sing - ing, Brighten ev' - ry hill and plain.  
 ray; Bring us soon thy love and glo - ry, Song and pleas - ure, dance and play.

## SING, GAILY SING.

G. P. WEIMAR.

*Lively.*  
 1. Sing, gai - ly sing! Let glad - ness round us ring; This lit - tle, sim - ple,  
 2. Sing, sweetly sing! What joys from home do spring! The hap - py fa - ces  
 3. Sing, loud - ly sing! What sports will ev'n - ing bring! We'll jump and race, we'll

cheer - ful lay, Shall be our part - ing song to - day. Sing, gai - ly sing!  
 there we meet! The kind - ly smiles we al - ways greet! Sing, sweetly sing!  
 skip and hop, We'll play at ball, or hoop, or top. Sing, loud - ly sing!

Sing, softly sing!  
 When dusky night doth bring  
 Its shadows o'er our drowsy heads,  
 In heavenly peace we'll seek our beds.  
 Sing, softly sing!

Sing, boldly sing!  
 When cheerful lark takes wing,  
 We'll rise as brisk and merry, too.  
 Resolved our lessons well to do.  
 Sing, boldly sing!

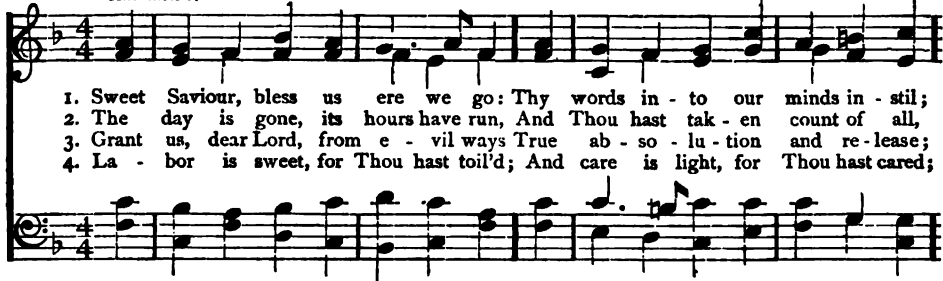
THE CHURCH ORGAN.—I would not seem unduly enthusiastic in speaking of this instrument, developed by great providential events until it has reached a place in which manifestly it stands a prime, a divine power in the world. I look upon the history and the development of the organ for Christian uses as a sublime instance of the guiding hand of God's providence. It is the most complex of all instruments—it is the most harmonious of all—it is the grandest of all. Beginning far back—growing as things grow which have great uses—growing little by little, it has come to stand, I think, immeasurably,

transcendently, above every other instrument, and not only that, but every combination of instruments. The organ means majesty; it means grandeur. It means sweetness, to be sure, but it is sweetness in power, like the bubbling crests of waves on the great ocean. Whatever it has of rare sweetness, of fineness, or of delicacy, it has an under-power that is like the sea itself. And I thank God a thousand times a year, when, seeing how many things taste and the social elements have stolen from religion, I turn around to this one solitary exception and know that religion at any rate has left, as peculiarly its own, the organ, the

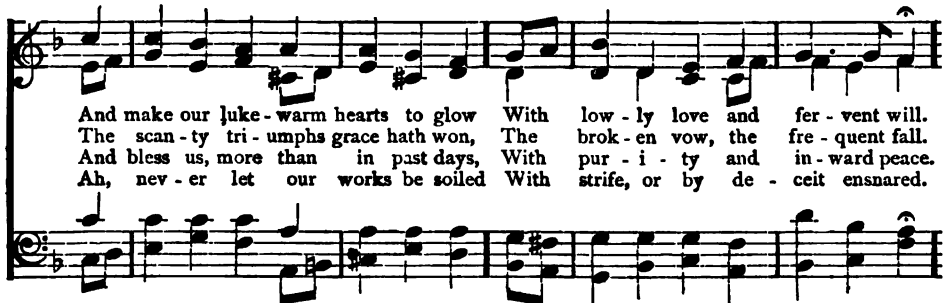
## SWEET SAVIOUR, BLESS US ERE WE GO.

*Animation.*

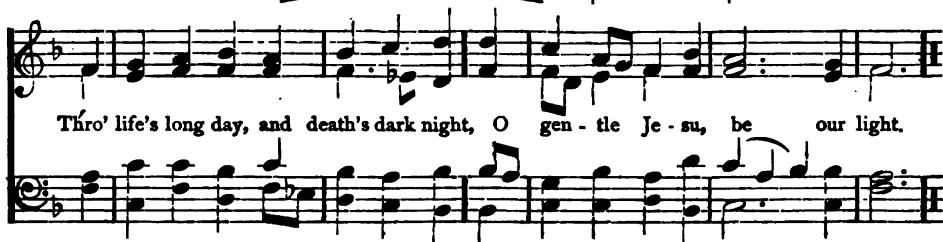
W. H. MONK.  
F. W. FABER. 1849.



1. Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go: Thy words in - to our minds in - stil;  
2. The day is gone, its hours have run, And Thou hast tak - en count of all,  
3. Grant us, dear Lord, from e - vil ways True ab - so - lu - tion and re - lease;  
4. La - bor is sweet, for Thou hast toil'd; And care is light, for Thou hast cared;



And make our luke - warm hearts to glow With low - ly love and fer - vent will.  
The scan - ty tri - umphs grace hath won, The brok - en vow, the fre - quent fall.  
And bless us, more than in past days, With pur - i - ty and in - ward peace.  
Ah, nev - er let our works be soiled With strife, or by de - ceit ensnared.



Thro' life's long day, and death's dark night, O gen - tle Je - su, be our light.

5. For all we love, the poor, the sad,  
The sinful, unto Thee we call;  
O let Thy mercy make us glad;  
Thou art our Jesus, and are all.  
Through life's long day and death's dark night,  
O gentle Jesu, be our light.

6. Sweet Saviour, bless us, night is come,  
Through night and darkness near us be;  
Good angels watch about our home,  
And we are one day nearer Thee,  
Through life's long day and death's dark night,  
O gentle Jesu, be our light.

grandest thing that was ever thought of or combined in human ingenuity. Running, as it does, through all the grades and elements of sound, just as soft and as sweet as the song-sparrow (which is the sweetest bird that sings) in its simplicity, rising through all gradations, imitating almost everything that is known of sound on earth, it expresses the thunder and the earthquake, and almost the final trumpet itself! Then we have its grand accompanying power. And I am accustomed to think of a congregation with an organ

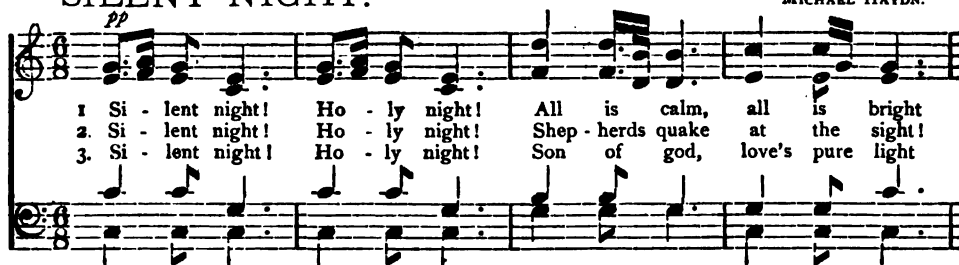
as I do of a fleet of boats in the harbor, on the waters. The organ is the flood, and the people are the boats; and they are buoyed up and carried along upon its current as the boats are borne upon the depths of the sea. So aside from mere musical reasons, there is this *power* that comes upon people—that encircles them, that fills them, this great, mighty ocean-tone; and it helps them to sing.—*H. W. Beecher.*

Music is a prophecy of what life is to be, the rainbow of promise translated from seeing into hearing.

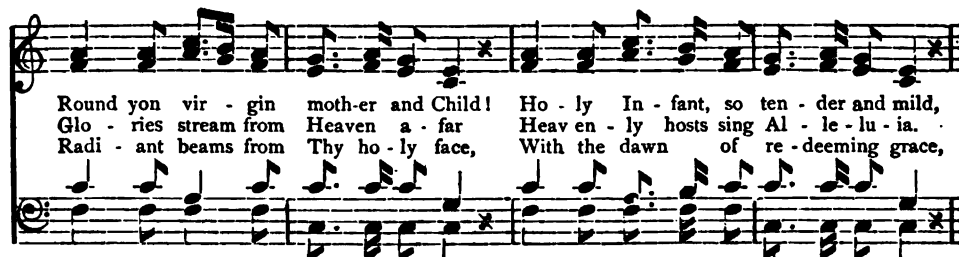
## SILENT NIGHT.

MICHAEL HAYDN.

*pp*



1. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! All is calm, all is bright  
 2. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Shep - herds quake at the sight!  
 3. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Son of god, love's pure light



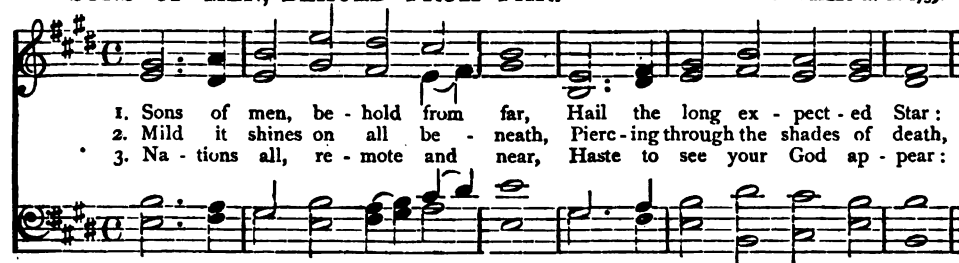
Round you vir - gin moth - er and Child! Ho - ly In - fant, so ten - der and mild,  
 Glo - ries stream from Heaven a - far Heav - en - ly hosts sing Al - le - lu - ia.  
 Radi - ant beams from Thy ho - ly face, With the dawn of re - deem - ing grace,



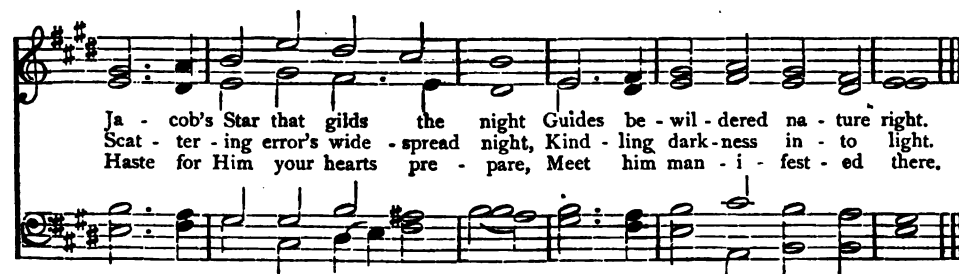
Sleep in heav - en - ly peace, Sleep in heav - en - ly peace.  
 Christ, the Sav - iour, is born! Christ, the Sa - viour, is born!  
 Je - sus, Lord, at thy birth, Je - sus, Lord, at thy birth.

## SONS OF MEN, BEHOLD FROM FAR.

C. WESLEY A. D. 1739.



1. Sons of men, be - hold from far, Hail the long ex - pect - ed Star:  
 2. Mild it shines on all be - neath, Pierc - ing through the shades of death,  
 3. Na - tions all, re - mote and near, Haste to see your God ap - pear:



Ja - cob's Star that gilds the night Guides be - wil - dered na - ture right.  
 Scat - ter - ing error's wide - spread night, Kind - ling dark - ness in - to light.  
 Haste for Him your hearts pre - pare, Meet him man - i - fest - ed there.

4. There behold the Day-Spring rise  
 Pouring light upon your eyes:  
 See it chase the shades away,  
 Shining to the perfect day.

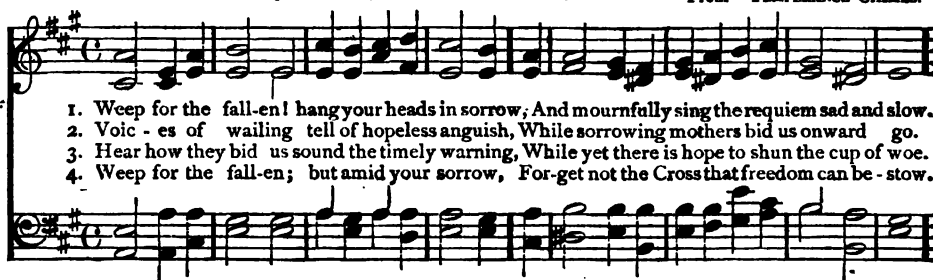
5. Sing, ye morning stars, again,  
 God descends on earth to reign,  
 Deigns for man His life to employ:  
 Shout, ye sons of God, for joy!

HEBREW SONG.—It is supposed that portions of the song-service in the tabernacle, and subsequently in the temple, were executed by the Levites alone, while some pieces were sung in alternate parts by them and by the people, the whole multitude lifting up their voices in chorus. In general, however, when the praise of Jehovah was celebrated, the entire body of worshippers joined in the exercise. "The singing of the ancient Hebrews," says Rev. J. R. Scott, "was different from the chanting in the modern synagogue; and although much simpler than the artistic music of these days, there being but a single part, sung by all alike, only three, four, or five notes higher or lower, according to the range of the singer's voice; and though louder and harsher than the modern taste would approve, still, doubtless, great musical effects

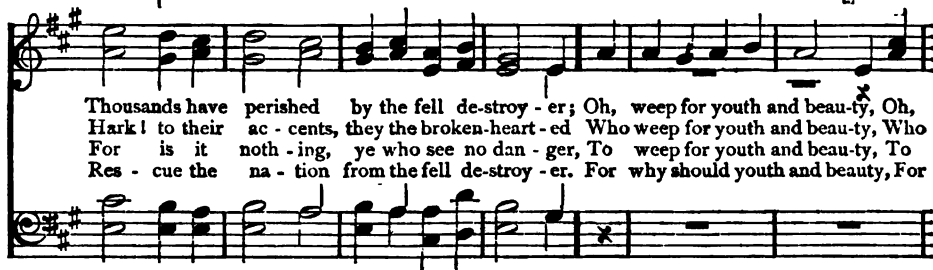
were often produced. Take, for example, the singing of the one hundred and thirty-sixth Psalm. In this Psalm the people were invited to praise Jehovah as the God of Nature, and as the Deliverer, Guide, and Provider of Israel. At the close of every verse there is the regular recurrence of a burden or refrain—'for His mercy endureth forever'—which was sung by all the people in chorus. What could be more sublime than those majestic responses? In clear, sweet, cultivated tones, the Levite choir chant, 'O give thanks unto the Lord for He is good,' when instantly rises from the surging mass, like the voice of many waters, the mingled notes of priests, Levites, people—vocal and instrumental—'For His mercy endureth forever!' With diminished volume again the Levite choir is heard: 'O give thanks to the God of gods,' when the

## WEEP FOR THE FALLEN.

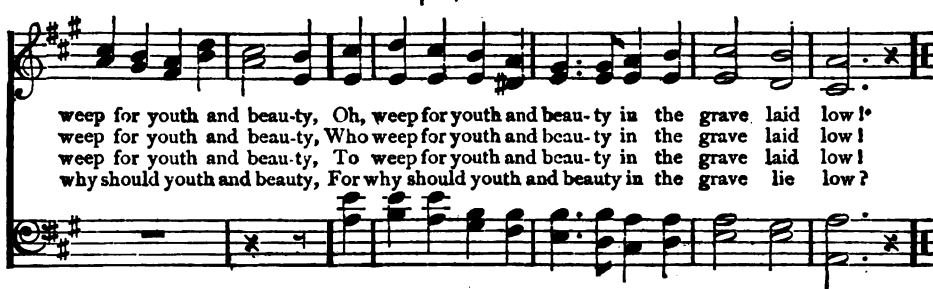
Portuguese Hymn.  
FROM "TEMPERANCE CHIMES."



1. Weep for the fall-en! hang your heads in sorrow; And mournfully sing the requiem sad and slow.  
2. Voic-es of wailing tell of hopeless anguish, While sorrowing mothers bid us onward go.  
3. Hear how they bid us sound the timely warning, While yet there is hope to shun the cup of woe.  
4. Weep for the fall-en; but amid your sorrow, For-get not the Cross that freedom can be-stow.



Thousands have perished by the fell de-destroy-er; Oh, weep for youth and beau-ty, Oh,  
Hark! to their ac-cents, they the broken-heart-ed Who weep for youth and beau-ty, Who  
For is it noth-ing, ye who see no dan-ger, To weep for youth and beau-ty, To  
Res-cue the na-tion from the fell de-destroy-er. For why should youth and beauty, For



weep for youth and beau-ty, Oh, weep for youth and beau-ty in the grave laid low!  
weep for youth and beau-ty, Who weep for youth and beau-ty in the grave laid low!  
weep for youth and beau-ty, To weep for youth and beau-ty in the grave laid low!  
why should youth and beauty, For why should youth and beauty in the grave lie low?

firmament again resounds with the same multitudinous refrain—'For His mercy endureth forever!' And so on in reply to each separate summons:

O give thanks to the Lord of lords:

*For his mercy endureth forever!*

To Him who alone doeth great wonders;

*For his mercy endureth forever!*

To Him that by wisdom made the heavens;

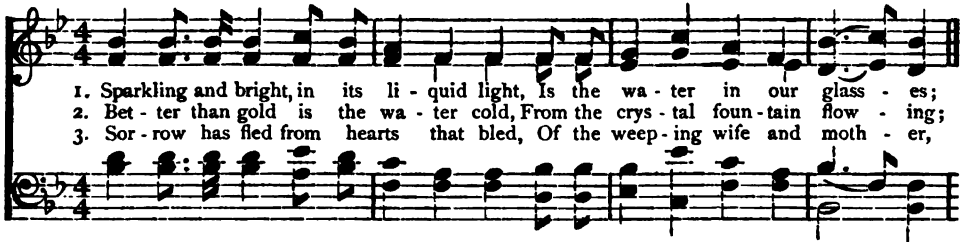
*For his mercy endureth forever!*

until twenty-six times, in answer to as many distinct calls, the throng have sent up that shout, literally of a vast multitude, and every nerve is thrilling, and every soul is borne onward and upward on the tide of song toward the Infinite Being whose perfections and mercies are herein so meetly celebrated."

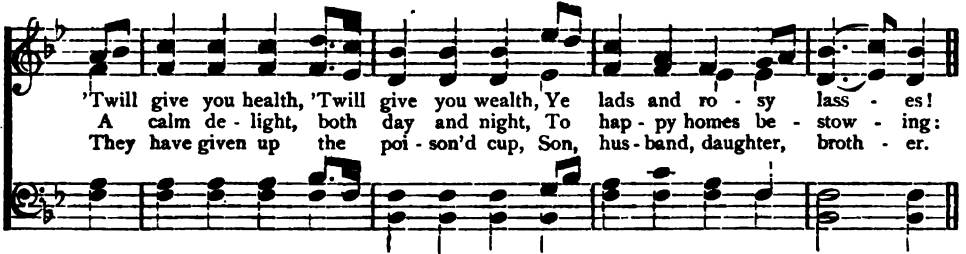
IN EVERY soul of man, by the giving of joy or the giving of suffering, by a thousand means, each fitted to a thousand characters, in the varying circumstances of life, God will do his all-conquering work. It is wonderful how life grows great in the illimitable atmosphere and landscape of this thought; how invigorating becomes the air of action; how time and its weariness, and space and its overwhelmingness, vanish away; and our life is lived in the eternal world, watching with faithful and enkindled eyes the mighty purposes of God moving onward like a sunlit river whose banks are love and justice, to their complete fulfillment in the gradual but final assimilation of all spirits to Himself.—Brooke.

## SPARKLING AND BRIGHT.

TEMPERANCE SONG.

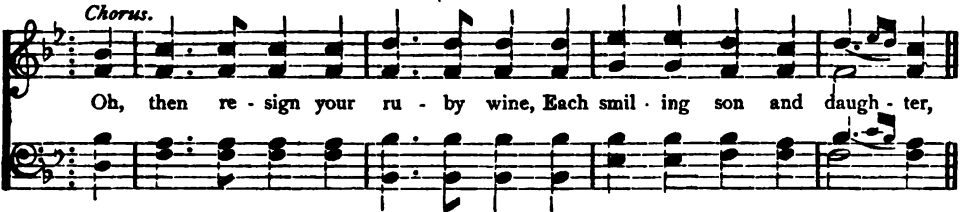


1. Sparkling and bright, in its li - quid light, Is the wa - ter in our glass - es;  
 2. Bet - ter than gold is the wa - ter cold, From the crys - tal foun - tain flow - ing;  
 3. Sor - row has fled from hearts that bled, Of the weep - ing wife and moth - er,

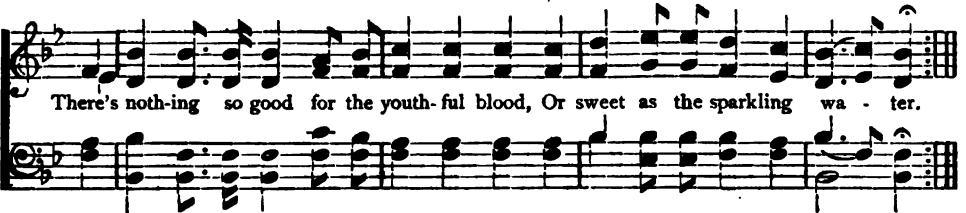


'Twill give you health, 'Twill give you wealth, Ye lads and ro - sy lass - es!  
 A calm de - light, both day and night, To hap - py homes be - stow - ing:  
 They have given up the poi - son'd cup, Son, hus - band, daughter, broth - er.

*Chorus.*



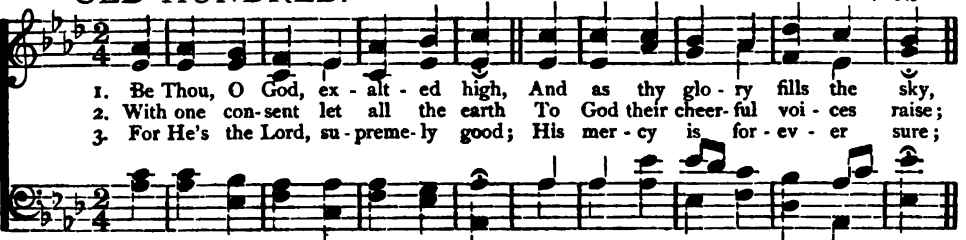
Oh, then re - sign your ru - by wine, Each smil - ing son and daugh - ter,



There's noth - ing so good for the youth - ful blood, Or sweet as the sparkling wa - ter.

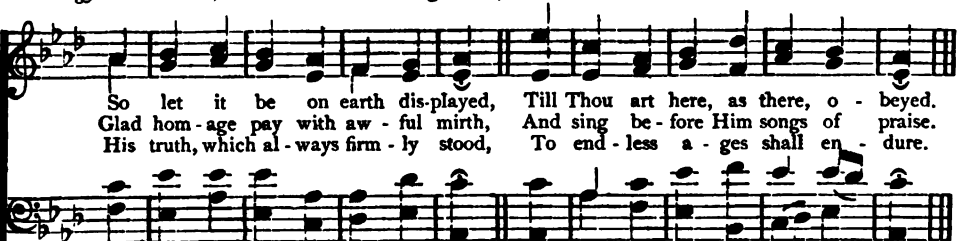
## OLD HUNDRED.

W. FRANC, 1543.



1. Be Thou, O God, ex - alt - ed high, And as thy glo - ry fills the sky,  
 2. With one con - sent let all the earth To God their cheer - ful voi - ces raise;  
 3. For He's the Lord, su - preme - ly good; His mer - cy is for - ev - er sure;

*Doxology:* Praise God, from whom all bless - ings flow, Praise Him, all crea - tures here be - low;



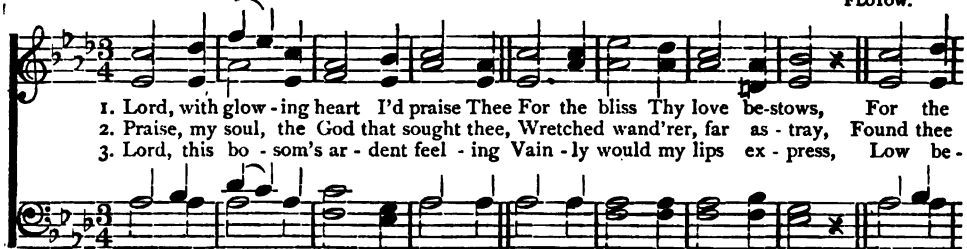
So let it be on earth dis - played, Till Thou art here, as there, o - beyed.  
 Glad hom - age pay with aw - ful mirth, And sing be - fore Him songs of praise.  
 His truth, which al - ways firm - ly stood, To end - less a - ges shall en - dure.

Praise Him a - bove, ye heavenly host; Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

O SUNSHINE of youth, let it shine on! Let love flow out fresh and full, unchecked by any rule but what love creates, and pour itself down without stint into the young heart. Make the days of boyhood happy; for other days of labor and sorrow must come, when the blessing of those dear eyes, and clasping hands, and sweet caresses will, next to the love of God, from whom they flow, save the man from losing faith in the human heart, help to deliver him from the curse of selfishness, and be an Eden in the memory when he is driven forth where the arid sands blister, in the wilderness of life.—*Macleod.*

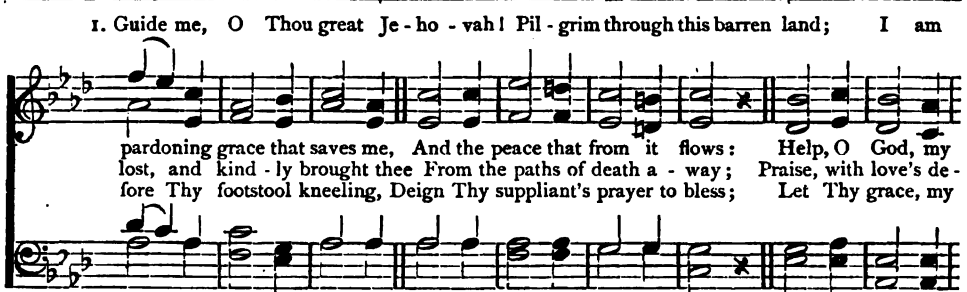
# LORD, WITH GLOWING HEART I'D PRAISE THEE.

Flotow.

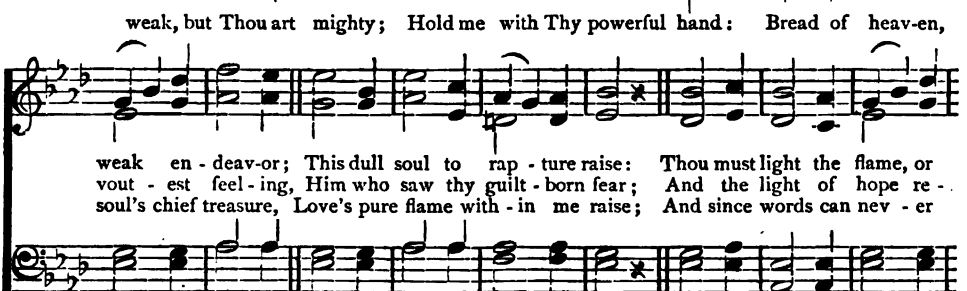


1. Lord, with glow - ing heart I'd praise Thee For the bliss Thy love be - stows, For the  
2. Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee, Wretched wand'r'er, far as - tray, Found thee  
3. Lord, this bo - som's ar - dent feel - ing Vain - ly would my lips ex - press, Low be -

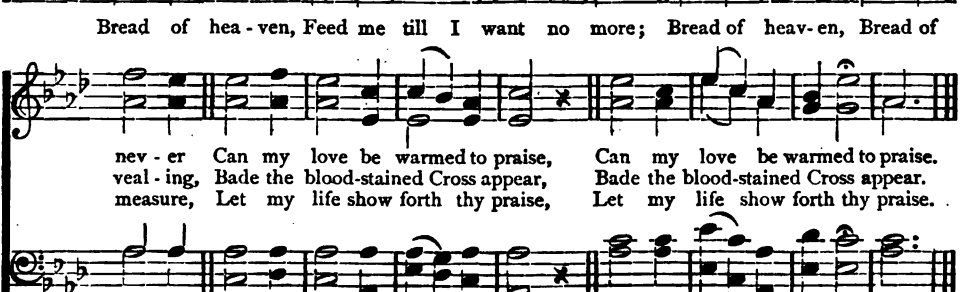
1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah! Pil - grim through this barren land; I am  
pardoning grace that saves me, And the peace that from it flows: Help, O God, my  
lost, and kind - ly brought thee From the paths of death a - way; Praise, with love's de -  
fore Thy footstool kneeling, Deign Thy suppliant's prayer to bless; Let Thy grace, my



weak, but Thou art mighty; Hold me with Thy powerful hand: Bread of heav-en,  
weak en - deav-or; This dull soul to rap - ture raise: Thou must light the flame, or  
vout - est feel - ing, Him who saw thy guilt - born fear; And the light of hope re -  
soul's chief treasure, Love's pure flame with - in me raise; And since words can nev - er



Bread of hea - ven, Feed me till I want no more; Bread of heav-en, Bread of  
nev - er Can my love be warmed to praise, Can my love be warmed to praise.  
veal - ing, Bade the blood-stained Cross appear, Bade the blood-stained Cross appear.  
measure, Let my life show forth thy praise, Let my life show forth thy praise.



heav-en, Feed me till I want no more, Feed me till I want no more.

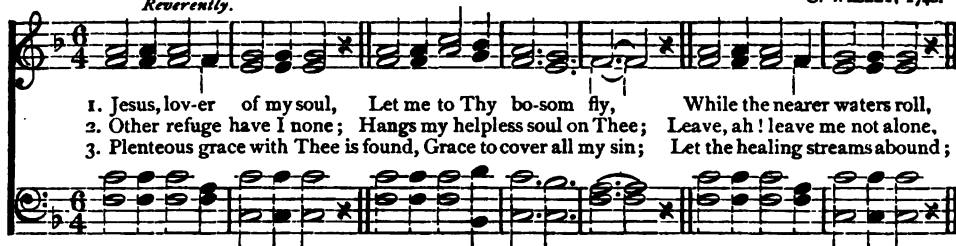
2. Open Thou the crystal fountain  
Whence the healing streams do flow,  
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar  
Lead me all my journey through;  
Strong Deliverer,  
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

3. When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid the swelling stream subside;  
Death of death, and hell's destruction,  
Land me safe on Canaan's side;  
Songs of praises  
I will ever give to Thee.

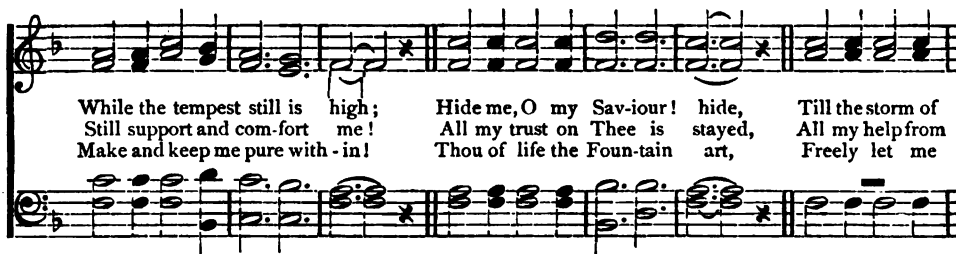
## JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

*Reverently.*

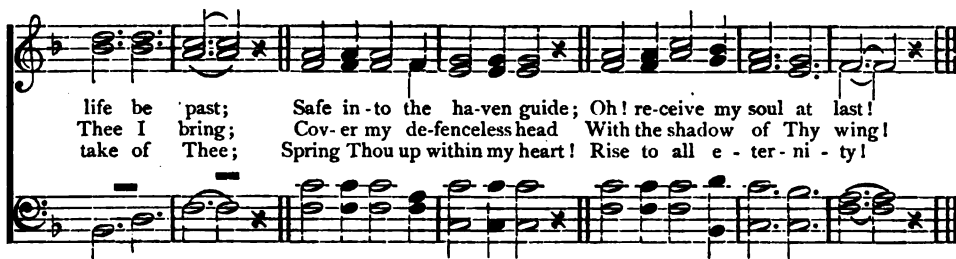
C. WESLEY, 1740.



1. Jesus, lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo-som fly, While the nearer waters roll,  
 2. Other refuge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on Thee; Leave, ah! leave me not alone,  
 3. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cover all my sin; Let the healing streams abound;



While the tempest still is high; Hide me, O my Sav-iour! hide, Till the storm of  
 Still support and com-fort me! All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from  
 Make and keep me pure with-in! Thou of life the Foun-tain art, Freely let me



life be past; Safe in-to the ha-ven guide; Oh! re-ceive my soul at last!  
 Thee I bring; Cov-er my de-fenceless head With the shadow of Thy wing!  
 take of Thee; Spring Thou up within my heart! Rise to all e-ter-ni-ty!

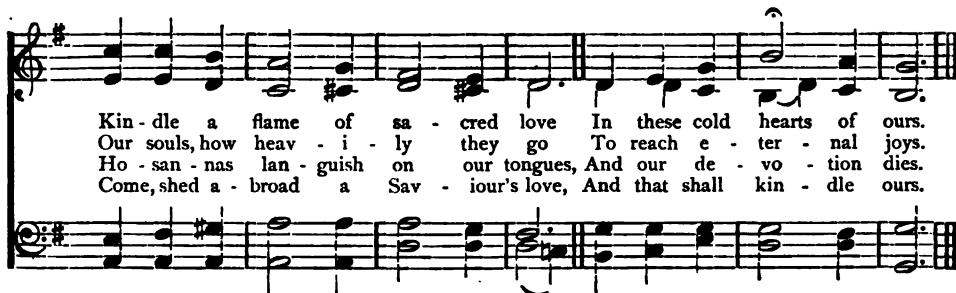
## COME, HOLY SPIRIT, HEAVENLY DOVE.

*Andante.*

DYKES. WATTS.



1. Come, Ho-ly Spir-it, heaven-ly Dove, With all Thy quick-'ning powers;  
 2. See how we grov-el here be low, Fond of these earth-ly toys;  
 3. In vain we tune our life-less songs, In vain we strive to rise;  
 4. Come, Ho-ly Spir-it, heaven-ly Dove, With all Thy quick-'ning powers;



Kin-dle a flame of sa-cred love In these cold hearts of ours.  
 Our souls, how heav-i-ly they go To reach e-ter-nal joys.  
 Ho-san-nas lan-guish on our tongues, And our de-vo-tion dies.  
 Come, shed a-broad a Sav-iour's love, And that shall kin-dle ours.

SOME one has said that memory is a tyrant which often forces itself upon us unbidden. In nothing is this more true than in music. How often do the beautiful songs, some of them love songs, we learned in years long past, come back to us. In memory we love to listen to them once more. Then again some vulgar ditty that we once thoughtlessly learned will intrude itself upon our attention, haunting us, and forcing us to listen, although we would gladly banish it. Thus does memory teach the importance of learning only such

music as is pure and elevating. In the selection of songs for use in schools, great care should be taken as to the character of the sentiments contained in them. Children can appreciate, and, if properly instructed, execute good music. Of course pupils should be gradually led along, the music selected for them being such as they can readily appreciate. Not many dirges or chorals on the one hand, and little frivolous trash upon the other. Rather let it be that golden medium—the sentiment cheering, refining, sparkling, delighting,

## THE LORELEY.

SILCHER.

1. Oh, tell me what it mean - eth, This gloom and tear - ful eye? 'Tis  
 2. A - bove the maid en sit - teth, A won - drous form and fair; With  
 3. The boat - man on the riv - er Lists to the song, spell - bound; Oh!

memo - ry that re - tain - eth The tale of years gone by, The  
 jew - els bright she plait - eth Her shin - ing gold - en hair: With  
 what shall him de - liv - er From dan - ger threat - 'ning round? The

fad - ing light grows dim - mer, The Rhine doth calm - ly flow! The  
 comb of gold pre - pares it, The task with song be - guiled; A  
 wa - ters deep have caught them, Both boat and boat - man brave; 'Tis

loft - y hill - tops glim - mer Red with the sun - set glow.  
 fit - ful bur - den bears it — That mel - o - dy so wild.  
 Lore - ley's song hath brought them Be - neath the foam - ing wave.  
 [Lur - le.]

while a large proportion of their selections should be songs whose "infinite variety" custom can never stale, and hymns of which we never weary, but whose wealth of meaning grows greater with the passing years.

THE LORELEY.—Germany is rich in folk-songs, and the words and airs of several of them are peculiarly beautiful; but the Loreley is the people's favorite. I could not endure it at first, but by-and-by it began to take hold of me, and now there is no tune that I like so well. It is not probable that it is much known in

America, else I should have heard it before. Lore was a water-nymph, who used to sit on a high rock called Ley or Lei, in the Rhine, and lure boatmen to destruction in a furious rapid which marred the channel at that spot. She so bewitched them with her plaintive songs and her wonderful beauty, that they forgot everything else to gaze up at her, and so they presently drifted among the broken reefs and were lost. This song, by Heinrich Heine, has been a favorite in Germany for forty years or longer.—*Mark Twain.*

## WAKE, WAKE THE MORNING.

Arr. by W. B. HALL,  
From "FIRST STEPS IN MUSIC."

1. Wake, wake the morn - ing; Bright the gold - en ray! All our hearts re-  
2. Wake, wake the morn - ing; Hap - py, hap - py day; All our hearts and  
3. Wake, wake the morn - ing; Joy - ful tid - ings bear; Chil-dren's hearts and

joi - cing, Hail the new-born day. Come, O Lord, our Sav - iour,  
voi - ces Grate - ful hom-age pay. May the King of Glo - ry,  
voi - ces Blend in grate-ful pray'r. Come, O Lord, our Sav - iour,

Bless our youth-ful band. Grant us heav'n-ly fav - or; Guard us with thy hand.  
From his throne a - bove, Shed his gen - tle spir - it, Fill our hearts with love.  
Make us all thine own, Like the pure, sweet an - gels, Dwelling round thy throne.

## LIFE LET US CHERISH.

FROM THE GERMAN.

*Allegro.*

Life let us cher - ish While yet the ta - per glows, And the fresh flow - 'ret

FINE

Pluck ere it close. Why are we fond of toil and care, Why choose the rank-ling  
Pluck ere it close. When clouds ob - scure the atmosphere, And fork - ed light - nings  
Pluck ere it close. The gen - ial sea - sons soon are o'er; Then let us, ere we  
Pluck ere it close. A - way with ev - 'ry toil and care, And cease the rank - ling

D. C.

thorn to wear, And heed - less by the lil - y stray, Which blossoms on our way?  
rend the air, The sun resumes his sil - ver crest, And smiles a - dorn the west.  
quit this shore, Contentment seek; it is life's zest, The sun - shine of the breast.  
thorn to wear, With man - ful hearts life's conflict meet, Till death sounds the re - treat.

**MUSICAL EXPRESSION.**—The imagination wakened brings its own language, and that is always musical. It may or may not have rhyme, or a fixed metre, but it will always have its special music or tone. Great thoughts insure musical expression, whatever language the bard uses; the secret of tone is at the heart of the poem. Every great master is such by this power—Chaucer, and Shakspeare, and Raleigh, and Milton, and Collins, and Burns, and Byron, and Tennyson, and Wolfe. The true inspiration always brings it. Perhaps

it cannot be analyzed; but we all yield to it. It is the life of the good ballads; it is in the German hymns which Wesley translated; it is in the 'Marseillaise' of Rouget de Lisle; it gave their value to the chants of the old Romish and of the English church; and it is the only account we can give of their wonderful power on the people. Poems may please by their talent and ingenuity, or the music of their rhythm, but when they charm us it is because they have this quality, for this is the union of nature with thought.—*Emerson.*

## SING ALWAYS.

WM. F. SHERWIN. FROM "BRIGHT JEWELS."  
By per. BIGLOW & MAIN, N. Y.

1. Sing with a tune - ful spir - it, Sing with a cheer - ful lay,  
2. Sing when the heart is trou - bled, Sing when the hours are long,  
3. Sing in the vale of shad - ows, Sing in the hour of death,

Praise to the great Cre - a - tor, While on thy pil - grim way.  
Sing when the storm-cloud gath - ers, Sweet is the voice of song.  
And when thy hours are clos - ing, Sing with thy lat - est breath.

Sing when the birds are wak - ing, Sing with the morn - ing light,  
Sing when the sky is dark - est, Sing when the thun - ders roll,  
Sing till the heart's deep long - ings Cease on the oth - er shore;

Sing in the noon - tide's gold - en beams, Sing in the hush of night.  
Sing of a land where rest re - mains, Rest for the wea - ry soul.  
Then, with the count - less num - bers there, Sing on for ev - er - more.

**TERMS.**—Rhythmics is from a Greek word, signifying "to flow"—measured movement. Melodics, from a Greek word signifying "a song or poem"—a tune. Dynamics, from a Greek word, signifying "to be able"—power. The plural form of each of these words is taken as the name of a department, because, as technical terms, they comprehend everything that arises out of the properties of which they treat. Thus, Rhythmics comprehends all rhythmic things, or whatever may be derived from the primary fact, that tones

may be long or short, or that length is a property of tones, including also rhythms, or the structure of phrases, sections and periods. Again, the term Melodics includes everything that may proceed from the primary distinction of low or high, or from the property of pitch; the word melody, in its common use, is much more limited, and refers only to a pleasing succession of tones in rhythmic order, or to an ordinary tune form. Dynamics also embraces not only the mere force of tones, but also their manner or form of delivery.

## PRAYER FROM FREISCHUTZ.

VON WEBER. MATZ arr.

1. Songs, re - veal - ing sa - cred feel - ing, Toward the shin - ing stars float  
2. Low - ly bend - ing, Towards thee wend - ing, Lord, who hast no cause nor

*pp*

steal - ing. Then out - well - ing, Loud - ly swell - ing,  
end - ing! Still be - friend us; Still de - fend us;

*pp* *poco cres.*

Reach thine th'e - ter - nal Fa - ther's  
Thine e - ter - nal suc - cor

Reach the Fa - ther's dwell - ing, the Fa - ther's dwell - ing.  
Thine e - ter - nal suc - cor, thy suc - cor lend us.

*f* *pp*

## LORD, IN THIS THY MERCY'S DAY.

W. H. MONK.

1. Lord, in this Thy mer - cy's day, Ere the time shall pass a - way,  
2. Ho - ly Je - sus, grant us tears, Fill us with heart search - ing fears,  
2. Lord, on us Thy spir - it pour, Kneel - ing low - ly at Thy door,  
4. By Thy night of a - gon - y, By Thy sup - pli - cat - ing cry,

On our knees we fall and pray.  
Ere the hour of doom ap - pears.  
Ere it close for - ev - er - more.  
By Thy will - ing - ness to die,

5. By Thy tears of bitter woe,  
For Jerusalem below,  
Let us not Thy love forego.
6. Judge and Saviour of our race,  
When we see Thee face to face,  
Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place.
7. On Thy love we rest alone,  
And that love will then be known  
By the pardoned round Thy throne.

TEMPLE SERVICE.—There was singing as well as prayer at the dedication of the temple built by Solomon; and if the prayer offered up by the royal architect was memorable, so the musical service was transcendently imposing. This might have been expected from the immense size and surpassing splendor of the edifice, the number of persons employed in its erection, the length of time occupied in collecting the materials and completing the structure, the sacred uses to which it was to be devoted, and the general and joyful expectation with which the opening of so celebrated a building had been anticipated. The following is the Scriptural account of these exercises: "The Levites which were singers, all of them of Asaph, of Heman, of

Jeduthun, with their sons and their brethren, being arrayed in white linen, having cymbals, and psalteries, and harps, stood at the east end of the altar, and with them a hundred and twenty priests sounding with trumpets. It came to pass as the trumpeters and singers were as one, to make one sound to be heard in praising and thanking the Lord; and when they lifted up their voices with the trumpets and cymbals, and instruments of music, and praised the Lord, saying, for He is good; for His mercy endureth forever, that then the house was filled with a cloud, even the house of the Lord; so that the priests could not stand to minister by reason of the cloud; for the glory of the Lord had filled the house of God."—See *Book of Chronicles*.

## LOVELY ROSE.

VENETIAN MELODY.

1. Of late so brightly glow - ing, Love - ly rose; We here be-held thee grow - ing,  
 2. The blast too rudely blow - ing, Love - ly rose; Thy ten - der form o'er - throw - ing,  
 3. No fresh'n'g dew of morn - ing, Love - ly rose, Thy in - fant buds a - dorn - ing,

Love - ly rose, Thou seem'st some an - gel's care; Summer's breath was warm a -  
 Love - ly rose, A - las, hath laid thee low. Now a - mid thy na - tive  
 Love - ly rose, To thee shall day re - store; Zephyrs soft that late ca -

round thee, Summer's beam with beau - ty crown'd thee, So sweet - ly fair.  
 bed, En - vi - ous weeds with branches spread, Un - kind - ly grow.  
 res'd thee, Ev'n - ing smiles that part - ing bless'd thee, Re - turn no more.

*rit. Repeat last line softly.*

A FEW WORDS.—Turn your heads one moment, little ladies, and listen to a bit of advice from a woman who has been as young as any of you, who is a mother now, and who would have thanked somebody if she had said the same to her at your age. If you have a voice, whether remarkable for strength or sweetness, or neither, strive to cultivate it. A woman who cannot sing is as a flower without perfume. I do not mean you must sing scales and trills by the hour; these notions have left me long ago. Learn operatic wonders, if you like, only be sure to learn them correctly; but they are easily forgotten, rest assured. Learn a hundred or more beautiful little ballads. Not the kind that take a town by storm and die out in one season, but real songs that never grow old, whose tunes are melody, and whose words are poetry. The years are coming when you will find that your joy and your love, your modesty and your pride, blend more sweet-

ly as you sing "Annie Laurie," or "Within a mile of Edinboro' Town," than in executing the most wonderful gymnastics with your vocal organs. In sorrow, too, some such song, with all the sweet memories of the past clinging about its tender notes, will call forth tears to ease an aching heart. And there may come a time when a weary little head lies on its mother's bosom; little eyelids are drooping, twilight is drawing about her—too early for a lamp, too early for any but little folks to sleep; then it is that all the accomplishments of her girlhood are as nothing compared with one simple song that lulls a tired baby to sleep. There is something soothing to the child in the mother's voice at any time, and it instinctively loves the melody of a song; so, girls, while you can, think of the mine of wealth you may lay up for the children that may one day come with their smiles and their kisses to brighten the way.—*M. B. Anderson.*

## GENTLE WORDS AND KINDLY DEEDS.

GEO. COOPER,  
FROM SILVER THREADS OF SONG by per.*Moderate Time.*

1. Oh, how sweet - ly, in life's morn - ing, Fall the words of peace and love!  
2. Sweet - er, bright - er than the ro - ses,—Words of hope that cheer the heart;

They are jew - els rare, a - dorn - ing Ev - 'ry path - way while we rove:  
Ev - ery world - ly care re - pos - es, Gen - tle kind - ness, where thou art:

Words of kind - ness ev - er glow - ing, Smiles of beau - ty, joy be - stow - ing,  
Help thy broth - er in his sad - ness, Bring to him the light of glad ness,

Dear - est of our earth - ly needs, Gen - tle words, and kind - ly deeds,  
Dear - est of our earth - ly needs, Gen - tle words, and kind - ly deeds.

## BY COOL SILOAM'S SHADY RILL.

R. HEBER. 1812.

1. By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill, How fair the lil - y grows, How  
2. Lo, such the child whose ear - ly feet The paths of peace have trod, Whose  
3. De - pen - dent on Thy boun - teous breath, We seek Thy grace a - lone, In

sweet the breath be - neath the hill Of Sha - ron's dew - y rose.  
se - cret heart with in - fluence sweet, Is up - ward drawn to God.  
child - hood, mau - hood, age, and death, To keep us still Thine own.

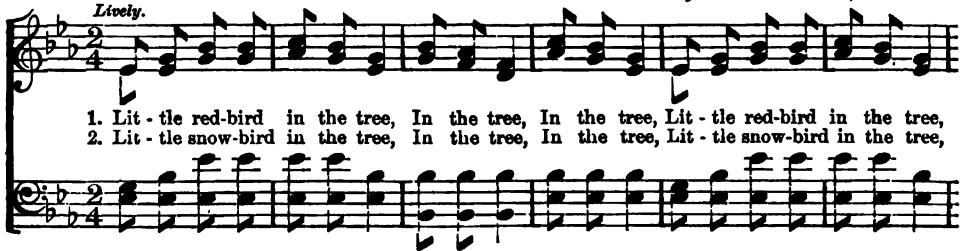
**HINTS.**—To give increased power, smoothness, and flexibility to the voice, nothing is better than daily practice on the scale and short exercises in vocalizing, which is adapting vowels to musical sounds. This should always be preceded by a breathing exercise, the breath being detained in the lungs until it is needed in singing. This also gives neatness and accuracy. Children, like older people, have a tendency to fall into a lazy, slovenly habit of sliding from one

tone to the next. Before teaching singing by note, it is advisable to teach a good many little songs by note, in order to bring the children's voices into unison. Some professors of music assert that all songs should be learned in this way before the syllables or scale names are applied; but our experience has led us to adopt the contrary opinion. Singing by note is to music what phonic spelling is to reading. Singing by note is not learned so rapidly when the practice

### LITTLE BIRDIE IN THE TREE.

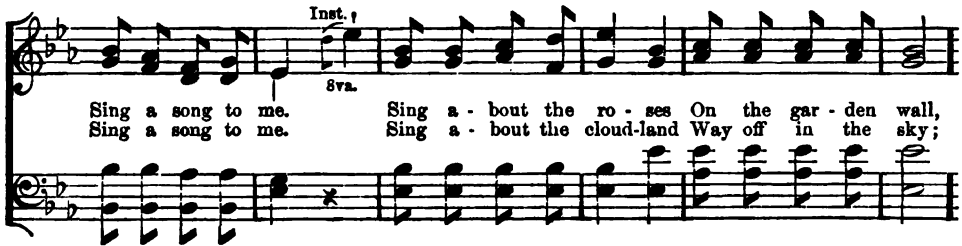
P. P. BLISS. "THE CHARM."  
Per. JOHN CHURCH & Co., Cincinnati.

*Lively.*




1. Lit - tle red-bird in the tree, In the tree, In the tree, Lit - tle red-bird in the tree,  
2. Lit - tle snow-bird in the tree, In the tree, In the tree, Lit - tle snow-bird in the tree,

*Inst.*  
*Sva.*



Sing a song to me. Sing a - bout the ro - ses On the gar - den wall,  
Sing a song to me. Sing a - bout the cloud-land Way off in the sky;

*Chorus.*  
*Sva.*



Sing a-bout the bird-swing On the tree-top tall. Lit - tle bird-ie in the tree,  
When you go there call - ing, Do your children cry? Lit - tle bird-ie, in the tree,



In the tree, In the tree, Lit - tle bird-ie in the tree, Sing a song to me.

Little blue-bird in the tree, in the tree, in the tree,  
Little blue-bird in the tree, sing a song to me;  
Sing about the mountain, sing about the sea,  
Sing about the steamboats—Is there one for me?

Little blackbird in the tree, in the tree, in the tree,  
Little blackbird in the tree, sing a song to me;  
Sing about the farmer planting corn and beans,  
Sing about the harvest—I know what that means.

consists mostly of songs, as when the teacher calls for tones not associated with any tune. A child may learn to sing a tune by note, just as he learns a sentence by hearing it read; he may or may not be familiar with the words which compose it. So he may learn a tune perfectly, and still be unable to give a single separate sound in it. I would make this emphatic: there should be a great deal of practice in

skipping as rapidly as possible from one note to another. Beating time is of the greatest importance and should be mechanical. The child must have something tangible to guide him. Two-part time is the simplest and can be accurately beat by the youngest child in our public schools. This can be followed by three-part, four-part, and six-part time. As soon as it is practicable there may be singing in two parts.

## COME WITH THE GIPSY BRIDE.

M. W. BALFE.  
From "BOHEMIAN GIRL."

1st & 2d times *f*, 3d time *p*.

Come with the Gip - sy bride, And re - pair to the fair,

Where the ma - zy dance Will the hours en - trance.

FINE.

DUET.

Love is the first thing to clasp, But if he es - cape your grasp. Friendship will then be at

SOLO.

hand, In the young rogue's place to stand; Hope, then, will be nothing loath To point out the way to

*cres.* *f* *D.C.*

both; Hope, then, will be nothing loath To point out the way to both.....

*ff*

In the Gipsy's life you read..... The life that all would like to lead;.....

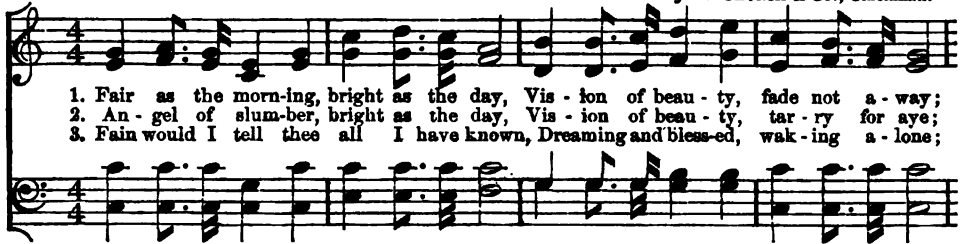
In the Gipsy's life you read The life that all would like to lead. *D.C.*

**EDUCATIONAL VALUE.**—When Dr. Lowell Mason returned from his studies in Europe, in 1840, there was no stronger desire in his heart than to introduce the study of music into the public schools of his native land, as he found it in all the schools of every grade in Germany. This became one of the most determined purposes of his professional life, and, though he did not live to carry it out in full, the amount of success that crowned his efforts, in spite of prejudice and opposition, as well from the musical as the unmusical, was, in his often-expressed opinion, the great achievement of his life. His first

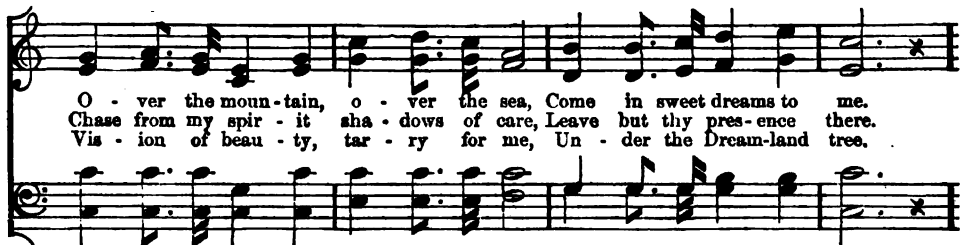
success was only to secure a half-hour of recess from study, once a week, in some half-dozen schools in and about Boston, in order "that he might amuse and interest the pupils by singing to and with them." His thought, however, was not merely to entertain the scholars—not to provide an interesting and innocent manner of spending a recess—but to make music a branch of study, co-ordinate with the others pursued in the schools. In these thirty years or more since that time the public sentiment in regard to the matter has undergone great changes, so that the question now is not at all as he found it, nor indeed

## FAIR AS THE MORNING.

G. F. ROOT. From "TRIUMPH."  
Per. JOHN CHURCH & Co., Cincinnati.

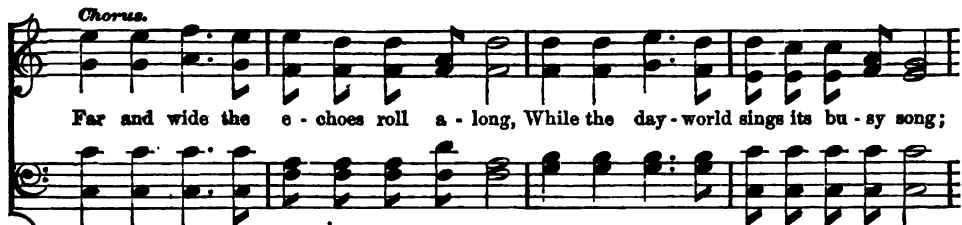


1. Fair as the morn-ing, bright as the day, Vis-ion of beau-ty, fade not a-way;  
2. An-gel of slum-ber, bright as the day, Vis-ion of beau-ty, tar-ry for aye;  
3. Fain would I tell thee all I have known, Dreaming and bless-ed, wak-ing a-lone;




O-ver the moun-tain, o-ver the sea, Come in sweet dreams to me.  
Chase from my spir-it sha-dows of care, Leave but thy pres-ence there.  
Vis-ion of beau-ty, tar-ry for me, Un-der the Dream-land tree.

*Chorus.*



Far and wide the e-choes roll a-long, While the day-world sings its bu-sy song;

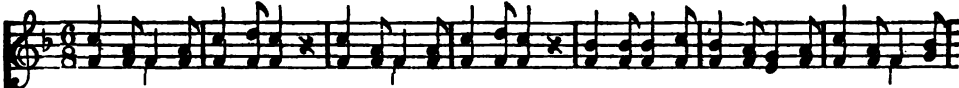


But what are all its la-bors to me, Un-der the Dream-land tree.

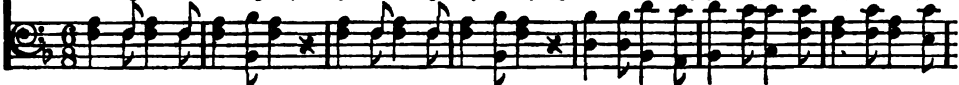
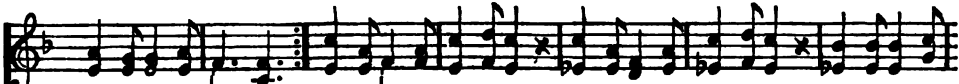
precisely as he left it. It is now almost universally admitted that singing is so important an element in the emotional and moral atmosphere of the school-room, that no wise teacher is willing to do his work without it; but there seems yet to be very little opinion, and no systematic work whatever, that is based upon a correct estimate of the value of music as a means of education and culture co-ordinate with history, poetry, and mathematics. The most advanced feeling seems to be that it is a valuable, and perhaps even ennobling recreation and, in some cases

also, a useful acquirement for the entertainment of friends, or the possible procurement of a livelihood in the event of need; but this estimate is only secondary and wholly unworthy. Music should take rank among the most important means by which educators seek to secure for their pupils symmetrical development of mind and character. Let it be clearly understood, that by *music* is here meant not merely the power to sing or play, but a comprehensive, though not necessarily exhaustive, study of the principles and practice of this most attractive art.—*Blodgett.*



# Christmas Carol.




Christ was born on Christmas day, Wreathe the holly, twine the bay, Light and life and joy is he, The Babe, the Son, The  
He is born to set us free; He is born our Lord to be; Carol, Christians, joyfully; The God, the Lord, By  
Let the bright red berries glow, Every where in goodly show; Light and life and joy is he, The Babe, the Son, The

Ho - ly One of Ma - ry. }  
all adored For ev - er. } Christian men, rejoice and sing; 'Tis the birth-day of our King. Ca-rol, Christians,  
Ho - ly One of Ma - ry. }

joy-ful-ly; The God, the Lord, By all adored For ev - er. Night of sadness; Morn of gladness Ever more:




Ev - er, Ev - er, Af - ter many troubles sore, Morn of gladness ev - er more, and ev - er more.




*Fine.*  
Midnight scarcely passed and over, Drawing to this ho-ly morn; Ve-ry ear-ly, Ve-ry ear-ly, Christ was born.




*Piu lento. a tempo. D.S.*  
Sing out with bliss, His name is this: Emman-u-el: As 'twas foretold, In days of old, By - Ga - bri-el.



REVIVAL OF MUSIC.—Within a few years there has been a great revival of music among us, and notably of choral music. Our people have left the puritanical silence and stiffness of the Fathers, and have learned to see that music is as much one of God's gifts as speech. Our children are taught to sing before they know their letters. We pay the best prices, the best talent of the world is flowing to our shores, and we are rapidly becoming a musical people. At first the popular heart was content with the brass band and the negro minstrel concerts. We have outgrown all that, and are taking to the opera and

oratorio. Conservatories are springing up everywhere, and musical festivals are becoming common. Our churches have felt the influence of this growth of general musical culture. Every little chapel is putting up its organ, and endeavors to have a choir. In church music we have improved our choirs till we have become actually tired of them, and are waking up to the value of choral music. Congregational singing is reviving. We are surprised at the treasure of musical praise we have discovered. The choral and oratorio societies show us what wonderful effects can be produced by simply massing voices on plain songs.

## SAFE WITHIN THE VAIL.

J. M. EVANS.  
From "BRIGHT JEWELS," by per.

1. "Land a - head!" Its fruits are wav - ing O'er the hills of fadeless green;  
 2. On - ward, bark! the cape I'm rounding; See, the bless - ed wave their hands;  
 3. There, let go the anchor, rid - ing On this calm and sil - v'ry bay;  
 4. Now we're safe from all temp - ta - tion, All the storms of life are past;

And the liv - ing wa - ters lav - ing Shores where heav'n - ly forms are seen.  
 Hear the harps of God re - sounding From the bright immor - tal bands.  
 Seaward fast the tide is glid - ing, Shores in sun - light stretch a - way.  
 Praise the Rock of our sal - va - tion, We are safe at home at last.

*Chorus.*  
 Rocks and storms I'll fear no more, When on that e - ter - nal shore;  
 Drop the an - chor! Furl the sail! I am safe within the veil!

Psalm tunes have been held for years in derision. An invitation to spend a quiet Sunday evening, singing tunes has been spurned as a weak invention of pious dullness. "Psalm tunes, indeed! They are dreadful. Who cares for them! Very good for a sleepy prayer-meeting; but to think any musical person would condescend to sing one for the pleasure of the thing argues an ignorance as deplorable as profound." So the young miss of the quartette has said, as she turned, with a sniff of her pretty heavenly-tending

nose, to her motetts and anthems. "*Vanitas vanitatum!*" saith the musical preacher. "They know not what they say. A choral—psalm tune, so called—is one of the most beautiful and majestic forms music ever assumes. The highest efforts of the greatest masters have been spent in the writing of chorals." The reason they are not generally liked is plain. They are not properly sung, nor are the best tunes used. In time, no doubt, we shall do better, and learn to give them the high position they surely deserve.

## SOFTLY NOW THE LIGHT OF DAY.

DONIZETTI.

*p*

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way; Free from care, from  
 2. Soon for me the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way; Then, from sin and

la - bor free, Lord, I would commune with Thee. Thou, whose all - per - va - ding eye  
 sor - row free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee. Thou who, sin - less, yet hast known

*cres.*  
 Naught escapes, without, within, Pardon each in - firm - i - ty, O - pen fault, and se - cret sin.  
 All of man's in - firm - i - ty, Then, from Thine e - ter - nal throne, Jesus, look with pitying eye.

## GLAD CHRISTMAS BELLS.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

1. Glad Christmas bells, your mu - sic tells The sweet and pleas - ant sto - ry;  
 2. No pal - ace hall its ceil - ing tall His king - ly head spread o - ver,  
 3. Nor rai - ment gay, as there He lay, A - dorn'd the in - fant stran - ger;  
 4. But from a - far, a splen - did star The wise men westward turn - ing;

How came to earth, in low - ly birth, The Lord of life and glo - ry.  
 There on - ly stood a sta - ble rude The heav - enly Babe to cov - er.  
 Poor, hum - ble child of moth - er mild, She laid Him in a man - ger.  
 The live - long night saw pure and bright, A - bove His birth - place burn - ing.

5. Where on the hill, all safe and still,  
The folded flocks were lying,  
Down through the air an angel fair  
On wing of flame came flying.
6. "Fear not," said he,—for tremblingly  
The shepherds stood in wonder,—  
"Glad news I bring, the promised King  
Lies in a stable yonder.
7. "And by this sign, the babe divine  
You may discover surely,  
A manger His rude dwelling is,  
There lies He, cradled poorly."

8. Then swiftly came, in lines of flame,  
Like countless meteors blazing,  
A multitude, and with Him stood,  
A spectacle amazing.
9. And all the choir, with tongues of fire  
Broke forth in joyful singing,  
Till with their cry the very sky  
From end to end was ringing.
10. "Glory to Thee for ever be,  
God in the highest, glory!  
Good will to men, and peace again,  
O earth, is beaming o'er thee!"

**CHURCH MUSIC.**—A writer in one of the leading newspapers discourses grumblingly of his "being barred out of the singing" of the sacred music in churches where all the melodious praise of the Lord is entrusted to a trained choir. Here is his complaint: "I find in all the churches around here that they have put away their old choirs and substituted what they tell me is a well-trained professional quartette. Now it so happens that with these great quartettes I cannot sing at all, and this so disturbs me that it is like a thorn in

the flesh, and a great perplexity. For instance, very often when I am in the great congregation I feel the due spirit and emotion of the place come over me and fill me with a desire to lift up my voice in the rich old familiar hymns that were made to be sung, and invite and invoke me in every line to that good exercise. But stop! stop! don't you hear that delicate trill, that most scientific crescendo, that brilliant intricacy of lofty screams, from yonder soprano singer in solo? Do sit still and listen; that's all you've got to do; sit still!

## HUNTING SONG.

VON WEBER.

*Spirited.* (ECHO.) *f* (ECHO.) *f* (ECHO.) *f*

*f* *pp* *pp* *pp*

1. A - way, a - way, a - way, a - way! The woodlands fair in- vite, A-way, a - way, With  
 2. Farewell, farewell, farewell, farewell! The night in parting said, Farewell, farewell! Then  
 3. A - way, a - way, a - way, a - way! The a- zure glowing light, The light, the light, The

*f* *pp* *f* *pp* *f* *pp* *f*

(ECHO.) *f* (ECHO.) *pp*

mag - ic might, with mag - ic might, At joy - ous break of day, At joy - ous break of day!  
 swift - ly fled, then swift - ly fled O'er hill and nestling dell, O'er hill and nestling dell!  
 world so bright, the world so bright, Tempts us a - way, a - way, Tempts us a - way, a - way!

*f* *pp* *f* *pp*

A - way to the chase, to the chase, a - way, At break of the glo - ri - ous, sun - ny day!

*f* *f*

Tra la, tra la, tra la, tra la, Tra la, tra la, tra la, Tra la, tra la, tra la.

*f* *cres.* *ff* (ECHO.) *pp*

" 'I want to sing.' 'You must not, I tell you; never mind what the words say; the fact is, it is not fashionable to worship here as people used to, and if you attempt it all the people will stare at you, and laugh.' What shall I do? My very soul yearns to join in the grand old harmonies and sacred songs I love; but this I find almost impossible, and quite ungentle. I must stifle all the voices of the Psalmist, all the emotions of the spirit, and must sit silently still listening to the sighing and dying and convulsive outbursts of a most

skillfully scientific and rather fantastic quartette, singing the beautiful psalms and hymns in something like a distorted dead language, mixed up with the diapacons and flourishes of an organ and organist, so very bewildering to my dazed fancy that sometimes I am left almost breathless, and wonderingly ask, 'What next?' Meanwhile, I am informed that this is worship—solemn, acceptable worship of the Most High, the Searcher of all hearts—worship by poor, penitent, sinful beings like me and the rest of our great congregations."

## THE OLD COTTAGE CLOCK.

Arr. by W. B. HALL.  
From "First Steps in Music."


1. That old, old clock of the house-hold stock, Was the bright-est thing and  
2. A friend-ly voice was that old, old clock, As it stood in the cor-ner

neat-est: The hands, though old, had a touch of gold, And its chim-ess sang still the  
smil-ing, And blessed the time with a mer-ry chime, All the win-try hours be

sweet-est. 'Twas a mon-it-or too, though its words were few, Yet they liv'd through na-tions  
guil-ing. But a peev-ish old voice had that tire-some clock As it call'd at day-break

altered, And its voice, still strong, warned the old and young, When the voice of friendship faltered.  
bold-ly, When the dawn looked gray, o'er the misty way, And the air blew ver-y cold-ly.

CHO. Tick, tick it said; Quick, quick to bed, For ten I've giv-en warn-ing, Up  
Tick, tick it said; Quick out of bed, For five I've giv-en warn-ing, You'll

quick-ly and go, or sure-ly you know, You'll nev-er rise soon in the morn-ing.  
nev-er have health, you'll never have wealth, Un-less you're up soon in the morn-ing.

## UP THE HILLS.

ROSSINI.



1. Up the hills on a bright sunny morn, Voic-es clear as a bu-gle horn, List to the ech-oes  
2. Now thro' beau-teous vale and grove, Joy-ous, hap-py, here we rove; List to the songsters'

*Fine.* *D. C.*

as they flow, Now a-way we go. One and all, with cheerful glee, Come, and follow me.  
mer-ry lay, Hail the new-born day.

**MARSEILLES HYMN.**—The authorship of this soul-stirring war song, so often prohibited by despotic rulers, and now the national air of France,—the Marseillaise, as it is called,—has frequently been disputed. In his recent work on Strasburg during the Revolution, M. Seingerlot, an authority upon these historical questions, has brought to light a number of old family papers of this era, from which it appears that Rouget de Lisle, at the time of writing these verses, was an army officer contributing occasionally to the columns of a leading newspaper of Strasburg, owned by the Mayor of the city. The wife of this gentleman, a lady of musical taste, regarded this poem a masterpiece, and urged that it be set to music by the author and published. It accordingly appeared in this form, probably in

April, 1792, entitled, "A war song for the Army of the Rhine." In a letter, yet extant, from Madame Deitrich, the Mayor's wife, she says: "The occupation of copying music has enabled me for some days to shut my ears to political wrangles. Politics only are now discussed here. To invent something new for the entertainment of our numerous guests, my husband has hit upon the expedient of having a song composed for the times, which embodies the patriotic feeling of the town. A captain of engineers, Rouget de Lisle, who is a very amiable poet and composer, has rapidly done for him the song and the music. It is a spirit-stirring (*entrainment*), and not wanting in originality. It is in the feeling of Gluck, but more lively and alert, and has been performed at our house to the satisfac-

### THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

THOMAS MOORE.

1. 'Tis the last rose of summer, Left blooming a - lone; All her lovely com -  
 2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine on the stem, Since the lovely are  
 3. So soon may I fol - low, When friendships de - cay, And from love's shining

panions Are fad - ed and gone; No flow - er of her kindred, No  
 sleeping, Go sleep thou with them; Thus kind - ly I scatter Thy  
 cir - cle The gems drop a - way; When true hearts lie withered, And

rose-bud is nigh, To re - flect back her blushes, Or give sigh for sigh.  
 leaves o'er the bed, Where thy mates of the garden Lie scent - less and dead.  
 fond ones are flown, Oh, who would in - hab - it This bleak world a - lone!

tion of all who have heard it." Capt. Rouget de Lisle was asked to draw his inspiration from passing events and the dominant sentiment of the town, which was a frontier stronghold, and no doubt tremendously aroused by the news from Paris and by the declaration of war. Strasburg would probably have to bear the brunt of the invasion, and, in any case, would be the centre of military operations. Political discussion went on, therefore, to the exclusion of other topics. The fact that the Deitrichs kept the harpsichord going, and had Capt. Rouget de Lisle compose this new thing for it to create a diversion amid stirring politics, is a curious example of the power "that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will." It would be interesting to know how the song got to Marseilles

without going through Paris. A regimental band may have taken it to the South. The first time it was heard in Paris was the day the Revolutionary deputation of Marseilles, which had come on foot, singing what was ever afterward to be known as their "hymn," entered the capital. It was caught up at once, and spread like wildfire through the nation. The *entrain*, which the Mayor's wife said was one of its characteristics, so roused the Parisians that nothing could withstand their fury. Under the monarchical governments in France, the song has always been held seditious, because of its extraordinary influence upon the French people. The first time since the Revolution that it was not regarded treasonable by those in authority, was at the opening of the World's Fair, in 1878.

## MARSEILLES HYMN.

ROUGET DE LISLE, 1792.

1. Ye sons of France, awake to glo - ry! Hark, hark! what myriads bid you rise! Your children,  
 2. With lux-u - ry and pride sur - rounded, The vile, in - sa - tiate des - pots dare, Their thirst for  
 3. Oh, Lib - er - ty! can man resign thee, Once having felt thy gen'rous flame? Can dungeons,

wives, and grand-sires hoary: Behold their tears, and hear their cries, Behold their tears and hear their  
 gold and pow - er unbounded, To mete and vend the light and air, To mete and vend the light and  
 bolts and bars con - fine thee? Or whips thy no - ble spir - it tame? Or whips thy no - ble spir - it,

cries! Shall hateful tyrants mis - chief breed - ing, With hireling hosts, a ruf - fian band, Af -  
 air. Like beasts of burden would they load us, Like gods would bid their slaves adore; But  
 tame? Too long the world has wept be - wail - ing That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield; But

fright and desolate the land, While peace and liberty lie bleeding! To arms, to arms, ye  
 man is man, and who is more? Then shall they longer lash and goad us? To arms, to arms, ye  
 freedom is our sword and shield, And all their arts are unavailing: To arms, to arms, ye

brave! Th' aveng - ing sword unsheathe! March on, March on,

all hearts re - solved On vic - to - ry or death!

**THE MARSEILLAISE.**—Richard Grant White, in his work on patriotic national songs, gives a graphic account of the circumstances under which this most stirring of all national airs was written. He says: "This remarkable 'hymn' struck out in the white heat of unconscious inspiration, perfect in all its parts, and in six months adopted by the people, the army, the legislature and the whole nation, is a war-cry, a summons to instant battle. It has no inspiration but glory, and invokes no god but liberty. Rouget de Lisle, its author, was an accomplished officer, an enthusiast for liberty, but no less a champion for jus-

tice and an upholder of constitutional monarchy. He was at Strasburg in 1792. One day Deitrich, the Mayor of the town, who knew him well, asked him to write a martial song, to be sung on the departure of six hundred volunteers to the Army of the Rhine. He consented, wrote the song that night—the words sometimes coming before the music, sometimes the music before the words—and gave it to Deitrich the next morning. As is not uncommon with authors, he was at first dissatisfied with the fruit of his sudden inspiration, and, as he handed the manuscript to the Mayor, he said, 'Here is what you asked for, but I

## AWAY! AWAY!

*Allegro.* Ave. n.

A - way ! a - way ! the moon and stars are shining; We'll dance o'er hill and flow - ry

green, With laugh - ing eyes and heart that knows no pining; We'll make the night pay

homage to our queen. A - way ! a - way, a - way, a - way !

*pp rit.* D. C.

The fairy moonlight streaming Up - on the mountain height, Of mu - sic and de - light.  
As if the world were dreaming Of mu - sic and de - light,

fear it is not very good.' But Deitrich looked, and knew better. They went to the harpsichord with Madame and sang it; they gathered the band of the theatre together and rehearsed it; it was sung in the public square, and excited such enthusiasm, that, instead of six hundred volunteers, nine hundred left Strasburg for the army. In the course of a few months it worked its way southward and became a favorite with the Marseillais, who carried it to Paris—where the people, knowing nothing of its name, its author, or its original purpose, spoke of it simply as the 'song of the Marseillais,' and as the Marseillaise

it will be known forever, and forever be the rallying cry of France against tyranny. Its author, soon proscribed as a Royalist, fled from France and took refuge in the Alps. But the echoes of the chord that he had so unwittingly struck pursued him even to the mountain tops of Switzerland. 'What,' said he, to a peasant guide in the upper fastnesses of the border range, 'is this song that I hear—*Allons, enfants de la patrie*?' 'That? That is the Marseillaise.' And thus, suffering from the excesses that he had innocently stimulated, he first learned the name which his countrymen had given to the song he had written."



IN some communities the want of an appreciation of music is made very apparent. Selfishness, impoliteness and clownishness, are often manifested to an unpardonable degree when a young lady is called to the piano. The first note struck is taken by the rest of the company as a signal for loud conversation and uproarious laughter. When she has finished, it would often be difficult for many of the company to tell whether she had played the "Danube Waltzes" or "Yankee Doodle." Common civility should, in the parlor or in the concert hall, require at least respectful attention. We are aware that the number of third and even tenth-rate musicians in the world is large. Many young ladies who consider themselves adepts in the art of music seem to regard a discord as satisfactory as a chord. How many "proficients" in

music would be speechless from ignorance if called upon to define gamut! how many would almost swoon if called upon to run it! And yet, notwithstanding all this, impoliteness or rudeness is quite inexcusable.

THE difference in musical taste is sometimes due to a peculiarly nervous constitution, or to the depressed or elated condition of the mind. Grief is often soonest solaced by a lively air; hilarity best controlled by a plaintive one. But, after all, that which influences musical taste, or any kind of taste, most is education. Teach children to admire the sublime and the beautiful in nature. At the home fireside and in the school-room, everywhere, children should be instructed in music. Correct taste in music flings wide the gate to the highway of all that is beautiful, noble and good. Among the fine arts it stands foremost.

## THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

1. { How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood, When fond rec - ol -  
The or - chard, the mead - ow, the deep - tan - gled wildwood, And ev - 'ry loved

lec - tion pre - sents them to view! { The wide - spreading pond, and the mill that stood  
spot which my in - fan - cy knew, { The cot of my fa - ther, the dai - ry - house

by it, The bridge and the rock where the cat - a - ract fell. The old oak - en  
nigh it, And e'en the rude buck - et that hung in the well,

buck - et; the i - ron-bound bucket, The moss - cover'd buck - et that hung in the well.

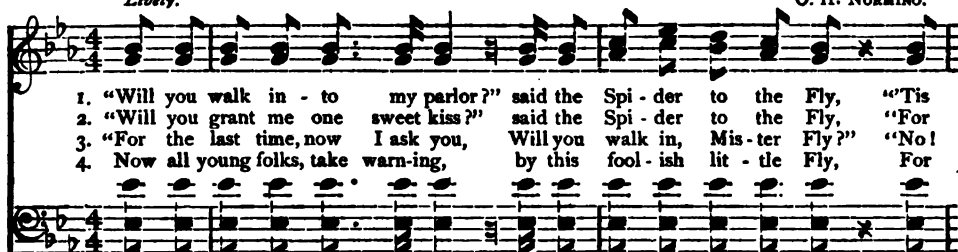
That moss-covered bucket I hailed as a treasure,  
For often at noon, when returned from the field,  
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,  
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.  
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,  
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell.  
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,  
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well.  
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,  
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green, mossy brim to receive it,  
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!  
Not a full-blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,  
Tho' filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.  
And now, far removed from the loved habitation,  
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,  
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,  
And sighs for the bucket that hung in the well;  
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,  
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well.

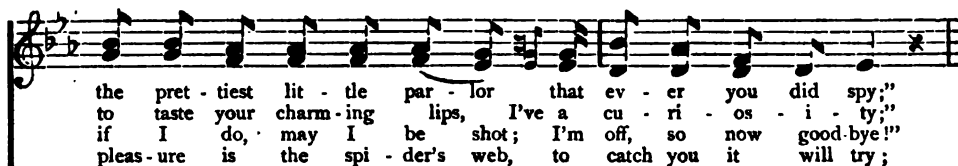
## THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

*Lively.*

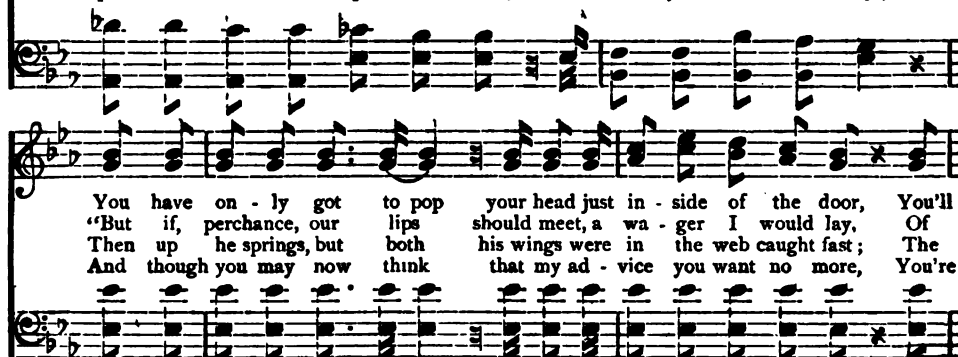
O. H. NORMINO.



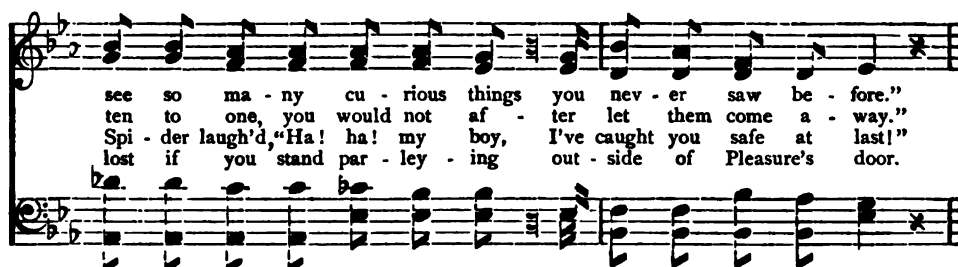
1. "Will you walk in - to my parlor?" said the Spi - der to the Fly, "Tis  
 2. "Will you grant me one sweet kiss?" said the Spi - der to the Fly, "For  
 3. "For the last time, now I ask you, Will you walk in, Mis - ter Fly?" "No!  
 4. Now all young folks, take warn - ing, by this fool - ish lit - tle Fly, For



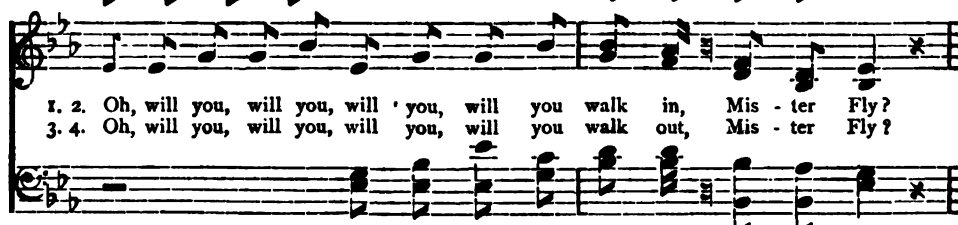
the pret - tiest lit - tle par - lor that ev - er you did spy;  
 to taste your charm - ing lips, I've a cu - ri - os - i - ty;  
 if I do, may I be shot; I'm off, so now good - bye!  
 pleas - ure is the spi - der's web, to catch you it will try;



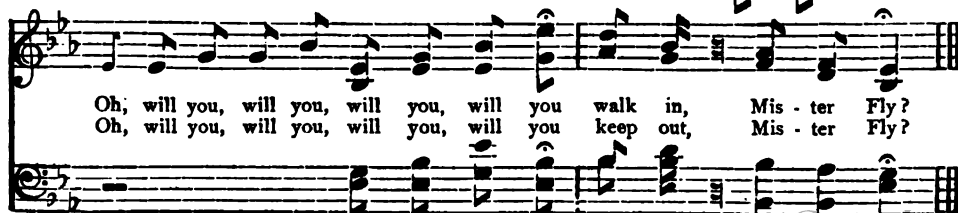
You have on - ly got to pop your head just in - side of the door, You'll  
 "But if, perchance, our lips should meet, a wa - ger I would lay, Of  
 Then up he springs, but both his wings were in the web caught fast; The  
 And though you may now think that my ad - vice you want no more, You're



see so ma - ny cu - ri - ous things you nev - er saw be - fore."  
 ten to one, you would not af - ter let them come a - way."  
 Spi - der laugh'd, "Ha! ha! my boy, I've caught you safe at last!"  
 lost if you stand par - ley - ing out - side of Pleasure's door.



1. 2. Oh, will you, will you, will you, will you walk in, Mis - ter Fly?  
 3. 4. Oh, will you, will you, will you, will you walk out, Mis - ter Fly?




Oh, will you, will you, will you, will you walk in, Mis - ter Fly?  
 Oh, will you, will you, will you, will you keep out, Mis - ter Fly?

SINGING.—We have come to take singing so much as a matter of course, that we do not think what a very remarkable function and process it is, nor how difficult we should find the task of assigning the reason of it, or explaining the manner. We speak for a deliberate purpose—the communication of our thoughts; we laugh or weep involuntarily; but why should we sing? Mothers sing to their children, and mothers must have sung instinctively to their children before they asked or even craved it; the happy maiden sings at her work; men sing at theirs. This is one of the every day mysteries of life. Why should certain moods of mind prompt men and women—a large proportion of them, at least—to utter sounds entirely different from those with which



they express their thoughts and feelings to each other? What connection is there between these moods of mind and the passage of air through the larynx to produce a pleasant sound, and the development and modulation of that sound into airs or tunes? How did this come about? We are apt to assume that everything connected with what we call man's natural functions was always as it is now; but among his slowly-developed powers, it is more than probable that we must place that of singing, which now seems so "natural" to those who do sing. From the earliest recorded times, indeed, man has sung; but, setting aside the consideration of the question through what centuries and cycles of progress his vocal, with his other powers, may have passed before

## JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.


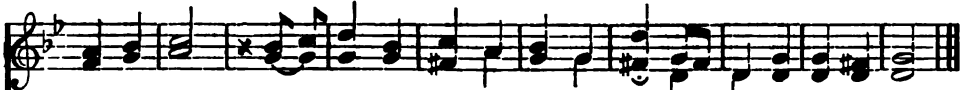
ROBERT BURNS.




1. John An - der-son, my jo, John, when na-ture first be - gan To try her can-nie  
 2. John An - der-son, my jo, John, ye were my first con-ceil, I think nae shame to  
 3. John An - der-son, my jo, John, when we where first acquaint, Your locks were like the  
 4. John An - der-son, my jo, John, We've clamb the hills thegither, 'And mo - ny a can - ty

hand, John, Her mas-ter work was man; And you a-mang them a', John, Sae trig frae  
 own, John, I lo'ed ye ear' and late, They say ye're turning auld, John, And what tho'  
 raven, John, Your bon-nie brow was brent; But now your brow is bald, John, Your locks are  
 day, John, We've had wi' ane - a - nither; Now we maun tot-ter down, John, But hand in

tap to toe, Ye proved to be nae journey - work, John An - derson, my jo.  
 it be so? You're aye the same guid man to me, John An - derson, my jo.  
 like the snow, Yet blessings on your frost - y pow, John An - derson, my jo.  
 hand we'll go, And sleep the - gith - er at the foot, John An - derson, my jo.



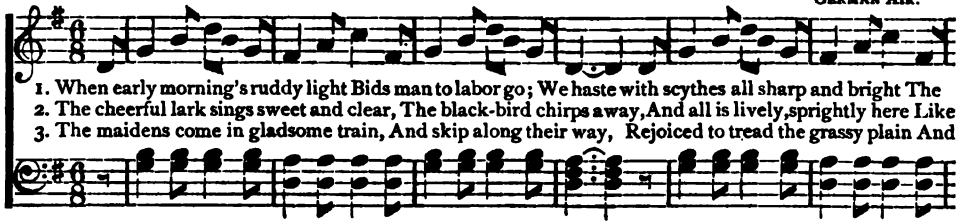
the historic period, the inquiry still remains, What was the singing of the earliest recorded times? We do not know, nor shall we ever know; but we may be sure that it was something very unlike the singing of modern days—say of the last three hundred years. It is with that only that we moderns concern ourselves, unless we are historical inquirers, for the very germs of our modern style of singing are hardly to be discovered if we go back five brief centuries.

THE difference between noise and music is only that between irregular and regular vibrations. Whatever may be the cause which sets the air in motion, if the vibrations be uniform and rapid enough, the sound is musical. If the ticks of a watch could be made with sufficient rapidity, they would lose their

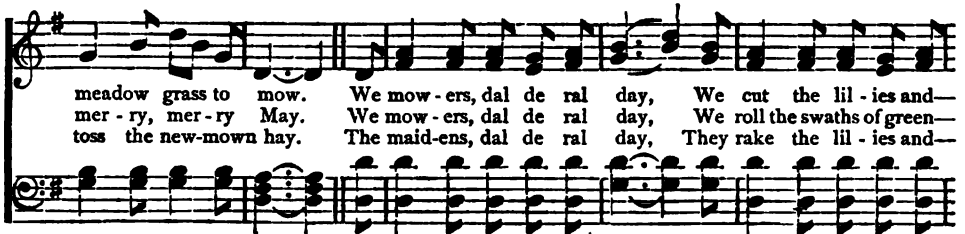
individuality, and blend into a musical tone. "The puffs of a locomotive are slow on first starting, but they soon increase so as to be almost incapable of being counted. If the puffs could reach fifty or sixty a second, the approach of an engine would be heralded by an organ-peal of tremendous power." Nothing can be imagined to be more purely a noise than the rattling of a cab over a stony street. "The pavement of London," says Houghton, "is composed of granite blocks, four inches in width. A cab-wheel jolting over this at the rate of eight miles per hour produces a succession of thirty-five distinct sounds per second. These link themselves together into a soft, deep musical tone that will even bear comparison with notes derived from more sentimental sources."

## THE MOWERS' SONG.

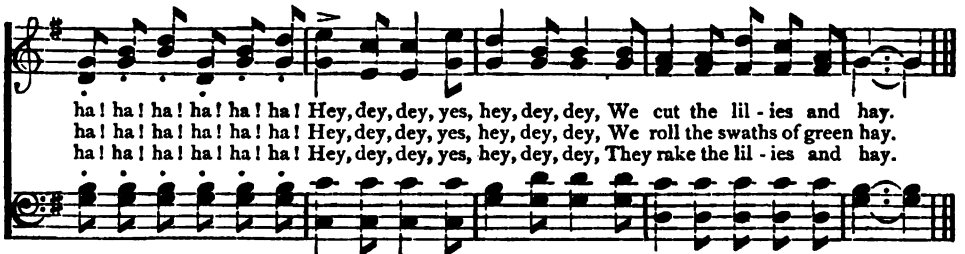
GERMAN AIR.



1. When early morning's ruddy light Bids man to labor go; We haste with scythes all sharp and bright The  
 2. The cheerful lark sings sweet and clear, The black-bird chirps away, And all is lively, sprightly here Like  
 3. The maidens come in gladsome train, And skip along their way, Rejoiced to tread the grassy plain And



meadow grass to mow. We mow - ers, dal de ral day, We cut the lil - ies and—  
 mer - ry, mer - ry May. We mow - ers, dal de ral day, We roll the swaths of green—  
 toss the new-mown hay. The maid - ens, dal de ral day, They rake the lil - ies and—

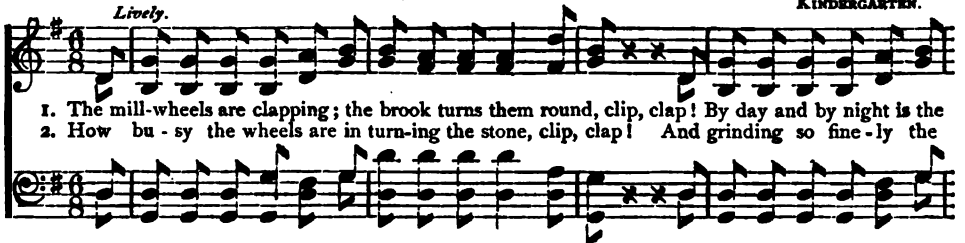


ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! Hey, dey, dey, yes, hey, dey, dey, We cut the lil - ies and hay.  
 ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! Hey, dey, dey, yes, hey, dey, dey, We roll the swaths of green hay.  
 ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! Hey, dey, dey, yes, hey, dey, dey, They rake the lil - ies and hay.

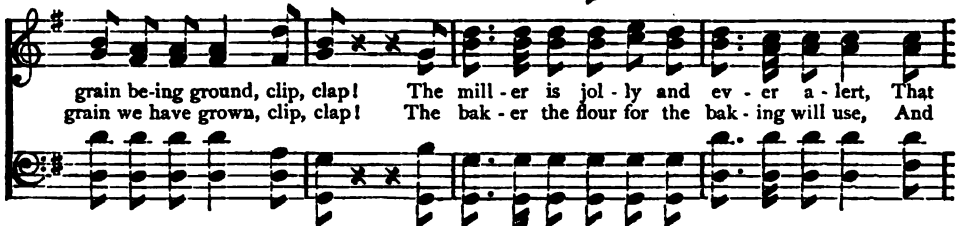
## THE MILL-WHEEL.

*Lively.*

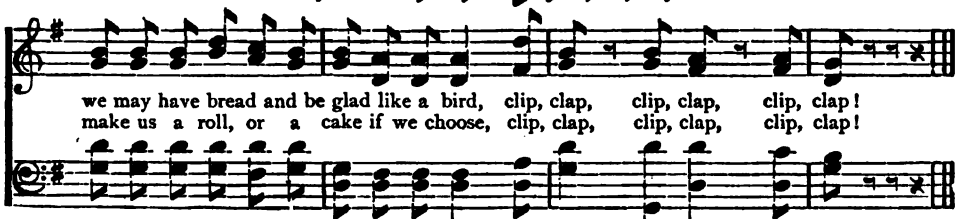
KINDERGARTEN.



1. The mill-wheels are clapping; the brook turns them round, clip, clap! By day and by night is the  
 2. How bu - sy the wheels are in turn-ing the stone, clip, clap! And grinding so fine-ly the



grain be-ing ground, clip, clap! The mill - er is jol - ly and ev - er a - lert, That  
 grain we have grown, clip, clap! The bak - er the flour for the bak - ing will use, And



we may have bread and be glad like a bird, clip, clap, clip, clap, clip, clap!  
 make us a roll, or a cake if we choose, clip, clap, clip, clap, clip, clap!

**FAMOUS CHOIR.**—There is perhaps no choir of music in the world equal to that of the Dom-Kirche, or Cathedral of Berlin. It is very celebrated, and said to be even better than the far-famed choir at Rome. It consists of about fifty singers, the treble and alto parts sung by boys. It is arranged in double chorus, and the music of the old composers, in eight parts, is often performed. The choir is entirely professional—that is, the singers are such by profession; they have learned to sing, and that is their business or calling. The boys who sing the upper parts are trained daily, and are preparing in their turn to be professors, teachers and composers of music, vocalists or instrumentalists here or elsewhere. The parts are, of course, well balanced as to power, and the chorus of men's voices, tenors and basses singing in unison,

as they often do, is peculiarly grand and effective. In addition to the regular choir, there is a preparatory department, consisting of some twenty or thirty fine-looking little boys of from eight to ten years of age. These are candidates for future membership, and form a juvenile choir. They stand in one side of the choir, and lead in the congregational singing, thus affording relief to the regular choir, and giving them time to breathe and recruit. We have said that these boys stand. This is equally true of the others, for there are no seats in the organ loft, and the members of the choir all stand during the whole service. The various exercises are distributed between the choir, the people, and the minister, so as to hold the attention and keep all employed. Those parts of the service performed by the choir or people, are sung, and

## COME, YE DISCONSOLATE.

*Expression.*

THOS. MOORE, 1824.

*mf*

1. Come, ye dis-con-so-late, where-'er ye lan-guish, Come, at the mer-cy seat  
 2. Joy of the des-o-late, light of the stray-ing. Hope, when all oth-ers die,  
 3. Here see the Bread of Life; see wa-ters flow-ing Forth from the throne of God,

*p* *mf*

fer-vent-ly kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your  
 fade-less and pure, Here speaks the Com-fort-cr, in mer-cy  
 pure from a-bove; Come to the feast of love, come, ev-er

*p*

an-guish: Earth hath no sor-row that Heav'n can-not heal,  
 say-ing, Earth hath no sor-row that Heav'n can-not cure.  
 know-ing Earth hath no sor-row but Heav'n can re-move.

that belonging to the minister is read. The congregational tunes are sung much slower than we heard them in England, and about the time similar tunes are sung in America. There is not an instant during the service that is unoccupied, one exercise following promptly upon another. There are no rubrical directions and the hymns are not read before they are sung. The hymns are known the moment one enters the church, their numbers being suspended on tablets in various parts of the house, so as to be seen by all; and the particular hymn that is about to be sung, or that is being sung, is known by the tablet in front of the organ loft, which contains the number of that only, so that any one coming in after the service has been commenced, has only to look to the choir tablet, and he knows at once where to find his place. The

organ is not played when the choir sing, but is used only for voluntaries, interludes, and responses, and for accompanying the congregation.—*Lowell Mason.*

Cowper's Wreck of the Royal George, and his Lines on Receipt of My Mother's Picture, will ever keep his memory warm; but his hymns are more than magnificent. What power there is in the lines, "Oh, for a closer walk with God," and "God moves in a mysterious way!" I have sometimes thought that to be the author of a hymn like "Nearer, my God, to Thee," and some others I could name, is the highest achievement of human fame, one that angels themselves might envy. Yet Cowper died doubting about the hereafter, though after his last breath had passed his face changed; a look of surprise overspread it, as that of one who had unexpectedly passed into everlasting rest.—*J. T. Fields.*

## SCENES THAT ARE BRIGHTEST.

*Tenderly.*"MARITANA."  
W. V. WALLACE.

1. Scenes that are brightest may charm for a - while      Hearts that are light - est and  
2. Words can-not scat - ter the thoughts we fear,      For though they flat - ter they

*dim.*      *f*      *p*  
eyes that smile; Yet o'er them, a - bove us, though na - ture beam, With none to  
mock the ear; Hopes will still de - ceive us with tear - ful cost, And when they

love us, how sad they seem! With none to love us, how sad they seem!  
leave us the heart is lost! And when they leave us the heart is lost.

## JERUSALEM, MY HAPPY HOME.

LATIN HYMN, A. D. 900.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Name ev - er dear to me,  
2. When shall these eyes thy heav'n built walls, And pearl - y gates be - hold?  
3. There hap - pier bow - ers than Eden's bloom, Nor sin nor sor - row know;

When shall my la - bors have an end In joy and peace and thee?  
Thy bulworks with sal - va - tion strong, Thy streets of shin - ing gold?  
Blest seats! through rude and storm - y scenes I on - ward press to you.

4. Why should I shrink from pain or woe,  
Or feel at death dismay?  
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,  
And realms of endless day.

5. Jerusalem, my happy home,  
My soul still pants for thee:  
Then shall my labors have an end,  
When I thy joys shall see.

MUSIC, like other studies taught as a specialty in the schools, must prove unsatisfactory at the best. One or more special teachers of music giving lessons in the different schools of a city at fixed hours, cannot usually do the efficient work that is needed. Rote singing may serve a good purpose in many ways. It disciplines the taste and the voice, and makes many children familiar with pleasant tunes to sing at home. It does not, however, give the pupil any useful ideas that can be applied to self-advancement. To accomplish this, music should be taught as a graded study, on the basis of a uniform system for all schools. Teachers under the direction of competent instructors,

who should be required to supervise all instruction, may become very efficient in imparting the elements of music. By this method music in the schools can be made of great practical benefit. Music is allied to art by poetical affinity and humanizing power. It is the most elevating of all recreations, while at the same time it forms one of the most available means for the enlivening of toil and care. In teaching drawing, we do not propose to make artists; so in teaching music it is not proposed to make musicians; but we can make the time devoted to this study of so much practical benefit to the pupil, that he will always feel in it an intelligent personal interest.

## THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS.

DAVENANT.

1. Be - lieve me, if all those en - dear-ing young charms, Which I gaze on so fond - ly to -  
 2. It is not while beauty and youth are thine own, And thy cheek's unprofaned by a

day, Were to change by to - mor-row and fleet from my arms, Like  
 tear, That the fer - vor and faith of a soul can be known, To which

fair - y gifts fad - ing a - way, Thou wouldst still be a - dored as this  
 time will but make thee more dear, Oh, the heart that has tru - ly loved,

mo - ment thou art: Let thy love - li - ness fade as it will, And a  
 nev - er for - gets, But as tru - ly loves on to the close: As the

round the dear ru - in, each wish of my heart, Would entwine it - self ver - dantly still.  
 sun - flower turns on her god when he sets, The same look that she gave when he rose.

HELMHOLTZ fixes the lowest limit of musical sounds at sixteen vibrations per second, and the highest at 38,000. Below this number the pulsations cease to link themselves together, and become distinct sounds. The range of the ear is thus about eleven octaves. The practical range of music is, however, only about seven octaves. The capacity to hear the higher tones varies in different persons. A sound which is entirely audible to one may be utter silence to another. Some ears cannot distinguish the squeak of a bat or the chirp of a cricket, while others are acutely sensitive to these shrill sounds. Indeed,

the auditory nerve seems generally more alive to the short, quick vibrations than to the long, slow ones. The whirr of a locust is much more noticeable than the sighing of the wind through the trees. A continuous blast of air has no effect to produce sound. The rush of the grand aerial rivers above us we never hear. They flow on ceaselessly but silently in the upper regions of the air. A whirlwind is noiseless. Let, however, the great billows strike a tree and wrench it violently from the ground, and we can hear the secondary shorter waves which set out from the struggling limbs and from the tossing leaves.

## THE HEART BOWED DOWN.

M. W. BALFE  
FROM "BOHEMIAN GIRL".



1. The heart-bow'd down by weight of woe, To weak-est hopes will cling, To  
2. The mind will in its worst de-spair. Still pon-der o'er the past, On

thought and im-pulse while they flow, That can no com-fort bring, that can, that  
mo-ments of de-light that were Too beau-ti-ful to last, that were too

can no com-fort bring; To those ex-cit-ing scenes will blend, O'er  
beau-ti-ful to last; To long de-part-ed years ex-tend, Its

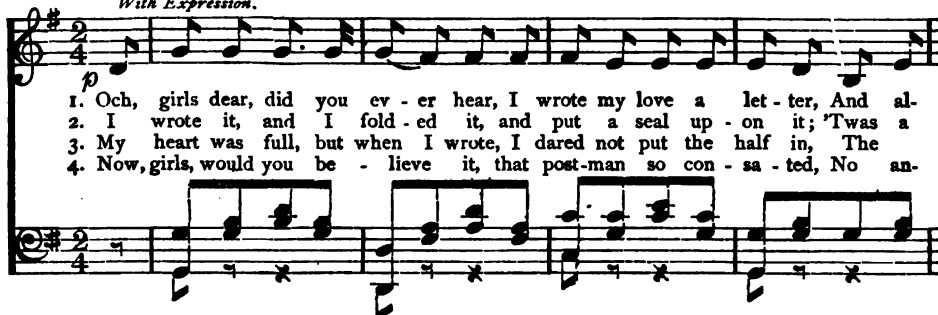
pleasure's path-way thrown; But mem'ry is the on-ly friend That grief can call its  
vis-ions with them flow; For mem'ry is the on-ly friend That grief can call its

own, That grief can call its own....., That grief can call its own.

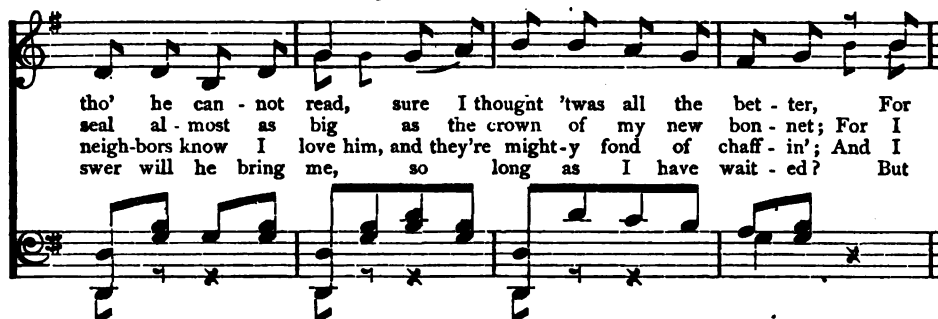
## KATY'S LETTER.

*With Expression.*

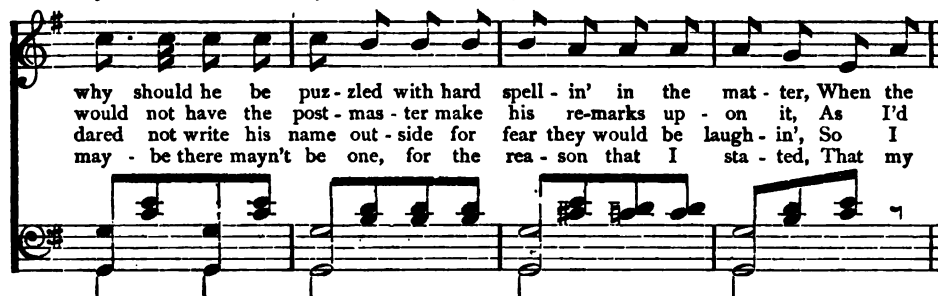
LADY DUFFERIN.



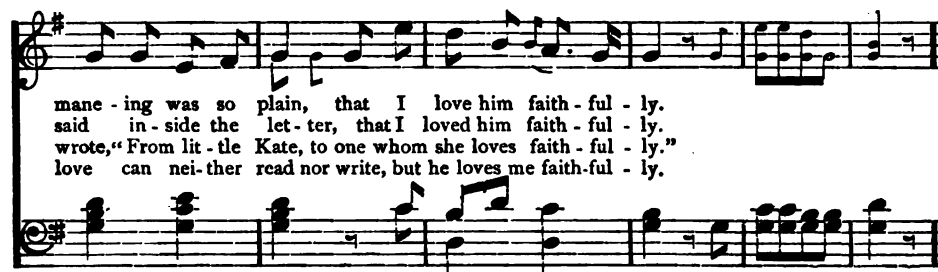
1. Och, girls dear, did you ev - er hear, I wrote my love a let - ter, And al -  
 2. I wrote it, and I fold - ed it, and put a seal up - on it; 'Twas a  
 3. My heart was full, but when I wrote, I dared not put the half in, The  
 4. Now, girls, would you be - lieve it, that post-man so con - sa - ted, No an -



tho' he can - not read, sure I thought 'twas all the bet - ter, For  
 seal al - most as big as the crown of my new bon - net; For I  
 neigh-bors know I love him, and they're might-y fond of chaff - in'; And I  
 swer will he bring me, so long as I have wait - ed? But



why should he be puz - zled with hard spell - in' in the mat - ter, When the  
 would not have the post - mas - ter make his re-marks up - on it, As I'd  
 dared not write his name out - side for fear they would be laugh - in', So I  
 may - be there mayn't be one, for the rea - son that I sta - ted, That my



mane - ing was so plain, that I love him faith - ful - ly.  
 said in - side the let - ter, that I loved him faith - ful - ly.  
 wrote, "From lit - tle Kate, to one whom she loves faith - ful - ly."  
 love can nei - ther read nor write, but he loves me faith - ful - ly.



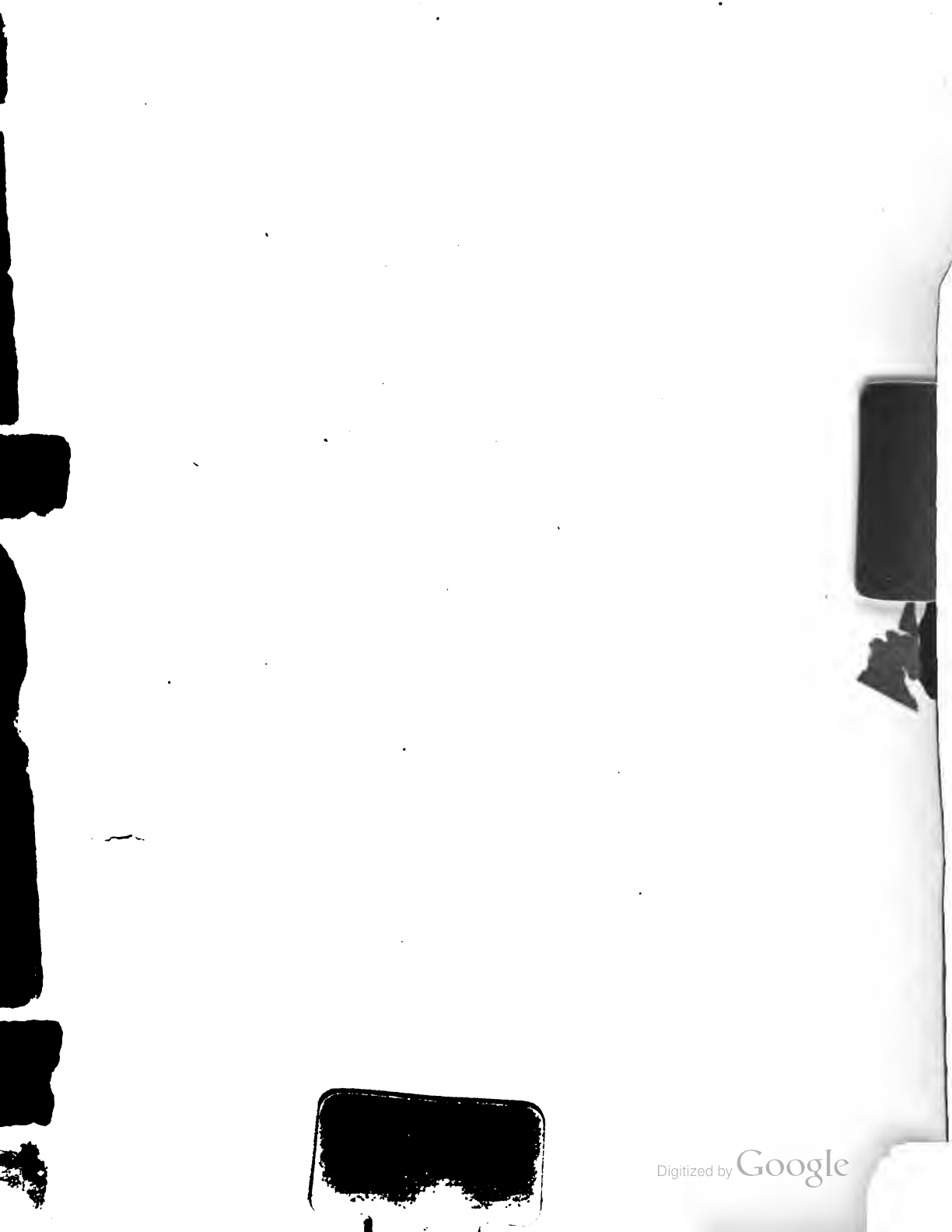
I love him faithful - ly, And he knows it, oh! he knows it, without one word from me.  
 I love him faithful - ly, And he knows it, oh! he knows it, without one word from me.  
 I love him faithful - ly, And he knows it, oh! he knows it, without one word from me.  
 He loves me faithful - ly, And I know where'er my love is, that he is true to me.













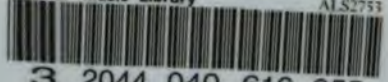


K

Handwritten musical score on the left margin, featuring staves with treble and bass clefs, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 2/4 time signature. The notation includes various notes and rests. To the right of the first staff, there is a list of numbers: 1., 2., 3., 4.



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